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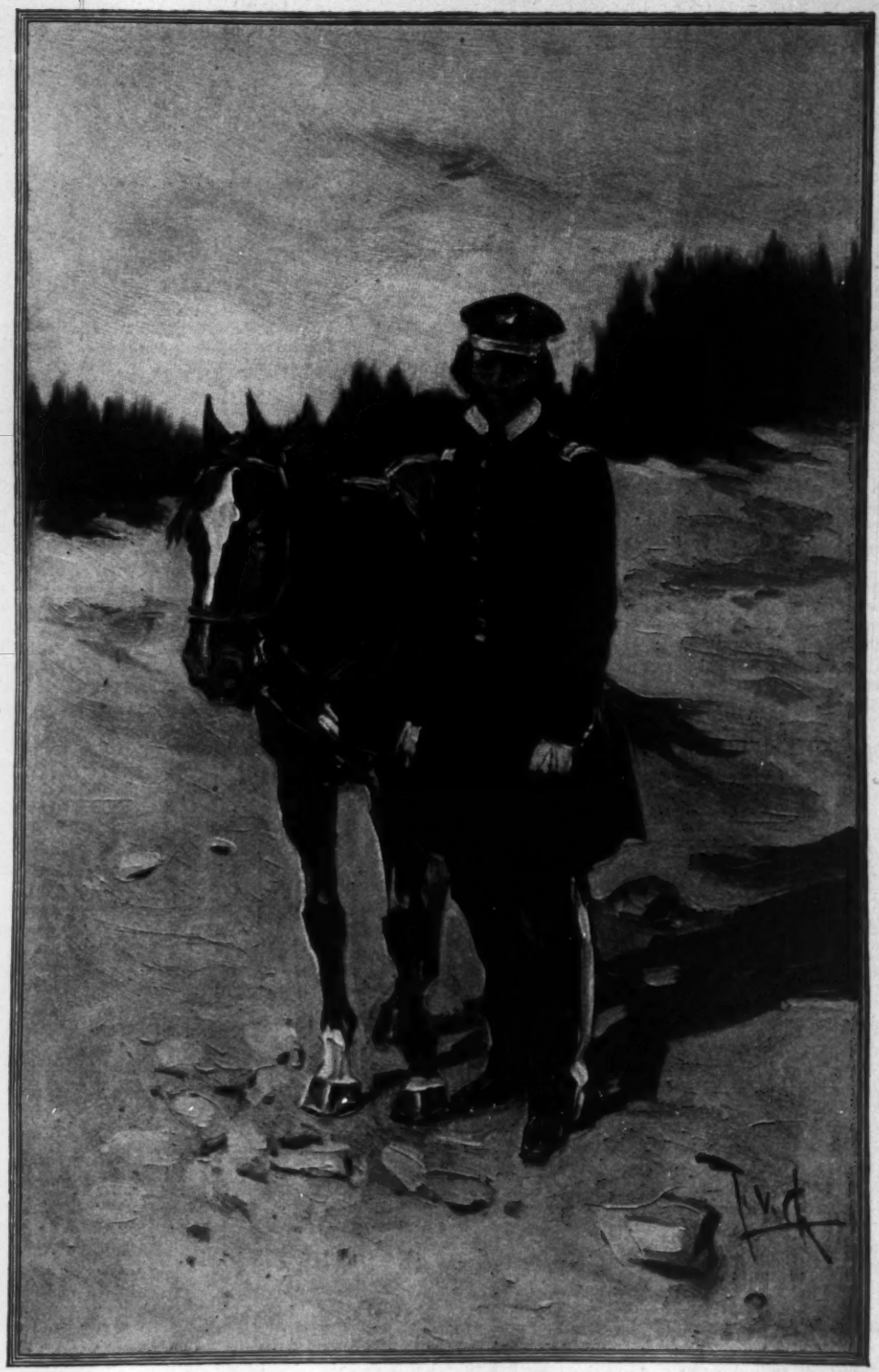

GRANT AFTER LEAVING WEST POINT.

After a daguerreotype taken, probably, when Grant was on his way to Mexico. The original portrait we have been unable to secure or trace, even with the aid of members of the Grant family. But Mr. U. S. Grant, Jr., has kindly loaned us a photograph copy of it; and this the artist Mr. T. V. Chominski has redrawn for the present reproduction, giving a very faithful and vivid interpretation.

LIGHT BATTERY DRILL AT WEST POINT.

From an instantaneous photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

GRANT AT WEST POINT.

THE STORY OF HIS CADET DAYS.

By Hamlin Garland,

Author of "Main-Travelled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

[THIS SERIES OF PAPERS ON THE LIFE OF GRANT BEGAN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

A CADET OFFICER.

I.

TO go to West Point was a great distinction in 1839, especially to the son of a Western tanner. It meant, supposedly, association with brilliant young men from all over the United States, assembled in a historic and most beautiful spot. It meant a free education in a good school, and also an honorable position under the government after graduation; and Jesse Grant had in him the military heart of Captain Noah Grant. His strong, alert, aggressive nature assorted well with military affairs. Whether, in seeking an appointment to West Point for his son, he intended that Ulysses should become a soldier, however, is in doubt.

The outlook for an appointment was not at the moment promising. A year or two before, Jesse Grant had fallen into violent discussion of the banking question with his friend and neighbor, the Hon. Thomas L. Hamer, Congressman from that district. They had succeeded in saying bitter things and had parted in anger; and they were no longer in correspondence, and did not shake hands when they met in the street, though secretly each felt for the other the same high regard, and Mr. Hamer loved Ulysses as if he were a son, and held Hannah Grant in high esteem as a most noble and capable woman.

During this estrangement Mr. Hamer appointed to the cadetship George Bartlett Bailey, a son of Dr. Bailey, who lived just across the street, and whose family

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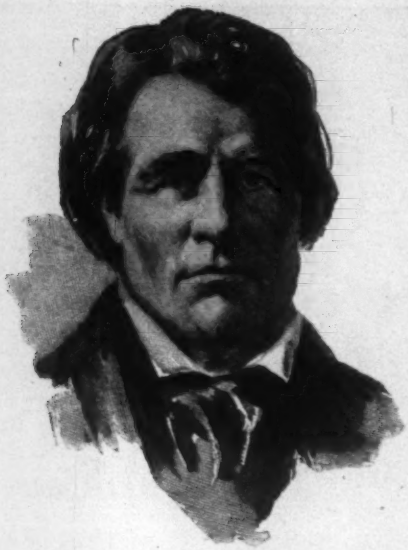


THOMAS L. HAMER, WHO APPOINTED GRANT TO WEST POINT.

was very intimate with the Grant household. In February, 1839, young Bailey resigned, but his resignation did not become at once known in Georgetown. Meanwhile Jesse Grant, knowing that each United States Senator had the power also to appoint a cadet, wrote to Senator Thomas Morris of Ohio, asking if he had a vacancy in his appointment. Senator Morris replied:

"I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son." *

This was news to Jesse Grant, and he immediately wrote to Mr. Hamer a polite and dignified letter.†

GEORGETOWN, *February* 19, 1839.

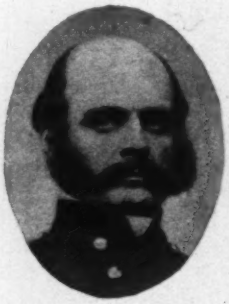
TO HON. THOS. L. HAMER:

Dear Sir:—In consequence of a remark from Mr. Morris (Senator from Ohio), I was induced to apply to the War Department, through him, for a cadet appointment for my son, H. Ulysses. A letter this morning received from the department informs me that your consent will be necessary to enable him to obtain the appointment. I have thought it advisable to consult you on the subject, and if you have no other person in view for the appointment, and feel willing to consent to the appointment of Ulysses, you will please signify that consent to the department.

* Richardson's "Life of Grant."

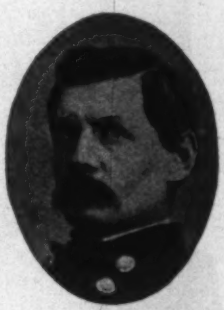
† This letter, hitherto unpublished, and one which Ulysses Grant did not know was in existence, is valuable for several things. It fixes the boy's name and the method of appointment. This letter is now in possession of Wm. Loudon. The Grants were unaware of its existence at the time the "Memoirs" appeared.

SHERMAN.



BURNSIDE.

THOMAS.



McCLELLAN.

LONGSTREET.

POPE.

HANCOCK.

ROSECRANS.

DISTINGUISHED GENERALS WHO WERE FELLOW-CADETS OF GRANT AT WEST POINT.

From the Civil War collection of Mr. Robert Coster.

VIEW OF WEST POINT IN 1839.
From an old engraving.

When I last wrote to Mr. Morris I referred him to you to recommend the young man, if that were necessary. Respectfully yours,

"JESSE R. GRANT."

Mr. Hamer generously gave his endorsement, and Ulysses was appointed. It is pleasant to add that by this manly act the Hamers and Grants were reunited.

It is a tradition in Georgetown that, when the news of Ulysses Grant's appointment came, there was much surprise. One man meeting Jesse Grant on the street, said:

"I hear Ulysses is appointed to West Point. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's a nice job. Why didn't they appoint a boy that would be a credit to the district?" *

To Ulysses himself the honor came with certain obvious disadvantages. One of these was home-leaving. He loved his home. Then he was the most unmilitary of boys in a military age. The story of his grandfather's battles, sieges, and marches had seemingly made little impression upon him. The "trainings" and "general muster" of the militia had interested him rather less than the infrequent circuses of the day. He had small love for guns, could not bear to see things killed, and was neither a hunter nor a fighter. When the news of his appointment came he was living in Ripley. He had entered an academy there, which was superintended by the Rev. William Taylor, and which afforded the best instruction in the country.

Several of Grant's classmates still live in Ripley, and remember him very well. "Grant was then about sixteen years old," said one of them, Mr. W. B. Campbell, "and in appearance was short, stout, stubby, hearty, but rather sluggish in mind and body. I was in the same class with him. We studied algebra together. He was excellent in mathematics. We studied Latin also, as beginners. He was not much of a talker—was rather quiet and serious. We all spent a good deal of time on the river in little boats. He

GENERAL W. B. FRANKLIN, LEADER OF GRANT'S CLASS AT WEST POINT.

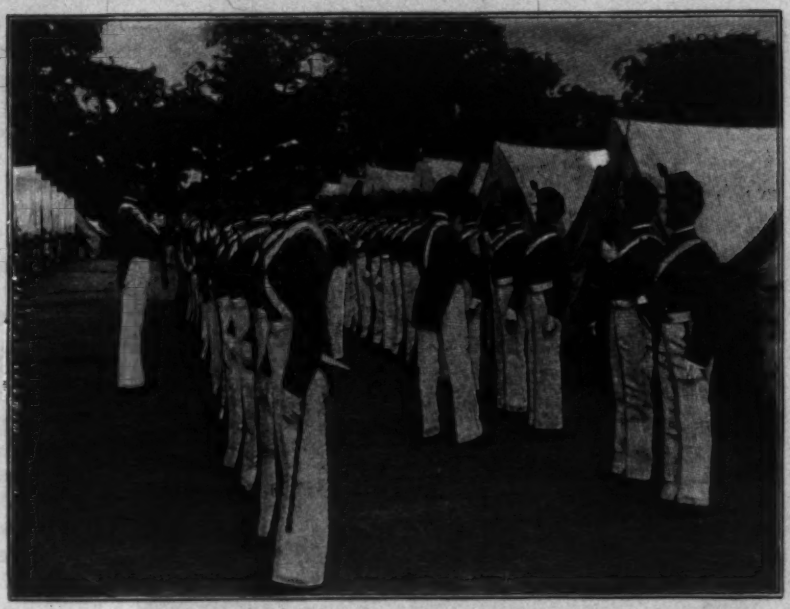
* This story, told by Richardson, is corroborated by people in Ripley and Georgetown.

A WATER-COLOR SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

Reproduced by permission from the original, owned by Mrs. Rotherey, Newark, N. J., and now first published.

A SKETCH MADE BY GRANT ABOUT THE TIME HE WAS AT WEST POINT.

Reproduced by permission from the original drawing, owned by C. F. Gunther, Chicago, and now first published.



COMPANY INSPECTION AT WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

played ball and was good at it. When roused he was strong and active. He used to wrestle, but I never knew him to fight, and he was never quarrelsome.

"His habits were good. I don't remember of his using tobacco or liquor. He never talked about military life. He never went on trips or excursions with us except in our boating or skating; he was occupied with his studies. Everybody liked him, for he was so amiable and friendly and helpful. He was a good student, though we did not consider him a brilliant boy in studies."

Richard Rankin, another schoolmate, talked with clear memory of Ulysses. "Ulyss was a heavy-made, good-looking boy, clever and social, modest and quiet. He was steady and studious. He was there for business. I sat in the same seat with him the spring term. He was a good, steady boy, with no bad habits."

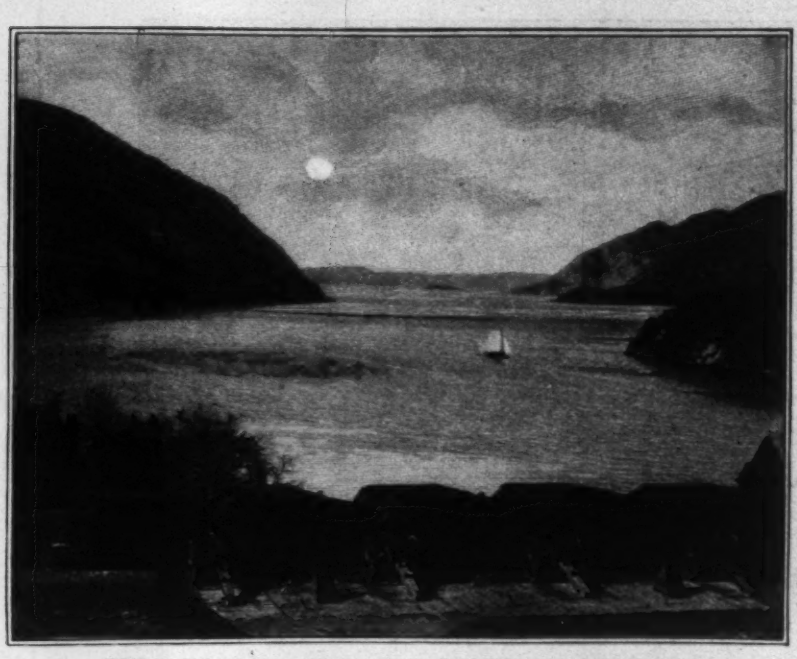
Jane Porter Chapman, whose brother was a classmate of Grant's, remembers him as a "fair-faced boy of sandy complexion, short and stocky. He looked awkward and countrified, and as if he didn't think much how he looked. He was quiet and slow in everything he did."

Benjamin Johnson, another classmate, adds a new observation to the meagre list: "He was a great hand to ask questions. He seemed to want to get information and opinions from everybody. He said little himself." Mrs. Mary A. Thompson recollects that "he was always dressed in home-made butternut jeans."

In a letter to a Ripley friend long afterward, Grant said: "I remember with pleasure my winter in Ripley." He lived pleasantly as a member of the Johnson household, and it is related of him that he

BENNY HAVENS.

From a painting in the Army and Navy Club, Washington; by special permission.



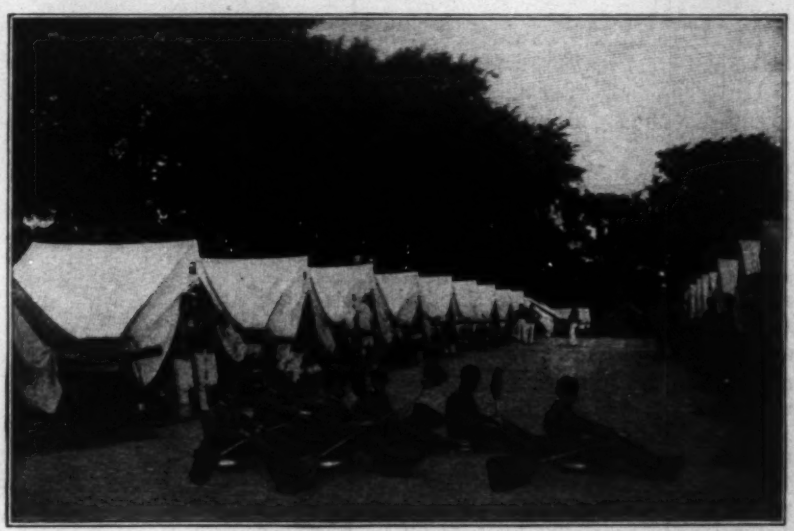
VIEW UP HUDSON RIVER FROM MORTAR AND SIEGE BATTERY, WEST POINT.

From a photograph by Pach Brothers, New York.

taught Betty Osbon, the cook, how to make buckwheat cakes, and that he took his "trick" at baking them of a morning. He was not in the society of girls much, though he took a shy delight in speech with them.

In such wise was he living when the appointment to West Point came to change the gentle current of his life. There is no record that he showed exultation or that he dwelt upon it in talk with his mates. His life had been active and happy. He had lived securely, though meagrely. He had experienced no struggle nor turbulence in his life in Georgetown, and while he breathed quick with the thought of the great cities to be seen, he left Georgetown with regret. His mother said good-by in her singular self-repressive manner, and Ulysses started out to take the stage to Ripley. As he went by the Bailey house Mrs. Bailey and her daughters came out to wish him good journey. It was a beautiful May day, the most bewitching time of all the year in southern Ohio, and the girls met Ulysses on the soft green grass before the house. Mrs. Bailey, warm-hearted and impulsive, kissed him and said tearfully, "Good-by, Ulysses." As she turned away, Ulysses, deeply moved, said wonderingly, "Why, Mrs. Bailey, my own mother didn't cry!" Yet there can be no question of his mother's love for him.

It is at this moment that we come upon the change of name. Up to the start for West Point, Grant had been Hiram Ulysses, or H. Ulysses Grant. The young traveller required a trunk, and Thomas Walker, a local "genius," was the man to make it. He did so, and, to finish it off, he traced on the cover, in big brass tacks, the initials H. U. G. James Marshall,



A "PLEBE" BOAT RACE, WEST POINT.

From a photograph loaned by Lieutenant S. C. Hazzard, West Point.

Ulysses's cousin, went to help him carry the new trunk home. Ulysses looked at the big glaring letters. "I won't have that so," he said. "It spells 'hug'; the boys would plague me about it." And he thereupon shifted his middle name, and became Ulysses H. Grant, and so he went forth into the world.

By his teaming and farming he had accumulated about $100, which was a great deal of money for a boy of his age in those days. Forty-eight dollars of this was used for the deposit at West Point, and he took a manly pride in knowing that he had earned more than enough to pay his entrance charges.

Of the long journey by boat to Pittsburg, and by stage and canal to Philadelphia, there is little record. An aunt on his mother's side in Philadelphia remembers Ulysses as he then appeared: a rather awkward country lad, wearing plain, ill-fitting clothes, and large coarse shoes with toes as broad as the soles. He strolled about the streets, seeing all there was to be seen.* He enjoyed his visit thoroughly; that is known, for he lingered, boy-fashion, to the last moment in Philadelphia and New York, and headed toward West Point only when he felt he must.

He registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, on the 29th of May, as "U. H. Grant," and the same day reported to the adjutant, George G. Waggaman, deposited forty-eight dollars, and signed his name Ulysses Hiram Grant. His name as reported from Washington, however, was U. S. Grant, and the error arose in this way: The Hon. Thomas Hamer received the letter of Jesse Grant only the day before the close of his term, and being much hurried, sat down at once and wrote to Secretary of War Poinsett, asking for the appointment of his neighbor's son. He knew the boy's name to be Ulysses, and inferring that his middle name was Simpson, so filled in the application, and thus it stood when Ulysses faced the adjutant.

He asked to have it changed, but was told it was impossible without the consent of the Secretary of War.

"Very well," he said; "I came here to enter the military academy, and enter I shall. An initial more or less does not matter."† He was known to the Government thereafter as U. S. Grant.

This being settled, he was given the "Book of Regulations," and sent across the area to the old South Barracks to report to the cadet officers. Next he was sent to the quartermaster for his outfit, which consisted of two blankets, pillow, water-pail, broom, a chair, etc.; and he was required to carry all these things himself on the handle of his broom, past the officers' quarters, past the howling cadets, while every mother's son of them said:

"Hello, plebe; how do you like it?"

These belongings he was taught to pile and place in his room under instruction of his room-mates. For two weeks he slept on the floor in the barracks, on two thin blankets. It was all literally camping under a roof. Ulysses and Rufus Ingalls were assigned to the upper floor of the old North Barracks (which long since gave place to new buildings); and here, in a bare, dreary room, he faced the four years of a cadet's life. "It was a mournful time for us," says General W. B. Franklin.* "We were all homesick and lonesome, and depressed by the hard manner of life. We knew no one, and were not in a condition to resent any impertinence or joke of the upper classmen."

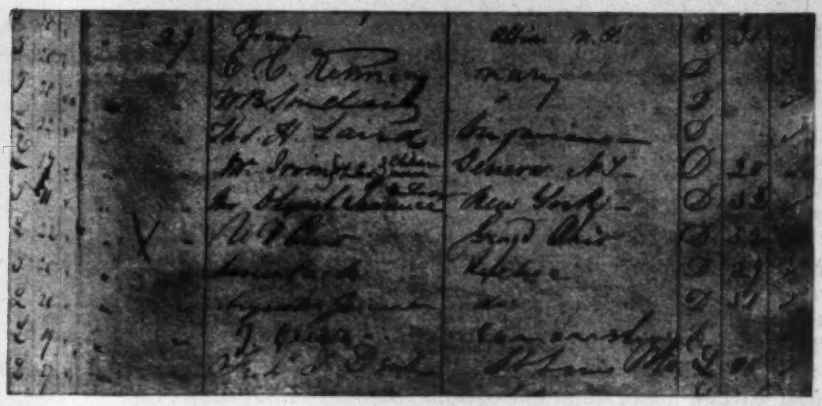
During this time Grant was drilled by "squad marchers" in "plebe" drill, in "cits" clothing, and suffered all modes of "plebe jumping." Life must often have been a burden and a weariness of flesh. At last, when he had passed his preliminary examination, he shucked out of his home-made clothes and into the skin-tight uniform, and became a private soldier in the summer camp of the cadets. He went into training as a cog in the machinery of an army. "The clothes of the 'plebes' in Grant's day," says General Franklin, "were wonderful. They were of all cuts, colors, and kinds. They came with the local peculiarities of Ohio, Tennessee, Maine, South Carolina, and Boston; and when we lined up in squad drill we were as comical as the awkward squad of a spring training. We were not measured for uniforms till the authorities felt sure we were to stay."

The entering class and the bulk of all the cadets were ranked as private soldiers with the pay of corporals. From the third class twenty corporals were detailed to act as junior non-commissioned officers. From the second class a sergeant-major, quartermaster sergeant, and four first sergeants and sixteen sergeants were detailed as *senior* non-commissioned officers. From the first or graduating class the commis-

* From an interview in the Philadelphia "Times," July, 1885.

† Richardson's "Life of Grant."

* General W. B. Franklin, Grant's classmate, led the class during the four years.



GRANT'S EARLIEST AUTOGRAPH AT WEST POINT. FACSIMILE OF A PORTION OF THE REGISTER AT ROE'S HOTEL. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

Grant registered at Roe's Hotel, West Point, May 29, 1839, as "U. H. Grant." Four names below his, on the same date, appears the name of Frederick T. Dent, whose sister some years later became Mrs. Grant.

sioned officers were appointed, and consisted of four captains, sixteen lieutenants, a quartermaster, and sergeant-major. These men were subject only to the instructors and to the regular army officers in charge. The promotions in Grant's day were made without reference to academic standing; they were always for soldierly qualities. From the dullest "plebe" to the superintendent of the post was a regular series of commands, each succeeding higher rank with less numbers, until, like the glittering apex to the pyramid, the superintendent shone solitary and supreme.

At this time had already grown up customs and traditions stronger even than military regulations. In a half-jocular and half-ferocious way the entering man is made to feel the power of those above him. The names by which he is designated show this. He is called a "thing," a "beast," an "animal," before his examinations. "Plebe" is his kingliest title during his first year. From the time he comes in sight of the adjutant's office to the end of his first encampment he is not allowed to forget that he cumbers the earth. He is the victim of orders, of jests, of hootings, and of revilings. He is under command of everybody, and like a wastrel cat he has no place of refuge. It matters not whether he be the son of a Senator, a millionnaire, or a farmer, he must suffer the same. This first year's persecution is a levelling process. It instructs, yet seems hard. At the end of two days the "plebe" wishes in his secret heart to resign, and only pride and rage enable him to go on.

The summer camp of cadets is precisely like a bivouac in the face of an enemy. It is an army in miniature. A complete guard is posted, and no one is allowed to leave camp without permit. Everywhere is elaborate and grim detail of procedure—detail enough to govern the army of Russia, or destroy it. Grant and his fellow "animals" were at once bewildered by the salutes innumerable, the wheelings, marchings, roll-calls, policing calls, shouts of command real and mock. They were hustled into ranks with opprobrious mutterings of comment on the part of the corporals, whose delight was to send a man to the guard-house.

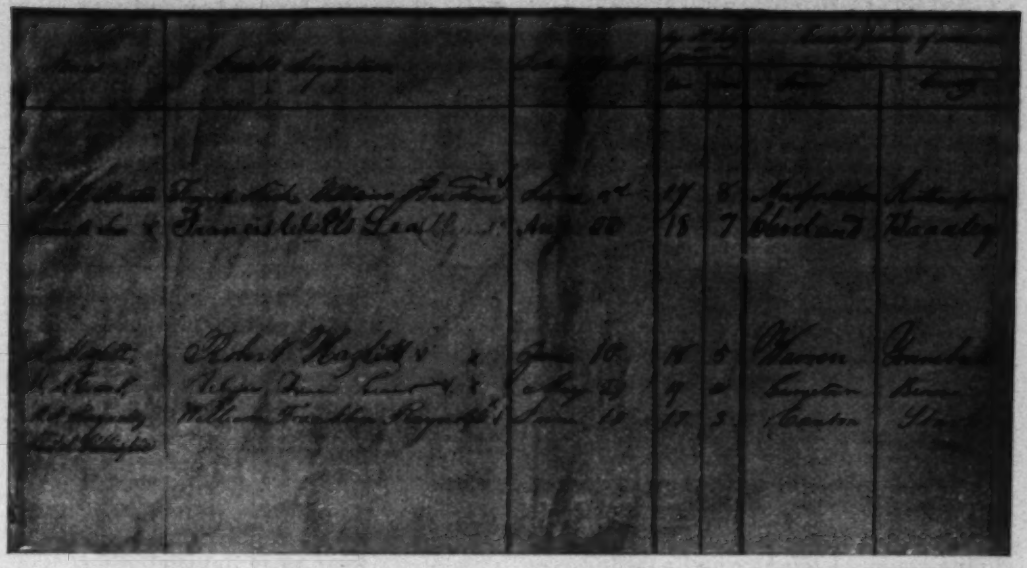
They slept little the first night; the floor of the tent was harder even than the floor of the barracks,—and the mosquitoes fed on each "plebe" with the spirit of the upper classmen. Hardly had they fallen asleep when the vicious clamor of the "reveille" awoke them to another day's routine. Wild, fierce cries arose. "Fall in. Get out of here! Move! What d' ye *mean* by that? Step lively, now. Fall in!"

Thus assisted they got into line for roll-call; with jackets fairly on, but with dreaming eyes. All about, the fog and chill of early dawn made the world unreal. Then the "policing call" brought more work: sweeping out and making ready for morning inspection. Ulysses kept a sharp eye on his neighbors, and so got through tolerably well—though once some one yelled ferociously:

"You want to wake up there, Mr. Grant!"

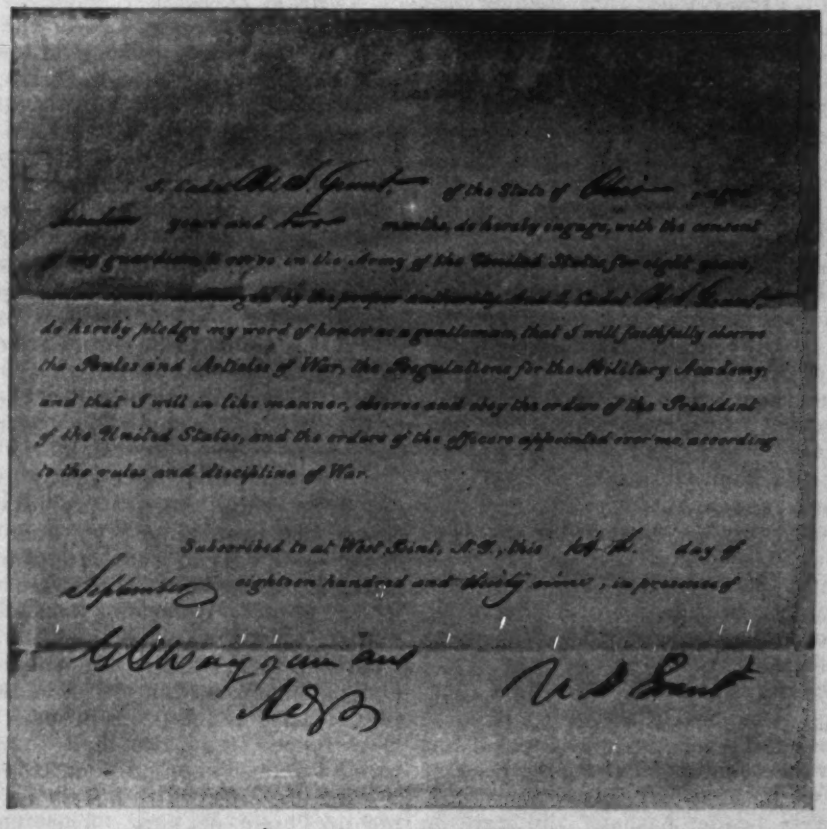
When the "sick-call" sounded, many a man felt like responding who did not.

Then came "peas upon a trencher" call, and everybody formed into line for



FACSIMILE SHOWING GRANT'S AUTOGRAPH IN THE ADJUTANT'S RECORD, WEST POINT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This signature—"Ulysses Hiram Grant"—was written the same day as the one—"U. H. Grant"—in the register at Roe's Hotel, May 29, 1839.



FACSIMILE OF GRANT'S CERTIFICATE OF ENLISTMENT. NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

This certificate was signed by Grant September 14, 1839, after he had passed his examinations. It bears what is, so far as known, Grant's earliest autograph as U. "S." Grant. By this time, the mistake of Congressman Hamer in so naming him to the War Department had fixed that as his official designation.

breakfast: the "plebes" in the rear rank of course, with palms thrown forward and backs strained almost to breaking, and with the "file-closer" giving them fits as they moved.

Breakfast was as simple as a lumber-camp meal. The dining-hall was bare, and the tables without cover. There were no napkins, and only common steel knives and forks. The cups were heavy as bowls, and the plates were white-ware.

"The fare was very bad," says General Franklin. "West Point at that time was isolated from the world. It had no railways, and in winter no steamboats. There were, in fact, no farms very near. Breakfast was quite generally hashed beef with coffee. Dinner, roast beef or boiled beef, with sometimes fish or mutton. Mutton was not a popular dish. We used to *ba-a* like a sheep when we came into the dining-room. I *think* we had a table-cover, but I am not certain. Of this I am certain: Our forks were of the two-tined, bone-handled variety, and from long washing in hot, greasy water they had decomposed, and they gave out a powerful smell, which no old cadet can forget as long as he lives. It was horrible. 'Tea' was largely tea and very little besides, and the boys used to provide for it by sticking a fork into a big hunk of beef from the dinner and jabbing it fast under the table. This, when unperceived by the 'tack,' helped out the starvation menu of 'tea.'

"This thin fare led to all sorts of 'foraging on the enemy,' and men were detailed to steal from the dinner-table. We wore caps of morocco with a big flat top. We called them 'gig-tops,' and they held potatoes and salt-cellars and bread very comfortably. One man was detailed to steal bread, another meat, another salt and pepper, and so on. The sentinels who stood guard over our eating wore a sort of bell-crown cap of stiff leather, like those of Napoleon's body-guard, and these caps could contain four quarts of boiled potatoes, and only add to the soldierly bearing of the sentinel.

"This stuff we put into a pillow-case, and at night we beat it up with a bayonet and cooked it over the grate, which was of anthracite coal and quite handy. Our dishes were slices of bread or toast. These were 'cadet hashes,' and were an institution in our day. No man, no cadet officer in fact, was ever known to refuse an invitation to a 'cadet hash.' I don't particularly recall Grant in this connection, but as he was a farmer boy and a growing boy, I've no doubt he accepted every possible chance to eat 'cadet hash.'"

It is said that one night a chicken was being roasted in Grant's room, when a "tack" (tactical officer) was heard at the door. Grant hid the chicken and saucepan and stood "attention" before the fire with face quite impassive. The officer entered. Grant saluted, the officer walked around the room, looking very hard at the ceiling and walls, where nothing could be seen. "Mr. Grant, I think there is a peculiar smell in your room."

"I've noticed it, sir," replied Grant.

"Be careful that something does not catch fire."

"Thank you, sir. I will, sir."

The poor "plebes" "were assigned seats near the centre of the table, where it was hardest to get anything," and they commonly went away hungry.

At last came the call, "Prepare to rise!"

"*Company A*, RISE!"

"*Company D*, RISE!"

Once more the torture of the march back to the camp, whence no one could escape without permission. Each hour thereafter was filled with "calls" to duties, drills, and studies. There seemed to be no free hour. Mock inspectors came by and rated the "plebes." Third-class men, assuming authority, demanded salutes and service. Innocent and scared "plebes" were sent to the professor of mathematics for a half-dozen right lines and on other fool's errands across "the guard line," only to be stopped and turned back with military promptness by the guard. They forgot to salute the officer of the day as he came by, and received more heart-bruising instruction.

They were drilled incessantly by acting corporals, ambitious for promotion, who thrust their noses almost into their victim's eyes, while they hissed and snarled out blasting phrases whose words were harmless—even polite. At morning inspection each scared "plebe" had his musket clawed from him by a stubby little martinet, who flung it back at his victim with intent (apparently) to smash his nose.

At noon "roast-beef call," and more marching to dinner and marching back. More drill—always drill and always "cleaning up" tent or gun. The "plebe's" clothes fitted so close he felt compressed; he had no moment of ease in all the day. At last "Retreats" sounded, and the gun boomed imperiously, and supper, even

more welcome than dinner, was eaten. The night came, and sly deviltry broke loose. Some "plebes" escaped by inconspicuousness, but others were made to do absurd and useless tasks. Some were put on false guard and made to walk all night. Tormenting went on in the tents farthest from the officer of the day—quietly, of course, but with precision, nevertheless. "Plebes" were set to catching imaginary flys in some "yearling's" tent. Boat races in wash-bowls were arranged.

At 9.30 came the wailing sweet music of "tattoo," then "taps," and not even the mosquitoes and the "yearling" or the hard boards beneath could keep the weary "plebe" awake.

"There are few compensations during the first year; it is hard work, early rising, close application. You rise at 5 A.M. summers and 6 A.M. winters, and every hour is filled till 7.30 P.M. You are obliged to scrub the floor and to make up your own bed and keep your gun and room and uniform in perfect order, and also to be subject to the upper classmen.

"In the second year, however, you can bully the entering class and swagger around doing corporal duty. The third year you can bully two classes, and wear a red sash around your waist in parade, to show you are a senior cadet officer; and in the fourth year you can do most anything you please. You can, in fact, do the very things you kept your subordinates from doing in the second year."

All this, or something like it, Ulysses Grant went through. No doubt he was able to escape much by reason of his quiet and obliging nature. Then, too, he became a favorite, speedily, of some of the more powerful men in the classes above him, and that smoothed his way a little; but he studied the tack, "braced," "finned out," policed camp, scrubbed floors on Saturday, got "skinned" for leaving the flint in his gun instead of the "bone-snapper," and endured all the educational abuse and discomfort which is the lot of the average "plebe."

In a letter to McKinstry Griffiths, a cousin in Batavia, he expressed his general feeling about the place—a fine, buoyant, well-expressed letter it is, too. It had a few misspelled words, but it is doubtful whether there were many more young men of seventeen in Georgetown who could have written so bright a letter.*

* The original was long in the possession of Mr. Griffiths, and was first published in a Clermont County paper in 1885. It is now in the possession of C. F. Gunther of Chicago.

MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N. Y.,
September 22, 1839.

DEAR COZ:

I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions, it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and river; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson—that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

Again, I look another way I can see Fort "Putt," now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings—to follow their example.

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in—there Kosciuszko used to walk and think of HIS country and of OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold—that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are; but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoestring to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard, and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty which must be performed. On the whole I like the place very much—so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin [the trousers were poorly made of white stuff that would shrink] as the bark to

tree, and if I do not walk military,—that is, if I bend over quietly, or run,—they are very apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive, and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

McKINSTRY GRIFFITHS. U. H. GRANT.

N. B.—In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. GRANT.

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks." They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going to church. He was also put under arrest, so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month; all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon.

My best respects to Grandmother Simpson. I think often of her. I put this on the margin, so that you will remember it better. I want you to show her this letter and all others that I may write to you. I am going to write to some of my friends in Philadelphia soon. When they answer I shall write you again to tell you all about them, etc.

Remember and write me very soon, for I want to hear much.

"I remember, as plain as if it were yesterday, Grant's first appearance among us," said General Sherman. "I was three years ahead of him. I remember seeing his name on the paper in the hall on the bulletin board, where all the names of the newcomers were posted. I ran my eye down the columns and there saw 'U. S. Grant.' A lot of us began to make up names to fit the initials. One said 'United States Grant.' Another 'Uncle Sam Grant.' A third said 'Sam Grant.' That name stuck to him." *

Grant fell into ranks quietly and with little friction, being so equable and obliging of temper no one but a bully could find heart to impose upon him. He was small, also, and there was meagre sport in "jumping" such a little fellow. He was a good boy here, as at home. He took little part in the small rogueries of the class. "It was impossible to quarrel with Grant," said one who roomed with him for a year. "We never had a 'spat.' I never knew him to fight."

His page of demerits shows scarcely a single mark for any real offence against good conduct. They are mainly "lates" and negligences. He was "late at church," "late at parade," "late at drill." He was a growing boy, and a little sluggish of a morning, no doubt. Once he sat down on his post between five and six in the morning; for this he received eight demerits. Twice in his second year as squad marcher he failed to report delinquencies in others and received five demerits each time. His amiability led to this. Once he spoke disrespectfully to his superior officer on parade. The provocation must have been very great to have led to this. The probabilities are the officer was mistaken.

"I remember Grant well," says General D. M. Frost. "He was a small fellow, active and muscular. His hair was a reddish brown, and his eyes gray-blue. We all liked him, and he took rank soon as a good mathematician and engineer, and as a capital horseman. He had no bad habits whatever, and was a great favorite, though not a brilliant fellow.

"He couldn't or wouldn't dance. He had no facility in conversation with the ladies,—a total absence of elegance,—and naturally showed off badly in contrast with the young Southern men, who prided themselves on being finished in the ways of the world. Socially the Southern men led. At the parties which were given occasionally in the dining-hall, Grant had small part. I never knew Grant to attend a party. I don't suppose in all his first year he entered a private house."

"A military life had no charms for me," he wrote many years after,* "and I had not the faintest idea of staying in the army, even if I should be graduated, which I did not expect. The encampment which preceded the commencement of academic studies was very wearisome and uninteresting. When the 28th of August came, the date for breaking up camp and going into barracks, I felt as though I had been at West Point always, and that if I stayed till graduation I would have to remain always."

* An interview in July, 1885, New York "Herald."

* "Personal Memoirs." This is the old man's comment. The boy's letter should be set over against it.

Undoubtedly the boy was homesick. Every wind that blew from the west was a lure and whisper of recall. Every letter from his cousins, his companions, from his father and mother, made him long for the little Ohio town. He had no realization of its squalor, its narrow bigotry. He knew only the boy's side of it. It was all poetry when in recollection. Its security, repose, and homely good-will seemed the most desirable things in the world.

During this time, before he had settled into place among the fellows, Grant read a great many novels of the standard sort, and was much benefited thereby. He wrote some capital letters home, telling of his life and reading. When the examination came in January he surprised himself by taking a very good place in the class, especially in mathematics and kindred studies. He was not a good linguist, as might be inferred, but was not positively disreputable, even in his French. He never quite reached the foot in anything.

He was not resigned to being a soldier even after the January examination, and when in the mid-winter a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish the West Point Academy, he read the debates with wonderful interest, hoping it would be carried. "It never passed, and a year later I would have been sorry to have seen it succeed. My idea was then to get through the course, secure a detail for a few years as assistant professor of mathematics at the academy, and afterward obtain a permanent position in some respectable college; but circumstances always did shape my course different from my plans." *

He was not involved in any mischief at the academy, and there is no record that he ever went to "Benny Havens'," though he may have done so. "Benny Havens'" was one of the institutions at West Point —a little tavern and bar on the river bank, just outside the reservation. It was considered very wild to slip down to Benny's and smoke a cigar and drink a glass of gin. Grant was a good boy without being effeminate. The testimony of his companions, Quinby, Ingalls, Hamilton, Longstreet, Franklin, is concurrent at this point.

"He was a lad without guile," testifies General Longstreet.† "I never heard him utter a profane or vulgar word. He was a boy of good native ability, although by no means a hard student. So perfect was his sense of honor that, in the numerous cabals which were often formed, his name was never mentioned, for he never did anything which could be subject for criticism or reproach. He soon became the most daring horseman in the academy." He had a way of solving problems out of rule, by the application of good hard sense, and Rufus Ingalls ends by saying: "When our school days were over, if the average opinion of the members of the class had been taken, every one would have said: 'There is Sam Grant; he is a splendid fellow, a good honest man, against whom nothing can be said, and from whom everything may be expected.'"

Allowing for the bias of his after life upon the above witnesses, their statements will stand as probably the approximate estimate of young Grant's powers. He knew as little of his latent capabilities as any one else. They were far down below consciousness, involved and dormant. One of the keenest observers in his class, for a year his room-mate, perceived more in him than his instructors. "He had the most scrupulous regard for truth. He never held his word light. He never said an untruthful word even in jest.

"He was a reflective mind and at times very reticent and sombre. Something seemed working deep down in his thought —things he knew as little about as we. There would be days, even weeks, at a time, when he would be silent and sombre —not morose. He was a cheerful man, and yet he had these moments when he seemed to feel some premonition of a great future—wondering what he was to do and what he was to become. He was moved by a very sincere motive to join the Dialectic Society, which was the only literary society we had. I did not belong, but Grant joined while we were room-mates, with the aim to improve in his manner of expressing himself."

All this does not mean that he was reserved or priggish. He was generally ready for any fun which did not involve deceit or lying. "He had a sense of humor," W. B. Franklin said. "No man can be called 'a good fellow,' as Grant was, and be a dullard. He was ready for a frolic or a game of foot-ball at any time."

The two years wore away at last, and with a very good record he applied for a vacation and secured it.

In Bethel memories still linger of Grant's return on furlough when he was nineteen years of age. His father had removed

* "Personal Memoirs."

† General James Longstreet, afterwards an eminent and able general in the Confederate army.

from Georgetown to Bethel, a small town a few miles nearer Cincinnati, and had established a fine tannery there. The cadets of that day were allowed only one furlough during the course of study, and Ulysses looked forward with great eagerness to his return to Ohio.

From Harrisburg homeward he had the company of his Grandmother Simpson and of Miss Kate Lowe, a young lady from New York, who helped him bear in patience the long canal-boat ride to Hollidaysburg.

"Miss Lowe, now Mrs. Rotherey, harking back to those bygone days, says that Grant at that time was a fine-looking, smooth-faced young man, with clear eyes and good features; but was chiefly attractive on account of his splendid carriage and soldierly bearing. He was fastidious in dress, wearing always white duck trousers and blue sack coat; and Mrs. Rotherey adds that he must have had a fresh pair for every day in the week. She says also that though somewhat bashful, he was never awkward, and though rather reserved and reticent in company, there was always a perfectly easy flow of talk when *tête-à-tête*. He never lacked either a subject of conversation or words. The strongest bond between them was their mutual love of riding, and horses and horsemanship were topics of unfailing interest, while current events and neighborhood gossip came in for their proper share; polite literature was also a fruitful theme, for Grant at this time was a great lover of good novels—was given, indeed, to spending rather too much of his time at West Point devouring them; Bulwer, Cooper, Marryat, Scott, Lever, and Washington Irving taking their turn with many others.

"His most charming characteristic, however, was his extreme courtesy; he was full of delicate and kind attentions, not less to his aged grandmother than to the most fascinating young woman. When asked if Grant was much of a smoker at that time, Mrs. Rotherey said that she only knew that he never smoked in the presence of ladies."*

Grant, on reaching home, went straight to his sweet and gentle mother, of course. "Why, Ulysses," she said, with a face shining with pride, "you've grown much straighter and taller."

"Yes, mother," he replied; "they teach us to be erect."

The father's pride in his boy was boundless. He provided him with a fine young colt to ride, and after a day at home Grant rode, like a pursued Sioux Indian, over to Georgetown to see the girls and boys of his acquaintance.

The people commented freely on the young cadet's improved manners, and the Georgetown "Gravel Club," which met under the trees before the court-house door, admitted that he might make a decent mark for muskets after all. "I remember well," his friend George W. Fishback writes, "his neat undress uniform, his erect carriage, pleasant face, and his easy and graceful horsemanship. I remember his father also; he was often in litigation, and came to attend the sittings of the court at Batavia, where my father, Judge Fishback, lived. Jesse Grant was a stern, aggressive man, but never grew tired of talking of 'my Ulysses.'"

With rides and walks with the girls and games with the boys, the vacation passed. It was all too sorrowfully short, and the young cadet said good-by with a sigh of pain. To return to the barrack life after the glorious freedom of the vacation was like returning to prison. Again the insistent gnarl of the drum summoned to roll-call. The drum, the morning gun, the staccato commands of officers brought a routine which clamped like an iron band;* but this wore off in a few days, and the pleasant things reasserted their charm.

It had its compensations, this life, which got hold of Cadet Grant at last. It was a healthful life—this ceaseless marching to and fro, this vigorous regular routine. The instruction was good, the exercise well-timed and well-considered, and the cadets were all markedly graceful, strong, and well. It had its beautiful side, too. Its surroundings were noble, and the sun rose and set in unspeakable glory of color. The shaven green of the lawn, the gleam of tents, the ripple of pliant snow-white trousers beneath a band of blue, the crash of horn and cymbals, the clamor and squeal of drum and fife, the boom of sunset gun, the rumble and jar of wheeling artillery, all these sounds and pictures came to be keen pleasures to divide the dull gray hours of hard study with moments of purple and gold.

The cavalry drill, which was added in 1841, undoubtedly helped Cadet Grant to endure these last years. Every morning of the autumn, while the maples turned from green to gold and orange and scar-

* From an interview written by Delia T. Davis.

* This is made evident by the increase of demerit marks during the first month after vacation.

let, the battalion wheeled over the parade ground. The call of the bugles, the thrilling commands, the reel of the horses, the clang of sabres, the splendid voices of the commanders, the drumming of hoofs, the swift swing into perfect alignment—all these things helped him to forget his homesickness and gave him appetite for dinner and what came after. Riding his horse "York," he leaped a bar five feet six and a half inches high—a mark, it is said, which has never been surpassed. General James B. Frye recalls this:

"One afternoon in June, 1843, while I was at West Point, a candidate for admission to the Military Academy, I wandered into the riding-hall, where the members of the graduating class were going through their final mounted exercises before Major Richard Delafield, the distinguished engineer, then superintendent, the academic board, and a large assemblage of spectators. When the regular services were completed, the class, still mounted, was formed in line through the centre of the hall, the riding-master placed the leaping-bar higher than a man's head and called out, 'Cadet Grant!'

"A clean-faced, slender young fellow, weighing about 120 pounds, dashed from the ranks on a powerfully built chestnut-sorrel horse, and galloped down the opposite side of the hall. As he turned at the farther end and came into the straight stretch across which the bar was placed, the horse increased his pace and measured his strides for the great leap before him, bounded into the air and cleared the bar, carrying his rider as if man and beast were welded together. The spectators were breathless.

"'Very well done, sir,' growled old Herschberger, the riding-master, and the class was dismissed."*

When spoken to about this feat, Grant was accustomed to smile a little bashfully and retreat by saying, "Yes, York was a wonderfully good horse."

A deeper effect was beginning to appear. He felt some stirrings of ambition to be a military leader. They were not very pronounced, but sufficiently definite to enable him to write afterwards:

"In fact, I regarded General Scott and Captain C. F. Smith, the commandant of cadets, as the two men most to be envied in the nation."

He concluded at length to remain in the army, and wished to enter the cavalry—moved thereto, of course, by his love of horses; but as there was only one regiment of cavalry in the army at that time, the chance for a position in the cavalry was not good. Nevertheless, he indicated as his first choice the cavalry, and as his second choice the Fourth Infantry.

He was brevetted second lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, and ordered to report to his command at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, after a short vacation.

The entire army of the United States at that time numbered less than 8,000 men, and the supply of officers was embarrassingly large. It was the custom, therefore, to brevet graduates second lieutenant.

He graduated twenty-first in a roll of thirty-nine, with a fair record in all things—a good record in mathematics and engineering and a remarkable record as horseman.

More than a hundred had entered with him, but one by one they had dropped out till only thirty-nine remained.

Apparently Grant remained markedly unmilitary throughout the four years' course. He served as a private throughout the first two years. During the third year he was made sergeant, but was dropped (promotions at that time were made for soldierly qualities, and had no exact relation to excellence in studies), and during the fourth year he served again as private. He had no real heart in the military side of the life. Its never-ending salutes, reprimands, drills, and parades wore upon him.

"I did not take to my studies with avidity; in fact, I rarely read over a lesson the second time during the entire cadetship. I devoted more time to reading books from the library than to books relating to the course of studies."*

Notwithstanding this modest statement, Cadet Grant stood well in his studies. The first year he took up French and mathematics, and though the course was severe, including algebra, geometry, trigonometry, application of algebra to geometry, etc., he stood fifteenth in a class of sixty in mathematics, and forty-ninth in French, and twenty-seventh in order of general merit. The second year he climbed three points in general merit, and stood twenty-fourth in a class of fifty-three. He ranked Frederick Steele and Rufus Ingalls, and stood tenth in mathematics, twenty-third in drawing, but was below the middle in ethics and French. In his third year he

* General James B. Frye in "North American Review." Captain L. Shields and General E. G. Viele also speak of Grant's remarkable horsemanship.

* "Personal Memoirs."

rose in his drawing to nineteen, and was twenty-second in chemistry and fifteenth in philosophy, which was a very good standing indeed. He rose to twenty in general merit, sixteen in engineering, seventeen in mineralogy and geology, but was a little below the average in ethics, artillery and infantry practice.

In general, it may be said that he left the academy with a good average record as a student and a very high record as a man. He was not a man of obvious powers. Certain things he knew to their very heart; and yet, as he left the gate of West Point, he seemed the last man to do great things. He was small, obscure, poor, and without political friends or influential relatives. No man then would have had the temerity to name Cadet Grant as other than a kind, obliging, clean-lipped, good-hearted country boy, who could ride a horse over a picket fence or across a tight rope. In such ways do human judgments run. The brilliant, expressive, erratic men attract. Grant had repose, balance, inner powers not set lightly and easily to the surface.

Daniel Ammen, one of his playmates, remembers meeting him in Philadelphia early in July, 1843. "I found the young man I had left a few years before in Georgetown rather an ordinary boy, now a self-reliant, well-balanced, brevet second lieutenant of infantry."

Grant left West Point in midsummer and spent his furlough in Bethel and Georgetown. He was invited by the officers of the militia to drill the troops at "general muster," which took place at Russelsville during August of 1844. These semi-annual musterings of the possible soldiery of the nation had come to be a jolly farce. The people came on horseback and afoot from every nook of the country, with such soldierly belongings as they had—guns of all eras and coats and caps of all sorts and colors. The officers, pompous in martial toggery, *woofed* and grunted and howled their orders at the straggling files for an hour or two; then laid off to lunch and talk politics, while the men traded horses, and settled any odd scores they might have on hand by fist and face encounters, and at sundown every one went home conscious of a duty well done.

In 1844, however, the Mexican War excitement was rising, and the turnout was naturally larger; then, too, it was known that Cadet Grant was to be present and drill the troops, and that added to the interest. William Wilson and Peter Wamax are two of the few witnesses living who remember the splendid occasion.

It impressed itself ineffaceably on young Wilson's mind, because it seemed wonderful, even revolutionary, to see a young lad such as Cadet Grant looked, ordering the pompous old officers about. "He looked very young, very slender, and very pale.

"He was dressed in a long blue coat with big epaulettes and big brass buttons, and his trousers seemed to be white, though they may have been a light gray. He wore a cap, and a red sash around his waist, and he rode his horse in fine style.

"I was particularly struck with his voice—that is, his way of using it. The old men barked out their commands. You couldn't tell what they said. Noise seemed to be their idea of command, but Grant's voice was clear and calm and cut across the parade ground with great precision. It was rather high in pitch, but it was trained; I could tell that, though I was only a boy."

At this time Grant was a small young fellow, a little over five feet seven inches in height, and weighing but 117 pounds. His face was strongly lined like his father's, with fine straight nose and square jaws. A pleasant and shrewd face it was, with a twinkle in the gray-blue eyes when amused, and a comical twist in the long flexible lips when smiling. His hair was a sandy brown, and his complexion still inclined to freckles. Here he stands, unstained, untroubled, facing the world's millions. What will he do? What can he do? What did he care to do?

His ambitions were not inordinate. He still held to the idea of getting permission to teach in some quiet place, with a salary sufficient to support a wife and babes. He had no corrupting desire for glory, for personal aggrandizement. He had no sombre and lurid dreams of conquest. He did not look away to Mexico or Peru as a field for a sudden rise to sole and splendid command. He had in mind a little wooden cottage somewhere under the maples, with a small woman to care for the home and to meet him at the door as he returned from his daily duties as professor of mathematics in Blank College. In the least military of moods he finally took his way to his regiment in the Far West.

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL.

A LESS attractive town than Ballyquay could probably not be found in the three kingdoms.

Situated, as all the world doubtless is aware, in the great county of Donegal, much nearer to the Ennishorn Mountains than Muckish, it stands not "with back to Great Britain and face to the West," but with back turned uncompromisingly on the rest of Ireland and face to the North Pole.

It has a fine outlook over some thousands of miles of ocean, without even a lighthouse to mar the effect of distance, and possesses that which is of much more importance to its inhabitants than any sea view—a substantial stone quay and sheltered harbor, where vessels of two hundred tons can ride at anchor, the like of which might be sought for many a long mile along that wild coast, and sought in vain.

A cold, bare-looking, many-windowed hotel faces the quay. More inland stands the original town, which consists of three wide streets and several narrow lanes. In the latter are to be found the small tenements, with what auctioneers would call "no elevation," which form the rank and file of an Irish town. In the former a few shops, a Presbyterian meeting-house, an old hotel, patronized chiefly by anglers, commercial travellers, and others who from any cause have occasion to visit Ballyquay frequently.

More inland still are the parish church and Roman Catholic chapel, both surrounded by bog and heather; and the visitor who cares to pursue the roads leading to church and chapel farther up the rising ground which backs the town, will find himself rewarded by glimpses of wild and lovely scenery—lakes sparkling in the sun; farms green as emeralds, set in the midst of gray rocks and barren moor; hills and valleys, mountains and defiles—a glorious land, though one where food has to be literally wrested from mother earth, who, in Donegal, is not inclined to give her children bread.

At some not remote future period a railroad will be cut to Ballyquay, and the little town become famous. Meantime, save for a dozen new houses built along the modern esplanade, a branch bank, and the cold-looking hotel previously mentioned, the place does not look very different from what it did five years after the great famine of 1846, when the stoutest hearts might well have failed them for fear, had they realized starvation and pestilence were but the precursors of worse troubles to come.

About half way along the present esplanade, which was then but a rough cart track, there stood, jutting out beyond the line of frontage, a good-sized shed, which, before the famine, had been utilized by an enterprising Glasgow dealer as a store for potatoes, oatmeal, bacon, and any other articles he could export or import with advantage.

Concurrently with the famine, trade languished at Ballyquay. Mr. M'Cracken, the Glasgow dealer, being a shrewd individual and seeing all chance of profit stopped for an indefinite period, came to an arrangement with his landlord, Mr. Deamer, shut up his store, and departed. No one else proving equally enterprising, or, rather, everyone else evincing an amazing amount of common sense, the agent was glad to let the edifice for a mere trifle; and thus it chanced that a certain cold winter found Mr. M'Cracken's former store tenanted, as indeed it had been tenanted for two years, by an old man and his donkey.

The old man's name was Peter Craig, and he called his donkey Tom.

Craig made his home in what had been the warehouse. Tom munched his hay in the counting-house, while the cart he drew found shelter in an outer office where much business had been transacted and a great deal of bad language spoken and heard. For there the country folk once

"THERE STOOD, JUTTING OUT BEYOND THE LINE OF FRONTAGE, A GOOD-SIZED SHED."

upon a time tried to drive very hard bargains with Mr. M'Cracken's manager, and there the manager, strong in possession of what he called "the coin," usually won the day.

But all that good period of prosperity was gone by, and from week's end to week's end no voice broke the silence of that formerly busy place, save when Peter spoke to his donkey or to a vision which he sometimes thought he saw.

As regards human companionship, the poor old fellow had none. He was alone in Ireland. Two living sons were in America, and a dead wife and child lay in a quiet graveyard ten miles from Ballyquay. No other kith or kin, not a soul belonging to him; poor as, even in that land of poverty, a man could well be.

He never made merry—heaven save the mark—in any neighbor's house; neither did he ever ask any neighbor to make merry with him. He had too much to do to keep the wolf from the door to think of pleasure, even if he had been inclined to it; and his heart was full of such bitter memories that he did not feel that life could ever seem aught but a very solemn thing for him for the future.

Yet, though grave, he was not morose or desponding, and toiled on contentedly, strong in the belief that whatever fortune it might please God to send was the right fortune.

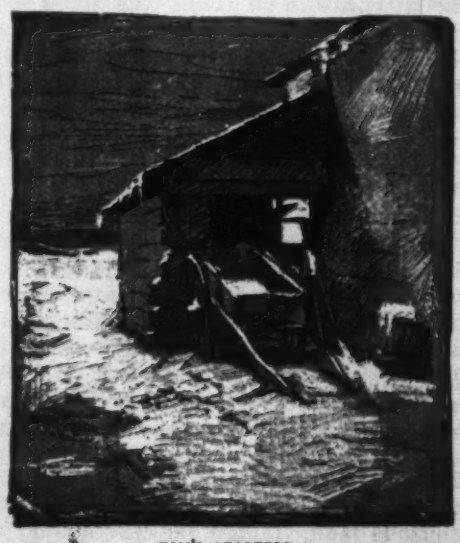
"Praise him for this grand shelter," he would reverently say when the glowing turf fire lit up the rough dresser, with its display of old and cracked crockery ware, all set out "best face to London," and revealed the rest of his furniture—two chairs; a round wooden table; a three-legged stool; a pair of bellows; a few cooking utensils; a red curtain, drawn across the six panes of glass which formed the window; a four-post bedstead, upholstered in blue and white check, and covered with a patchwork quilt; and a clothes-horse, which, when some old sacks were thrown over it, formed a "fine screen" from the wind.

The floor was of earth beaten hard, the walls rough and bare—but what do externals matter if the eye which beholds them be satisfied, and the mind which considers them grateful?

And Peter was grateful. Many a man he knew, as industrious and as well-to-do as himself, had not, when swept away from old landmarks by the famine, powerful and relentless as any flood, been drifted into such a safe haven. The roadside, the workhouse, the pauper's grave, proved the last refuge of most. Some few hundred thousand found work and homes in America; but of those who could not go to America, what man shall ever surely tell the fate?

Craig was in possession of a snug farm when the blight appeared. He had money in the bank, a horse and cart, and pigs and cows; but it was not long ere he had to part with first one thing and then another, in order to stave off the inevitable end, which came at last.

Everything was against him. The downhill journey once commenced, the pace grows more rapid day by day. To begin with, he had not much of a reserve; but that he could not keep for himself.



TOM'S QUARTERS.

He could not. One of a people amongst whom, whatever their faults, selfishness is almost unknown, with whom charity is a religion, how was it possible for him to turn hollow-cheeked, wild-eyed, famine-stricken creatures from his door empty? No. The handful of meal, the battered penny, the few sods for a fire, the fervent "God help you," never failed while Peter Craig had meal or penny or turf-stack.

True, it was not much he had to give, but we know how heavy such seeming trifles will weigh in the scales of eternity.

"HIS MASTER BACKED HIM INTO THE LITTLE CART."

At that time there was great talk about a new land of promise, called America, a name which has since become mightily familiar to Irishmen of all ranks and classes. Then it was not so familiar, but the enchantment which hung round it proved none the less on that account.

Those who could and would work, it was said, had but to get there to be prosperous, happy, and respected. The only difficulty in the way of all these good things was to get there; and many never succeeded in their endeavors, because the passage money was to them as hard to raise as it would be for a chancellor of the exchequer to pay off the national debt.

Craig's elder son, however, was among the fortunate minority. He went out, and sent enough money back to enable his brother to join him. He also set sail for the land of promise; and his last words were: "I'll not be parted long from you, father. I'll work hard to make enough money to pay the passage for you and mother to come to us. Ye will come, won't ye?"

Peter answered that they would, but a mightier than Peter intervened. Mrs. Craig sickened, and after a long illness, died. For her there was no America, or for Peter either. He was a prematurely old, broken man.

"What for would I go to a strange country now?" he wrote. "I'll just content myself here for the rest of my time, and be laid beside her that's gone."

So far he had held on to his farm, but at last he was forced to give it up. His landlord could not be accounted a hard man, but the times had tried him, like everyone else. Craig's rent was two years in arrears, and not a farthing remained in the bank. Land cannot be cropped without seed, or tilled lacking labor; and both seed and labor cost money, which Craig had not.

He did not wait to be turned out of his holding. He went; and the few articles he owned not being worth ten shillings, he was permitted to take them and Tom and Tom's cartlet to that house beside the wide Atlantic where Mr. M'Cracken had once driven a prosperous trade, and where Peter Craig hoped to "make off a living."

It was a cold, raw winter's morning; there had been a slight fall of snow over night, which lay on the ground, waiting for more; the north wind was whistling between its teeth a low, ominous tune; the sky looked gray and lowering; the air was bitter, when Peter Craig opened his door and looked away straight to the Pole.

He did not think about the view, grand though it was, for his mind felt troubled. He had "made off a living," but it was getting a poorer living each day. He and Tom were growing older and somehow able to earn less; and though his sons sent what they could, the help did not reach him regularly. In their last letter they said he might expect to receive an order in a fortnight, and now five weeks had passed, and there was no remittance.

Matters were very hard with him that

"'I JUST CALLED TO ASK IF THERE WAS A LETTER FOR ME,' ANSWERRD PETER, SHYLY."

morning, but they had been very hard before and came right. It is always the darkest hour before dawn; and, turning back into his house, Peter felt as if the dawn must be very nigh at hand.

He did not light a fire, because when a man feels no desire to shave, and has neither tea nor coffee, nor any sort of food to prepare, fire seems a superfluity. Peter was going out, also; he had a job over the hills which would bring him in a trifle, and there was nothing to delay his departure except swallowing a mouthful of breakfast. Tom had eaten up his last morsel of hay, and stood ready, harnessed with many an old bit of rope knotted together. His master backed him into the little cart, tied up the traces with some twine, and then went indoors for a piece of Indian-meal bread that he knew lay on the shelf. It was the only scrap of food in the house, yet Craig could not finish it. He broke off a corner and offered it to Tom, but the donkey decidedly refused it.

"Ah, ye rogue," said Craig. "Nothing will serve ye but white bread or, at the worst, oat-cake. Well, may be we'll contrive to get ye a bite of a loaf to-night. I've only to put on my coat and then we can start."

This was the way he talked to the dumb brute, who seemed in a fashion to understand what was said.

Man and donkey had lived so long alone together, that it would have been strange if no comprehension existed between them.

"Now we'll be going," cried Peter, in as cheerful voice as he could muster, closing the door while he spoke—there was no need to lock it. The possession of nothing confers an important feeling of independence when one's lot is cast even amongst an absolutely honest population.

The donkey moved slowly on, and the man walked beside him. Craig was tall and large boned, and the rough frieze coat he wore gave his figure an artificial appearance of bulk his worn, hard-featured face belied. Tom was small, and seemed to grow smaller each time his master harnessed him; indeed, Peter did not much

care to pat the poor creature, the bones lay so near the skin.

Such as they were, however, they pursued their way, along the cart track, now the present esplanade, up the main road leading from the quay to the town, till they arrived at a cross street where, in front of a mongrel sort of shop, Craig, with a "whoa, Tom," brought the donkey to a stand.

The shop was a double one, separated only by a door, and it belonged to a certain Mr. Hagarty, who dispensed whiskey on the right-hand side of the premises, while his wife, on the left, sold almost every imaginable article in the way of oil and butterman's good, as well as grocery. Bread, moreover, could be had there, and Mrs. Hagarty further presided over the Ballyquay postoffice; letters were only delivered in the town proper. Everyone who resided outside a certain very small radius had to send for what fate might have provided, and many a missive was to be seen stuck against the glass in Mrs. Hagarty's window, among glass bottles filled with lozenges, comfits, barley-sugar, and various other delicacies which caused the mouths of the Ballyquay children to water.

Craig went into the grocery department, his stick, with which he could never find it in his heart to strike Tom, held as a useless ornament. It was the roughest shop imaginable, paved with bricks, the counter of plain deal, the walls white-washed, the rafters bare; yet the Hagartys did a good business, and had plenty of money in the bank.

There was also a baby on view in the shop. In one corner, near the turf fire, stood what might be called a day-cradle, since it was never used save to lay the (time-being) infant down in working hours. The Hagartys owned two cradles, which had come to them as heirlooms.

"That's a cold morning, Mrs. Hagarty," said Craig, looming big and tall against the counter. "I'm glad to see you home again."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Craig; and indeed I never was better pleased than to be back in Ballyquay. I have not been away more than three weeks this very day, and yet it seemed to me like three months; and what can I get for you?"

"I just called to ask if there was a letter for me," answered Peter, shyly. He had called on the same errand so often lately he began to feel ashamed of his own persistence.

Mrs. Hagarty looked among her sweet stuff, and turned over all the correspondence exhibited in the window. Very carefully she examined each address, while Peter watched the proceedings with an anxious face.

"There is none for you this time, Mr. Craig," said Mrs. Hagarty at last.

"When will the next post be in from America?" asked Craig.

"'Deed, I'm not rightly sure," was the reply. "Father Freeling is the one knows best about that."

There was a pause; then Craig, gathering himself together, prepared to depart.

"I'm going over the hill," he observed, as a sort of afterthought; "can I take any message for you?"

"If I'd known ten minutes ago, you might have left my sister's box for her; but I gave it to Jim Kennan, as he said he would be passing the door."

Craig checked a sigh. Jim was young and strong, earning regular wages, and there was no harm in wishing the few pence attached to that box had come to a man who wanted money far more than Kennan.

"We've got on the wrong side of good luck to-day, I'm thinking, Tom, my man," said the poor old fellow to his donkey, as they resumed their journey. "But I mustn't talk like that and may be one of the boys ill. They'd never—"

"CRAIG BETHOUGHT HIM THAT HE WOULD LOOK WHETHER A HANDFUL OF MEAL WERE LEFT IN THE BARREL."

"Have you heard the news?" said a voice at this instant, which prevented Craig from finishing his muttered conjecture.

"What news?" he asked, turning towards the speaker.

"That Mrs. Deamer is coming home to-day."

"Ay?—after all this time?"

"She thinks she ought to spend her money in the place she gets it from; it'll be a sore trouble to her going back to the house husband and son were carried out of in one day."

"It will be so."

"They say she's greatly changed; that her hair's gray and her eyes dim. I mind her hair dark as a raven's wing, and her eyes as black as sloes. You never saw her?"

"I never set eyes on her."

"There was not a prettier or better lady betwixt this and Dublin; and many a poor body's heart will rejoice to know she's back at Fairy Hill. She used to have the sweetest laugh. It minded me of a lot of spring birds all singing together. God help her! I'm thinking there is not much of a laugh left in her now."

"It was a great trial," agreed Craig; and he went on his way with a heart full of pity for the lonely woman death had left desolate, who was poor in the midst of plenty and more solitary even than himself.

"There's mostly something to fret about," he considered—a truism he immediately supplemented with, "but there's always something to be thankful for."

To outward view what had this gaunt old fellow, whose youth and prosperity were left so far behind, to be thankful for? Just that which a rich man might envy and many a king lacks; for the power of being happy cannot be bought by money or conferred by rank.

Master and donkey trudged up the hill, and for a little way down the descent leading to a pleasant valley which lay beyond. There Craig had a few things to move for a man who was "flitting."

He asked for water for the "beast," but Tom would not drink; so his bit being taken out, he was left to nibble such herbage as he could find. Tom did not nibble, however, though Craig was unaware of the fact. He stood still where he was left, looking straight before him, with no speculation in his eye, a patient, willing, half-starved old donkey.

When he and his master had finished their work, the woman who should have paid them said: "Tim will be in town to-morrow and pay you, Mr. Craig."

Mr. Craig had been right in telling Tom they had got that day on the wrong side of good luck.

It was growing dark when donkey and owner started to return home. How long the road seemed, how weary the way! the old donkey feeble and spent, the old man faint and empty. Peter tried to speak to his dumb companion, but the sound of his own voice frightened him. It was not his own which he had been wont to hear, but a hollow, changed voice, that might have belonged to some broken-down and hope-

". . . AND GROPE HIS WAY TO THE FIRE AND KINDLE A BLAZE ON THE HEARTH."

less creature. Never before had he so longed for the sight of his home, to see the ruddy glow of the peat fire, to hear the music of the great Atlantic, to feel safe within bare though kindly walls—safe and sheltered, free to forget his cares for a space. Like his predecessor who flourished many years ago, he walked, so as not to distress his donkey, and thus they finally arrived at Ballyquay, where once again they passed the grocery shop, and Craig walked into the public house.

"Will you let me have an armful of hay?" he asked. "I'll pay ye when I get paid myself, to-morrow likely."

Poor Craig! He would not have asked credit for his own needs, but the "brute beast" could not altogether fast.

"As much as you want. Here, Ned, fill a sack and put it on Mr. Craig's cart. It is a nasty night, Peter; a glass of whiskey will do you no harm."

"Thank ye kindly," was the answer, "but don't fill one for me. I used to be able to take half a glass with any man, but I can't now—no, I can't now."

Mr. Hagarty, struck by something in the old man's tone, looked at him curiously for a moment. His wife had told him about Craig's anxiety concerning the American letter, and added that she thought he had "failed greatly of late."

"There was a letter came for him the day I left home," she went on, "but I'm afraid what he wanted was not in it." And for this reason that repetition of "I can't now" sounded to the publican almost pathetic.

"Is there nothing else we can put up for ye?" he asked, full of a vague impression help was wanted, and great desire to help if he could. "You know ye can have what ye like here, and pay when ye please," which was certainly most liberal.

"I am obliged, but I need nothing more," answered Craig with a certain stiffness. He felt he could starve, but he knew he could not endure anyone to think he was starving. In all countries there live such people, and sure am I that in that wild and desolate land, where Atlantic waves sing the children's lullaby and the storm king rides in his might, could be found hundreds who, like Peter Craig, would rather die than beg.

Ned put the hay in the little cart. "It's tuning up for a storm, it's my notion," he remarked as Craig came out to Tom's head.

"Ay, it looks that way," answered Peter, and then he and the donkey took the homeward road.

"HE PUSHED CRAIG GENTLY TO ONE SIDE AND DEPARTED. THE OLD MAN STOOD FOR A COUPLE OF MINUTES LIKE ONE DAZED."

As they drew near the shore, Peter heard the dull roar of the distant cannon, which on that awful coast heralds an approaching hurricane. For twenty-four hours that artillery practice precedes the tempest, and well did Craig know its sound.

As he and Tom plodded along the rough cart track, he heard a noise as if of the cannon of Waterloo.

"Now God help all women who have sons, lovers, husbands at sea this night," he said solemnly, and then he came to his own door.

It did not take long to unharness Tom and lead him to his stable, or to push the cart into the outer office, or to open his own door and grope his way to the fire. and kindle a blaze on the hearth. When he had done all this, he drew water for the donkey and set it before him, at the same time placing some hay in the rough box which served for a manger.

"Fill yourself, boy," said Craig. "We're now all safe and sound, with plenty for you to eat over to-morrow, meadow hay as good as ever I smelled. Come, lad."

But the lad would not come or fill himself, and when Craig laid a persuading

hand on his neck, he found the animal was shivering like someone in ague.

"Ah, Tom, dear, and it's starved with the cold ye are!" he exclaimed. "Poor old chap, come and have an air of the grand fire I've made up. My good Tom, my fine, brave Tom!" And thus discoursing, he led the donkey to the hearth, where, after stupidly blinking at the blaze for a moment, the animal sank wearily to his knees; and then, slowly, like some stiff old man, lay down and stretched out his legs that had travelled so many a long mile.

"Ah, poor boy! you're getting fond of a bit of heat, like your master," said Craig; "just lie there at your ease."

Tom, nothing loth, lay there, but certainly not at his ease, for he was trembling and shaking all over.

"It was cruel cold out there to-day, wasn't it?" observed Peter; and the donkey, as if in answer, shivered exceedingly.

"Well, just content yourself," went on the old man; "you needn't stir all night, and you've no call to go out to-morrow."

It was quite still in the cottage when Craig bethought him that he would look whether a handful of meal were left in the barrel, or a morsel of bread on the shelf.

No; as he believed, the barrel was empty and the shelf bare.

"I can do well enough," said the old man. "Thanks be to God, there is hay for Tom!" and he was crossing the bare floor when his door opened and a gentleman came in.

The stranger was well clad and not unpleasant to look at, yet a ghost would have appalled Craig less.

"What a glorious fire you have," said the newcomer, advancing to the hearth, and holding first one hand and then the other to the glowing peat.

"Ay, it's a brave fire," answered Craig, not knowing what he uttered.

"I looked in a while ago," went on the gentleman, "but you were out. You have the rent ready, I hope."

"No, sir; but I'm expecting money every day."

"So you were six weeks ago. There is more than a year due. I have been very patient, but you'll have to make up the money by twelve o'clock to-morrow, or else—"

"What, sir?"

"Give up possession. I can let this place for much more than you pay;" and he turned towards the door with an easy, swinging gait, as if he had said the pleasantest thing in the world, and was going out into the night, when Craig stopped him.

"For God's sake, sir," he began.

"Now, now, my good fellow, that will do. We understand all about that. Twelve o'clock to-morrow." With which clincher he pushed Craig gently to one side and departed.

The old man stood for a couple of minutes like one dazed, wringing his hands in abject despair. Then he seized his hat, and rushed out into the night.

A keen wind stirred his scant gray hair, and drove a salt rime on his cheek; but Craig did not feel the bitter blast or misty spray. There

"'COULD I HAVE SPEECH WITH THE MISTRESS?' HE ASKED."

"AND THE POOR OLD FELLOW FELL AT HER FEET, AND RAISED HIS CLASPED HANDS IN AN AGONY OF ENTREATY."

was a storm in his heart which would have drowned the noise of a fiercer tempest than ever raged and raved along that terrible coast. He had left home with one idea, which sufficed to carry him on through darkness and biting cold, past the large houses, beyond the quay, up the road leading to the town.

"Lord grant," he muttered over and over again. Soul and body were too numb with misery to permit of his finishing the prayer, but He who made him knew the words his lips failed to articulate. On for another mile, through the cold and the darkness; on, with that storm which never lulled sweeping madly through his heart, losing memory now and again, staggering at times as though drunk, feeling a horrible faintness—for, save the scrap of bread, he had not broken his fast for twenty-four hours—the old man held grimly to his task till he stood at the hall door of Fairy Hill, and gave one loud, single knock which echoed through the house.

"Could I have speech with the mistress?" he asked.

"I'll see," was the reply. "Sit down off your feet a minute."

But Craig did not sit. He stood as in

a sort of dream, seeing the hall and yet not perceiving it; looking at the furniture, but taking no heed of a single article. The while Mrs. Deamer was asking:

"And who is this Craig, Jane?"

"He is a decent old fellow, mem, as ever lived, and the world has been very sore against him. Do see him, mem. He looks in some great trouble, and he is breaking up fast. I see a wonderful change in him."

Mrs. Deamer left her tea, a comfortable chair, and warm fire, and passed into the hall, where Craig stood awaiting his sentence.

When he saw her he tried to speak, but could not. He could only stand looking with eyes of misery at the sweet woman, who said in a low voice, like the faint chime of bells:

"You wished to see me?"

Twice Craig essayed to answer, and twice no word passed his lips.

Mrs. Deamer saw he was struggling for speech, saw some mortal trouble was keeping him dumb.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. "If it is in my power to help you I will."

Then, all at once, the string of his tongue was loosed, and he poured forth the misery that had been pent up within him.

Without break, without pause, in one impulsive sentence the gaunt old man told the tale of his sorrows. He who had never begged before, begged then for time. He would pay her honestly if—if she would wait a little while for her money. He did not say anything against the agent. He did not inveigh against fate. He did not make mention of his age, or his losses, or his loneliness. He only prayed for—time.

"It has been home to me, mem," he said, in that rugged Northern accent which holds such power for pathos in its very harshness; "and if you'll let me stop you'll not be a penny the loser. O mem! will you? A pound, maybe, isn't very much to you to lie out off, but it is as bad as thousands to me till my sons send the order they've promised. I never kneeled before but to my God, but I do kneel now to pray that you won't turn me out without a roof over my head—me and the dumb beast, too, that has nobody besides." And the poor old fellow fell at her feet, and raised his clasped hands in an agony of entreaty, while the tears streamed down cheeks that were furrowed by care and worn by privation.

"My poor man! my poor man!" cried Mrs. Deamer, inexpressibly shocked, trying to steady her own voice. "You shall not be turned out of your house. Do rise. I cannot bear to see you kneeling to me. You may go home quite happy."

"Did you say I might stop?" he faltered. The reaction was so great he could scarce believe his ears and he had no power to cease sobbing.

"Of course you shall stop. Now sit down for a little while, and try to compose yourself."

"What'll I say to ye, mem? What can I say to ye?" he asked, covering his face with his hands and weeping hysterically.

"Why, nothing," she replied. "I am very glad to be able to help you. Presently you must go into the kitchen and have a cup of tea; you look ill and tired."

"I couldn't touch bite or sup," he answered huskily. "I want nothing but words;" and he stopped as if about to break down again; then went on bravely: "I want words to thank you, but they won't come."

"Do have a cup of tea; I am sure one would do you good."

"It is you, mem, who have done me all the good in the world, and I want nothing more, thank you kindly, but to be alone with my God, that I may praise his name and ask him to bless you."

With a humble gesture of deep gratitude he was moving to the door when Mrs. Deamer stopped him.

"You are quite without money. Let me lend you a trifle till your son's remittance arrives."

It was characteristic of her that, speaking even in haste, she said lend, not give; but she knew well enough such men as Craig to be aware that in the one case her offer might be accepted, and in the other prove an offence.

"You can pay me at your convenience," she went on, seeing that he hesitated. "You had better take a pound;" and she opened a little case in which many a crisp note lay snug.

"I'd be dreaming I was robbed and murdered if I'd as much as that in the house," Craig answered with a smile, such a smile, so wan, so feeble, it haunted Mrs. Deamer's memory for many a long day; "but if you'd give me a bit of white bread, I'd like well to have it for Tom."

"Who is Tom?" she asked.

"Just my donkey, mem; and he has as much sense as many a Christian."

The fire had burned low by the time Craig reached home, and that vision he so

often saw seemed to his fancy to come out of the shadows and meet him.

"We'll do yet, Jane, my woman," he said. "Oh, but that is the lovely lady! And see what she gave me for Tom. My boy, you haven't stirred far since I went away."

He broke off a piece of bread and offered it to the donkey, who made no effort to take it, only opened one eye and looked wearily at his master.

"Well, I'll leave it beside you. You've quit trembling, I see; that's right." And he made up the fire, drew the stool close beside the hearth, sat down with his back against the wall—for chimney-piece there was none—and, without intending to do so, fell off to sleep.

. . . . . .

After three weeks' absence Mrs. Hagarty, feeling that the place required a thorough cleaning, sent for Moggy Stewart to come the following morning to "ridd things up." Moggy was a capital worker, and proceeded to turn everything upside down. Amongst other matters she took the straw out of the day cradle, and carried it in her apron to the pig-stye. As she threw it over she caught sight of something white, and boldly going in among a number of porkers, rescued a letter from destruction.

"I found this in the child's cradle," Moggy said, handing her find to Mrs. Hagarty.

The postmistress cried out: "How did this come in the cradle?"

The little nurse-girl's face showed that she knew; but, without waiting to administer to her more than a stinging box on the ear, Mrs. Hagarty called, "William."

"What do you want?" asked her husband.

"Look here at what Moggy has found."

"Is it a letter?"

"It is so, and the one that came for Peter Craig the morning I left, and that he has never had. I'll kill that little huzzy; she has given it to the baby to play with."

"The best thing I can do is to take the letter to Craig and tell him the truth," said Hagarty.

When he reached Craig's house he lifted the latch without ceremony and went in. The red curtain was still drawn across the window, and he could not at first see anything very distinctly.

"Hello, Peter," he shouted, "you are having your sleep out this morning. Wake up, man; I've a letter for you."

Then he began to discern objects more clearly, and saw the old man sitting on the stool, and the donkey lying before a fire which had burnt itself to white powder.

Something in the silence struck him. He made one stride to the window, and tore aside the curtain. Then the cold daylight streaming into the room showed that the donkey lay stiff, with a piece of bread beside him, and that Craig was dead, too, with a smile on his lips.

"CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS."

A STORY OF THE GRAND BANKS.

By Rudyard Kipling,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "Barrack-room Ballads," etc.

SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Harvey Cheyne, the pampered son of an American millionnaire, falls overboard from an Atlantic liner as he is voyaging to Europe in company with his mother. He is picked up, off the Grand Banks, by the fishing schooner "We're Here," of Gloucester. His story of his rich connection is too fabulous to be believed by the humble-minded skipper of the "We're Here," and he is forced to fall to work as a member of the crew, and bide with the schooner on the Banks until she finishes her season. It is a hard ordeal, but soon brings out in the boy a rather fine spirit.

CHAPTER IV.

HARVEY waked to find the "first half" at breakfast, the foc'sle door drawn to a crack, and every square inch of the schooner singing its own tune. The black bulk of the cook balanced behind the tiny galley over the glare of the stove, and the pots and pans in the pierced wooden board before it jarred and racketted to each plunge. Up and up the foc'sle climbed, yearning and surging and quivering, and then, with a clear, sickle-like swoop, came down into the seas. He could hear the flaring bows cut and squelch, and there was a pause ere the divided waters came down on the deck above, like a volley of buckshot. Followed the woolly sound of the cable in the hawse-hole; a grunt and squeal of the windlass; a yaw, a punt, and a kick, and the "We're Here" gathered herself together to repeat the motions.

"Now, ashore," he heard Long Jack saying, "ye've chores, an' ye must do thim in any weather. Here we're well clear of the fleet, an' we've no chores—an' that's a blessin'. Good night, all." He passed like a big snake from the table to his bunk, and began to snore. Tom Platt followed his example, and Uncle Salters, with Penn, fought his way up the ladder to stand his watch, and the cook set for the "second half."

It came out of its bunks as the others had entered theirs, with a shake and a yawn. It ate till it could eat no more; and then Manuel filled his pipe with some terrible tobacco, crotched himself between the pawl-post and a forward bunk, cocked his feet up on the table, and smiled tender and indolent smiles at the smoke. Dan lay at length in his bunk, wrestling with a gaudy, gilt-stopped accordion, whose tunes went up and down with the pitching of the "We're Here." The cook, his shoulders against the locker where he kept the fried pies (Dan was fond of fried pies), peeled potatoes, with one eye on the stove in case of too much water finding its way down the pipe; and the general smell and smother were past all description.

Harvey considered affairs, wondered that he was not deathly sick, and crawled into his bunk again, as the softest and safest place, while Dan struck up "I don't want to play in your yard," as accurately as the wild jerks allowed.

"How long is this for?" Harvey asked of Manuel.

"Till she get a little quiet, and we can row to trawl. Perhaps to-night. Perhaps two days more. You do not like? Eh, wha-at?"

"I should have been crazy sick a week ago, but it doesn't seem to upset me now—much."

"That is because we make you fisherman, these days. If I was you, when I come to Gloucester I would give two, three big candles for my good luck."

"Give who?"

"To be sure—the Virgin of our Church on the Hill. She is very good to fishermen all the time. That is why so few of us Portugee men ever are drowned."

"You're a Roman Catholic, then?"

"I am a Madeira man. I am not a Porto Pico boy. Shall I be Bapptist, then? Eh,

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"'TIS A CONCERT,' SAID LONG JACK, BEAMING THROUGH THE SMOKE. 'A REG'LAR BOSTON CONCERT.'"

wha-at? I always give candles — two, three more when I come to Gloucester. The good Virgin she never forgets me, Manuel."

"I don't sense it that way," Tom Platt put in from his bunk, his scarred face lit up by the glare of a match as he sucked at his pipe. "It stands to reason the sea's the sea; and you'll git jest about what's goin', candles or kerosine, fer that matter."

"'Tis a mighty good thing," said Long Jack, "to have a friud at coort, though. I'm o' Manuel's way o' thinkin'. About tin years back I was crew to a Sou' Boston market-boat. We was off Minot's Ledge wid a northeaster, butt first, atop of us, thicker'n burgoo. The ould man was dhrunk, wid his chin waggin' on the tiller, an' I sez to myself, 'If iver I stick my boat-huk into T-wharf again, I'll show the saints fwhat manner o' craft they saved me out av.' Now, I'm here, as ye can well see, an' the model of the dhirty ould 'Kathleen' that took me a month to make, I gave ut to the priest, an' he hung ut up forninst the altar. There's more sense in givin' a model that's by way o' bein' a work av art than any candle. Ye can buy candles at the store, but a model shows the good saints ye've tuk trouble an' are grateful."

"D'you believe that, Irish?" said Tom Platt, turning on his elbow.

"Would I do ut if I did not, Ohio?"

"Wa-al, Enoch Fuller he made a model o' the old 'Ohio,' and she's to Salem museum now. Mighty pretty model, too, but I guess Enoch he never done it fer a sacrifice; an' the way I take it is——"

There were the makings of an hour-long discussion of the kind that fishermen love, where the talk runs in shouting circles and no one proves anything in the end, had not Dan struck up this cheerful rhyme:

Up jumped the mackerel with his striped back.
Reef in the mainsail, and haul on the tack;
For it's windy weather—

Here Long Jack joined in.

And it's blowy weather;
When the winds begin to blow, pipe all hands together!

Dan went on, with a cautious look at Tom Platt, holding the accordion low in the bunk:

Up jumped the cod with his chuckle-head,
Went to the main-chains to heave at the lead;
For it's windy weather, etc.

Tom Platt seemed to be hunting for something. Dan crouched lower, but sung louder:

Up jumped the flounder that swims to the ground.
Chuckle-head! Chuckle-head! Mind where ye sound!

Tom Platt's huge rubber boot whirled across the foc'sle and caught Dan's uplifted arm. There was war between the man and the boy ever since Dan had discovered that the mere whistling of that tune would make him angry as he heaved the lead.

"Thought I'd fetch yer," said Dan, returning the gift with precision. "If you don't like my music, git out your fiddle. I ain't goin' to lie here all day an' listen to you an' Long Jack arguin' 'baout candles. Fiddle, Tom Platt; or I'll learn Harve here the tune!"

Tom Platt leaned down to a locker and brought up an old white fiddle. Manuel's eye glistened, and from somewhere behind the pawl-post he drew out a tiny, little guitar-like thing with wire strings, which he called a *machette*.

"'Tis a concert," said Long Jack, beaming through the smoke. "A reg'lar Boston concert."

There was a burst of spray as the hatch opened, and Disko, in yellow oilskins, descended.

"Ye're just in time, Disko. Fwhat's she doin' outside?"

"Jest this!" He dropped on to the lockers with the push and heave of the "We're Here."

"We're singin' to kape our breakfasts down. Ye'll lead, av course, Disko," said Long Jack.

"Guess there ain't more'n 'baout two old songs I know, an' ye've heard them both."

His excuses were cut short by Tom Platt launching into a most dolorous tune, like unto the moaning of winds and the creaking of masts. With his eyes fixed on the beams above, Disko began this ancient, ancient ditty, Tom Platt flourishing all round him to make the tune and words fit a little:

"There is a crack packet—crack packet o' fame,
She hails from Noo York, an' the 'Dreadnought's' her name,
You may talk o' your fliers—'Swallow-tail' and 'Black Ball'—
But the 'Dreadnought's' the packet that can beat them all.

"Now the 'Dreadnought' she lies in the River Mersey,
Because of the tug-boat to take her to sea;
But when she's off soundings you shortly will know
(*Chorus.*)
She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go!

"Now the 'Dreadnought' she's howlin' 'crost the Banks o' Newfoundland,
Where the water's all shallow and the bottom's all sand.
Sez all the little fishes that swim to and fro:
(*Chorus.*)
'She's the Liverpool packet—O Lord, let her go!'"

There were scores of verses, for he worked the "Dreadnought" every mile of the way between Liverpool and New York as conscientiously as though he were on her deck, and the accordion pumped and the fiddle squeaked beside him. Tom Platt followed with something about "the rough and tough McGinn, who would pilot the vessel in." Then they called on Harvey, who felt very flattered, to contribute to the entertainment; but all that he could remember were some pieces of "Skipper Ireson's Ride" that he had been taught at the camp-school in the Adirondacks. It seemed that they might be appropriate to the time and place, but he had no more than mentioned the title when Disko brought down one foot with a bang, and cried, "Don't go on, young feller. That's a mistaken jedgment—one o' the worst kind, too, becaze it's catchin' to the ear."

"I orter ha' warned you," said Dan. "Thet allus fetches dad."

"What's wrong?" said Harvey, surprised and a little angry.

"All you're goin' to say," said Disko. "All dead wrong from start to finish, an' Whittier he's to blame. I've no special call to right any Marblehead man, but 'tweren't no fault o' Ireson's. My father he told me the tale time an' again, an' this is the way 'twuz."

"For the wan hundredth time," put in Long Jack under his breath.

"Ben Ireson he was skipper o' the 'Betty,' young feller, comin' home frum the Banks—that was before the war of 1812, but jestice is jestice at all times. They f'und the 'Active' o' Portland, an' Gibbons o' that town he was her skipper; they f'und her leakin' off Cape Cod Light. There was a terr'ble gale on, an' they was gettin'

the 'Betty' home 's fast as they could craowd her. Well, Ireson he said there wasn't any sense to reskin' a boat in that sea; the men they wouldn't hev it; and he laid it before them to stay by her till the sea run daown a piece. They wouldn't hev that either, hangin' araound the Cape in any sech weather, leak or no leak. They jest up stay'sle an' quit, nat'rally takin' Ireson with 'em. Folks to Marblehead was mad at him not runnin' the risk and becaze nex' day, when the sea was ca'amer (they never stopped to think o' *that*), some o' the 'Active's' folk was took off by a Truro man. They come into Marblehead with their own tale to tell, sayin' how Ireson had shamed the town an' so forth an' so on; an' Ireson's men they was scared, seein' public feelin' agin' 'em, an' they went back on Ireson, an' swore he was respons'ble for the hull act. 'Tweren't the women neither that tarred and feathered him—Marblehead women don't act that way—'twas a passel o' men an' boys, an' they carted him araound town in an old dory till the bottom fell aout, an' Ireson he told 'em they'd be sorry for it some day. Well, the facts come aout later, same's they usually do, too late to be any ways useful to an honest man; an' Whittier he come along an' picked up the slack eend of a lyin' tale, and tarred an' feathered Ben Ireson all over onct more after he was dead. 'Twas the only time Whittier ever slipped up, an' 'tweren't fair. I whaled Dan good when he brought that piece back from school. *You* don't know no better, o' course, but I've give you the facts, hereafter an' evermore to be remembered. Ben Ireson weren't no sech kind o' man as Whittier makes aout; my father he knew him well, before an' after that business, an' you beware o' hasty jedgments, young feller. Next!"

Harvey had never heard Disko talk so long, and collapsed with burning cheeks; but, as Dan said promptly, a boy could only learn what he was taught at school, and life was too short to keep track of every lie along the coast.

Then Manuel touched the jangling, jarring little *machette* to a queer tune, and sang something in Portuguese about "*Nina, innocente!*" ending with a full-handed sweep that brought the song up with a jerk. Then Disko obliged with his second song, to an old-fashioned creaky tune, and all joined in the chorus. This is one stanza:

"Now Aprile is over and melted the snow,
And outer Noo Bedford we shortly must tow;
Yes, out o' Noo Bedford we shortly must clear,
We're the whalers that never see wheat in the ear."

Here the fiddle went very softly for a while by itself, and then:

"Wheat-in-the-ear, my true-love's posy-blowin';
Wheat-in-the-ear, we're goin' off to sea;
Wheat-in-the-ear, I left you fit for sowin';
When I come back a loaf o' bread you'll be!"

That made Harvey almost weep, though he could not tell why. But it was much worse when the cook dropped the potatoes and held out his hands for the fiddle. Still leaning against the locker door, he struck into a tune that was like something very bad but sure to happen whatever you did. After a little he sang, in an unknown tongue, his big chin down on the fiddle-tail, his white eyeballs glaring in the lamplight. Harvey swung out of his bunk to hear better; and amid the straining of the timbers and the wash of the waters the tune crooned and moaned on, like lee surf in a blind fog, till it ended with a wail.

"Jiminy Christmas! Thet gives me the blue creevles," said Dan. "What in thunder is it?"

"The song of Fin McCoul," said the cook, "when he wass going to Norway." His English was not thick, but all clear cut, as though it came from a phonograph.

"Faith, I've been to Norway, but I didn't make that unwholesim noise. 'Tis like some of our old songs, though," said Long Jack.

"Don't let's hev another 'thout somethin' between," said Dan; and the accordion struck up a rattling, catchy tune that ended:

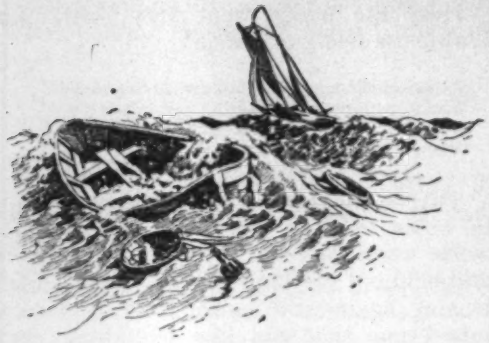
"It's six an' twenty Sundays sence las' we saw the land,
With fifteen hunder quintal,
An' fifteen hunder quintal,
'Teen hunder toppin' quintal,
'Twix' old 'Queereau an' Grand!"

"Hold on," roared Tom Platt. "D'ye want to nail the trip, Dan? That's Jonah sure, 'less you sing it after all our salt's wet."

"No, 'tain't. Is it, dad? Not unless you sing the very las' verse. You can't learn me anything on Jonahs!"

"What's that?" said Harvey. "What's a Jonah?"

"A Jonah's anything that spoils the luck. Sometimes it's a man—sometimes it's a boy—or a bucket. I've known a splittin'-knife Jonah two trips till we was on to it," said Tom Platt. "There's all sorts o' Jonahs. Jim Bourke was one till he was drowned on George's. I'd never ship with Jim Bourke, not if I was starvin'. There wuz a green dory on the 'Ezra Flood.' Thet was a Jonah too, the worst sort o' Jonah.



"THEY RAN DOWN TO WHERE ABISHAI'S CRAFT HAD VANISHED; FOUND TWO OR THREE TRAWL-TUBS, A GIN-BOTTLE, AND A STOVE-IN DORY, BUT NOTHING MORE."

Drowned four men she did, an' used to shine fiery o' nights in the nest."

"And you believe that?" said Harvey, remembering what Tom Platt had said about candles and models. "Haven't we all got to take what's served?"

A mutter of dissent ran round the bunks. "Outboard, yes; inboard, things can happen," said Disko. "Don't you go to makin' a mock of Jonahs, young feller."

"Well, Harve ain't no Jonah. Day after we catched him," Dan stuck in, "we had a toppin' good catch."

The cook threw up his head and laughed suddenly—a queer, thin laugh. He was a most disconcerting nigger.

"Murder!" said Long Jack. "Don't do that again, doctor. We ain't used to ut."

"What's wrong?" said Dan. "Ain't he our mascot, an' didn't they strike on good after we'd struck him?"

"Oh! yess," said the cook. "I know that, but the catch iss not finish yet."

"He ain't goin' to do us any harm," said Dan, hotly. "What are ye hintin' an' edgin' to? *He's* all right."

"No harm. But one day he will be your master, Danny."

"That all?" said Dan, placidly. "He wun't—not by a heap."

"Master," said the cook, pointing to Harvey. "Man!" and he pointed to Dan.

"That's news. How soon?" said Dan, with a laugh.

"In some years, and I shall see it. Master and man—man and master."

"How in thunder d'ye work that out?" said Tom Platt.

"In my head, where I can see."

"How?" This from all the others at once.

"I do not know, but so it will be." He dropped his head, and went on peeling the potatoes, and not another word could they get out of him.

"Well," said Dan, "a heap o' things 'll hev to come abaout 'fore Harve's any master o' mine; but I'm glad the doctor ain't choosen to mark him for a Jonah. Now, I mistrust Uncle Salters fer the Jonerest Jonah in the fleet regardin' his own special luck. Dunno ef it's spreadin' same's smallpox. He ought to be on the 'Carrie Pitman.' That boat's her own Jonah sure—crews an' gear no make no differ. Jiminy Christmas! She'll etch loose in a flat ca'am."

"We're well clear o' the fleet, anyway," said Disko. "'Carrie Pitman' an' all." There was a rapping on the deck.

"Uncle Salters has catched his luck," said Dan, as his father departed.

"It's blown clear," Disko cried, and all the foc'sle tumbled up for a breath of fresh air. The fog had gone, but a sullen sea ran in great rollers behind it. The "We're Here" slid, as it were, into long, sunk avenues and ditches which felt quite sheltered and homelike if they would only stay still; but they changed without rest or mercy and flung up the schooner to crown one peak of a thousand gray hills, while the wind hooted through her rigging as she zigzagged down the slopes. Far away a sea would burst in a sheet of foam, and the others would follow suit as at a signal, till Harvey's eyes swam with the vision of interlacing whites and grays. Four or five Mother Carey's chickens stormed round in circles, shrieking as they swept past the bows. A rain squall or two strayed aimlessly over the hopeless waste, ran down wind and back again, and melted away.

"Seems to me I saw somethin' flicker jest naow over yonder," said Uncle Salters, pointing to the northeast.

"Can't be any of the fleet," said Disko, peering under his eyebrows, a hand on the foc'sle gangway as the solid bows hatchetted into the troughs. "Sea's oilin' over dretful fast. Danny, don't you want to skip up a piece an' see how aour trawl-buoy lays?"

Danny, in his big boots, trotted rather than climbed up the main rigging (this consumed Harvey with envy), hitched himself around the reeling cross-trees, and let his eye rove till it caught the tiny black buoy-flag on the shoulder of a mile-away swell.

"She's all right," he hailed. "Sail O! Dead to the no'th'ard, comin' down like smoke! Schooner she be, too."

They waited yet another half-hour, the sky clearing in patches, with a flicker of sickly sun from time to time, that made

patches of olive-green water. Then a stump-foremast lifted, ducked, and disappeared, to be followed on the next wave by a high stern with old-fashioned wooden snail's-horn davits. The sails were red tanned.

"Frenchmen!" shouted Dan. "No, 'tain't neither. Da-ad!"

"That's no French," said Disko. "Salters, your blame luck holds tighter'n a screw in a keg-head."

"You can't nowise tell fer sure."

"I've eyes. It's Uncle Abishai."

"The head-king of all Jonahs," groaned Tom Platt. "O Salters, Salters, why wasn't you abed an' asleep?"

"How could I tell?" said poor Salters, as the schooner swung up.

She might have been the very "Flying Dutchman," so foul, draggled, and unkempt was every rope and stick aboard. Her old-style quarterdeck was some four or five feet high, and her rigging flew knotted and tangled like weed at a wharf-end. She was running before the wind—yawing frightfully—her staysail let down to act as a sort of extra foresail, "scandalized," they call it, and her foreboom guyed out, over the side. Her bowsprit cocked up like an old-fashioned frigate's; her jib-boom had been fished and spliced and nailed and clamped beyond further repair; and as she hove herself forward, and sat down on her broad tail, she looked for all the world like a blouzy, frouzy, bad old woman sneering at a decent girl.

"That's Abishai," said Salters. "Full o' gin an' Judique men, an' the judgments o' Providence layin' fer him an' never takin' good holt. He's run in to bait, Miquelon way."

"He'll run her under," said Long Jack. "That's no rig fer this weather."

"Not he, 'r he'd a-done it long ago," Disko replied. "Looks if he cal'lated to run *us* under. Ain't she daown by the head more'n natural, Tom Platt?"

"Ef it's his style o' loadin' her she ain't safe," said the sailor, slowly. "Ef she's spewed her oakum he'd better git to his pumps mighty quick."

The creature threshed up, wore round with a clatter and rattle, and lay head to wind within ear-shot.

A gray-beard wagged over the bulwark, and a thick voice yelled something Harvey could not understand. But Disko's face darkened. "He'd resk every stick he hez to carry bad news. Says we're in fer a shift o' wind. He's in fer worse. Abishai! Abishai!" He waved his arm up and down with the gesture of a man at the pumps, and pointed forward. The crew mocked him and laughed.

"Jounce ye, an' strip ye, an' trip ye!" yelled Uncle Abishai. "A livin' gale—a livin' gale. Yah! Cast up fer your last trip, all you Gloucester haddocks. *You* won't see Gloucester no more, no more!"

"Crazy full—as usual," said Tom Platt. "Wish he hadn't spied us, though."

She drifted out of hearing while the gray-head yelled something about a dance at the Bay of Bulls and a dead man in the foc'sle. Harvey shuddered. He had seen the sloven decks and the savage-eyed crew.

"An' that's a fine little floatin' hell fer her draught," said Long Jack. "I wondher what mischief he's been at ashore."

"He's a trawler," Dan explained, "an' he runs in fer bait all along the coast. Oh no, not home, he don't go. He deals along the south an' east shore up yonder." He nodded in the direction of the pitiless Newfoundland beaches. "Dad won't never take me ashore there. They're a mighty tough crowd—an' Abishai's the toughest. You saw his boat? Well, she's nigh seventy year old, they say; the last o' the old Marblehead heel-tappers. They don't make them quarterdecks any more. Abishai don't use Marblehead, though. He ain't wanted there. He jes' drif's araound, in debt, trawlin' an' cussin' like you've heard. Bin a Jonah fer years an' years, he hez. Gits liquor frum the Feecamp boats fer makin' spells an' sellin' winds an' such truck. Crazy, I guess."

"THERE WERE DAYS OF LIGHT AIRS, WHEN HARVEY WAS TAUGHT HOW TO STEER THE SCHOONER FROM ONE BERTH TO ANOTHER."

"'Twon't be any use underrunnin' the trawl to-night," said Tom Platt, with quiet despair. "He come alongside special to cuss us. I'd give my wage an' share to see him at the gangway o' the old 'Ohio' 'fore we'd quit floggin'. Jest about six dozen, an' Sam Mocatta layin' em on criss-cross!"

The dishevelled "heel-tapper" danced drunkenly down wind, and all eyes followed her. Suddenly the cook cried in his phonograph voice: "It wass his own death made him speak so! He iss fey—fey, I tell you! Look!" She sailed into a patch of watery sunshine three or four miles distant. The patch dulled and faded out, and even as the light passed so did the schooner. She dropped into a hollow and—was not.

"Run under, by the Great Hook-Block!" shouted Disko, jumping aft. "Drunk or sober, we've got to help 'em. Heave short and break her out! Smart."

Harvey was thrown on the deck by the shock that followed the setting of the jib and foresail, for they hove short on the cable, and to save time, jerked the anchor bodily from the bottom, heaving in as they moved away. This is a bit of brute force seldom resorted to except in matters of life and death, and the little "We're Here" complained like a human. They ran down to where Abishai's craft had vanished; found two or three trawl-tubs, a gin-bottle, and a stove-in dory, but nothing more. "Let 'em go," said Disko, though no one had hinted at picking them up. "I wouldn't hev a match that belonged to Abishai aboard. Guess she run clear under. Must ha' been spewin' her oakum fer a week, an' they never thought to pump neither. That's one more boat gone along o' leavin' port all hands drunk."

"Glory be!" said Long Jack. "We'd ha' been obliged to help 'em if they was top o' water."

"Thinkin' o' that myself," said Tom Platt.

"Fey! Fey!" said the cook, rolling his eyes. "He hass taken his own luck with him."

"Ver' good thing, I think, to tell the fleet when we see. Eh wha-at?" said Manuel. "If you runna that way before the wind and she work open her seams——" He threw out his hands with an indescribable gesture, while Penn sat down on the house and sobbed at the sheer horror and pity of it all. Harvey could not realize that he had seen death on the open waters, but he felt very sick.

Then Dan went up the cross-trees, and Disko steered them back to within sight of their own trawl-buoys just before the fog blanketted the sea once again.

"We go mighty quick hereabouts when we do go," was all he said to Harvey. "You think on that fer a spell, young feller. That was liquor."

After dinner it was calm enough to fish from the decks—Penn and Uncle Salters were very zealous this time—and the catch was large and large fish.

"Abishai has shorely took his luck with him," said Salters. "The wind hain't backed ner riz ner nothin'. How about the trawl? I despise superstition, anyway."

Tom Platt insisted that they had much better haul the thing and make a new berth. But the cook said: "The luck iss in two pieces. You will find it so when you look. *I* know." This so tickled Long Jack that he overbore Tom Platt, and the two went out together.

Underrunning a trawl means pulling it in on one side of the dory, picking off the fish, rebaiting the hooks, and passing them back to the sea again—something like pinning and unpinning linen on a wash-line. It is a lengthy business and rather dangerous: but when they heard: "And naow to thee, O Capting," booming out of the fog, the crew of the "We're Here" took heart. The dory swirled alongside well loaded. Tom Platt yelling for Manuel to act as relief boat.

"The luck's cut square in two pieces," said Long Jack, forking in the fish, while Harvey stood open-mouthed at the skill with which the plunging dory was saved from destruction. "One half was jest punkins Tom Platt wanted to haul her an' ha' done wid ut; but I said, 'I'll back cookie that has the second sight,' an' the other half come up sagging full o' big 'uns. Hurry, Man'nle, an' bring's a tub o' bait. There's luck afloat to-night."

The fish bit at the newly baited hooks from which their brethren had just been taken, and Tom Platt and Long Jack moved methodically up and down the length of the trawl, the boat's nose under the wet line of hooks, stripping the sea-cucumbers that they called pumpkins, slatting off the fresh-caught cod against the gunwale, rebaiting, and loading Manuel's dory till dusk.

"I'll take no risks," said Disko then, "not with him floatin' around so near. Abishai won't sink fer a week. Heave in the dories, an' we'll dress down after supper."

That was a mighty dressing-down, attended by three or four blowing grampuses. It lasted till nine o'clock, and Disko was thrice heard to chuckle as Harvey pitched the split fish into the hold.

"Say, you're haulin' ahead dretful fast,"

said Dan, when they ground the knives after the men had turned in. "There's somethin' of a sea to-night, an' I hain't heard you make no remarks on it."

"Too busy," Harvey replied, testing a blade's edge. "Come to think of it, she *is* a high-kicker."

The little schooner was gambolling all around her anchor among the silver-tipped waves. Backing with a start of affected surprise at the sight of the strained cable, she pounced on it like a kitten, while the spray of her descent burst through the hawse-holes with the report of a gun. Shaking her head, she would say: "Well, I'm sorry I can't stay any longer with you. I'm going North," and sidled off, halting suddenly with a dramatic rattle of her rigging. "As I was just going to observe," she would begin, as gravely as a drunken man addressing a lamp-post. The rest of the sentence (she acted her words in dumb-show, of course) was lost in a fit of the fidgets, when she behaved exactly like a puppy chewing a string, a clumsy woman in a side-saddle, a hen with her head cut off, or a cow stung by a hornet, as the whim of the sea took her.

"See her sayin' her piece. She's Patrick Henry naow," said Dan.

She swung sideways on a roller, and gesticulated with her jib-boom from port to starboard.

"But—ez—fer—me, give me liberty—er give me—death."

"A WHITENESS MOVED IN THE WHITENESS OF THE FOG. . . . IT WAS HIS FIRST INTRODUCTION TO THE DREAD SUMMER LERG OF THE BANK."

Wop! She sat down in the moon-path on the water, courtesying with a flourish of pride, impressive enough had not the wheel-gear sniggered mockingly in its box.

Harvey laughed aloud. "Why, it's just as if she was alive," he said.

"She's as stiddy as a haouse an' as dry as a herrin'," said Dan enthusiastically, as he was slung across the deck. "Fends 'em off an' fends 'em off, an' 'Don't ye come anigh me,' she sez. Look at her—jest look at her! Sakes! You should see one o' them toothpicks histin' up her anchor on her spike outer fifteen-fathom water."

"What's a toothpick, Dan?"

"Them new haddockers an' herrin' boats. Fine's a yacht forward, with yacht sterns to 'em, an' spike bowsprits, an' a haouse that ud take our hold. I've heard that Burgess himself he made the models for three or four of 'em. Dad's sot agin 'em on account o' their pitchin' an' joltin', but there's heaps o' money in 'em. Dad can find fish, but he ain't no ways progressive—he don't go with the march o' the times. They're chock full o' labor-savin' jigs an' such all. Ever seed the 'Elector' o' Gloucester? She's a daisy, ef she is a toothpick."

"What do they cost, Dan?"

"Hills o' dollars. Fifteen thousand, p'haps; more, mebbe. There's gold leaf an' everything you kin think of." Then to himself, half under his breath, "Guess I'd call her 'Hattie S.,' too."

CHAPTER V.

THAT was the first of many talks with Dan, who told him why he would transfer his dory's name to the imaginary Burgess-modelled haddocker. Harvey heard a good deal about the real Hattie at Gloucester; saw a lock of her hair—which Dan, finding fair words of no avail, had "hooked" as she sat in front of him at school that winter—and a photograph. Hattie was about fourteen years old, with an awful contempt for boys, and had been trampling on Dan's heart through the winter. All this was revealed under oath of solemn secrecy on moonlit decks, in the dead dark, or in choking fog; the whining wheel behind them, the climbing deck before, and without, the unresting, clamorous sea. Once, of course, as the boys came to know each other, there was a fight, which raged from bow to stern, till Penn came up and separated them, but promised not to tell Disko, who thought fighting on watch rather worse than sleeping. Harvey was no match for Dan physically, but it says a great deal for his new training that he took his defeat and did not try to get even with his conqueror by underhand methods.

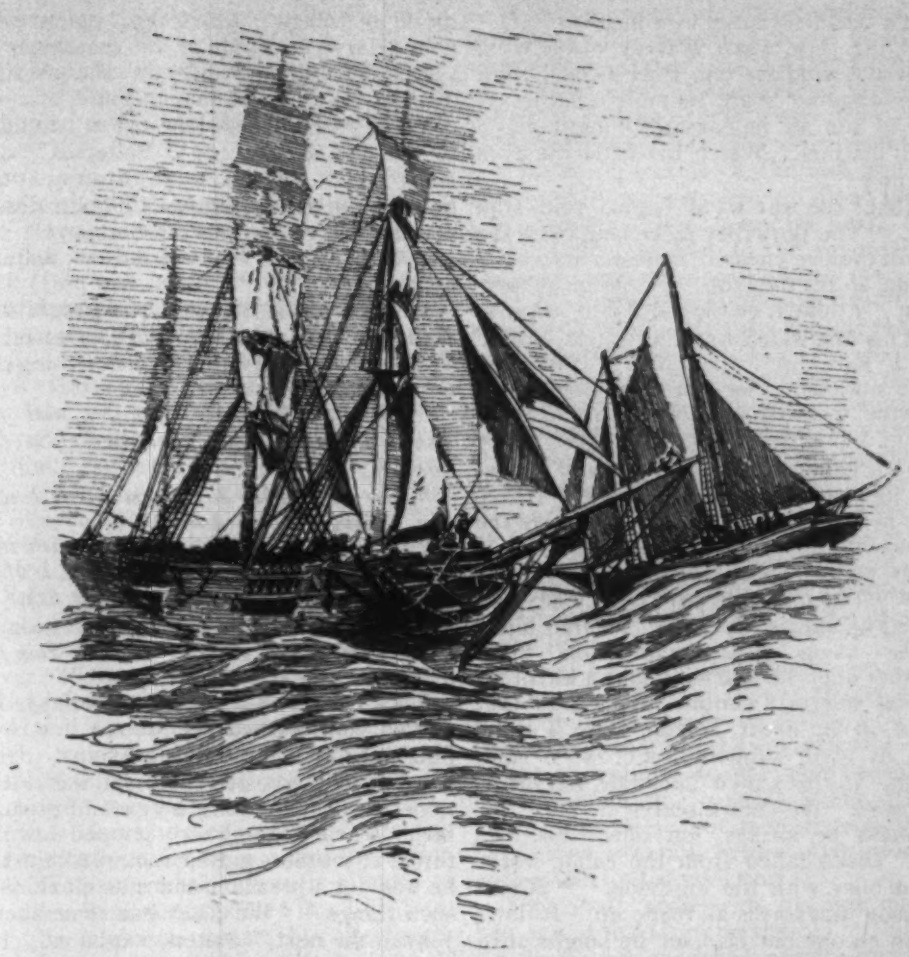
That was after he had been cured of a string of boils between his elbows and wrists, where the wet jersey and oilskins cut into the flesh. The salt water stung them unpleasantly, but Dan treated them when they were ripe with Disko's razor, and assured Harvey that now he was a "blooded Banker." The affliction of gurry-sores was the mark of the caste that claimed him.

Being a boy and very busy, he did not bother his head with too much thinking. But one day, as he stood on the foc'sle ladder, guying the cook, who had accused him and Dan of hooking fried pies, it occurred to him that this was a vast improvement on taking snubbings from strangers in the smoking-room of a hired liner.

He was a recognized part of the scheme of things on the "We're Here"; had his place at the table and among the bunks; and could hold his own in the long talks on stormy days, when the others were always ready to listen to what they called his "fairy tales" of his life ashore. He knew where Disko kept the old green-crusted quadrant, that they called the "hog-yoke"—under the bed-bag in his bunk. When he took the sun, and with the help of a "Robert B. Thomas" almanac, found the latitude, Harvey would jump down into the cabin and scratch the reckoning and date with a nail on the rust of the stove-pipe. Now, the chief engineer of the liner could have done no more. The said "hog-yoke," an Eldridge chart, the farming almanac, Blunt's "Coast Pilot," and Bowditch's "Navigator," were all the weapons Disko needed to guide him, except the deep-sea lead that was his spare eye. Harvey nearly slew Penn with it when Tom Platt taught him first how to "fly the blue pigeon"; and, though his strength was not equal to continuous sounding in any sort of a sea, for calm weather on shoal water Disko used him freely. As Dan said: "'Tain't soundin's dad wants. It's samples. Grease her up good, Harve." Harvey would tallow the cup at the end, and carefully bring the sand, shell, sludge, or whatever it might be, to Disko, who fingered and smelt it and then gave judgment. As has been said, when Disko thought of cod he thought as a cod; and by some mysterious mixture of instinct and experience, moved the "We're Here" from berth to berth, always with the fish, as a blindfolded chess-player moves on the unseen board.

But his board was the Grand Bank—a triangle of two hundred and fifty miles on each side—a waste of wallowing sea, cloaked with dank fog, vexed with gales, harried with drifting ice, scored by the tracks of the reckless liners, and dotted with the sails of the fishing-fleet.

For days they worked in fog—Harvey at the bell—till grown familiar with the thick airs, he went out with Tom Platt, his heart rather in his mouth. But the fog would not lift, and the fish were biting, and no one can be helplessly afraid for six hours at a time. Harvey devoted himself to his lines and the gaff or gob-stick as Tom Platt called for them; and they rowed back to the schooner guided by the bell and Tom's instinct; Manuel's conch sounding thin and faint beside them. But it was an unearthly experience, and, for the first time in a month, Harvey dreamed of the shifting, smoking floor of water round the dory, the lines that strayed away into nothing, and the air above that melted on the sea below ten feet from his straining eyes. A few days later he was out with Manuel on what should have been forty-fathom bottom, but the whole length of the roding ran out and still the anchor found nothing, and Harvey grew mortally afraid, for that his last touch with earth was lost. "Whale-hole," said Manuel, hauling in. "That is good joke on Disko. Come!" and he rowed to the schooner to find Tom Platt and the others jeering at the skipper because, for once, he had led them to the edge of the barren Whale



'HI! SAY! ARRETEZ VOUS! ATTENDEZ! NOUS SOMMES VENANT POUR TABAC.' 'AH, TABAC, TABAC!'"

Deep, the blank hole of the Grand Bank. They made another berth through the fog, and that time the hair of Harvey's head stood up when he went out in Manuel's dory. A whiteness moved in the whiteness of the fog with a breath like the breath of the grave, and there was a roaring, a plunging, and spouting. It was his first introduction to the dread summer berg of the Bank, and he cowered in the bottom of the boat while Manuel laughed. There were days, though, clear and soft and warm, when it seemed a sin to do anything but loaf over the hand-lines and spank the drifting "sunscalds" with an oar; and there were days of light airs, when Harvey was taught how to steer the schooner from one berth to another.

It thrilled through him when he first felt the keel answer to his hand on the spokes and slide over the long hollows as the foresail scythed back and forth against the blue sky. That was magnificent, in spite of Disko saying that it would break a snake's back to follow the wake. But, as usual, pride ran before a fall. They were sailing on the wind with the stay-sail—an old one, luckily—set, and Harvey jammed her right into it to show Dan how completely he had mastered the art. The fore-sail went over with a bang, and the fore-gaff stabbed and ripped through the stay-sail, which was, of course, prevented from going over by the main-stay. They lowered the wreck in awful silence, and Harvey spent his leisure hours for the next few days under Tom Platt's lee, learning to use a needle and palm. Dan hooted with joy, for, as he said, he had made the very same blunder himself in his early days.

Boylike, Harvey imitated all the men by turns, till he had combined Disko's peculiar stoop at the wheel, Long Jack's swinging overhand when the lines were hauled, Manuel's round-shouldered but effective stroke in a dory, and Tom Platt's generous "Ohio" stride along the deck.

"'Tis beautiful to see how he takes to ut," said Long Jack, when Harvey was looking out by the windlass one thick noon. "I'll lay my wage an' share 'tis more'n half play-actin' to him an' he consates himself he's a bowld mariner. Watch his little bit av a back now!"

"That's the way we all begin," said Tom Platt. "The boys they make believe all the time till they've cheated 'emselves into bein' men, an' so till they die—pretendin' an' pretendin'. *I* done it on the old 'Ohio,' I know. Stood my first watch—harbor-watch—feelin' finer 'n Farragut. Dan's full o' the same kind o' notions. See 'em now, actin' to be genewine moss-backs—every hair a rope-yarn an' blood Stockholm tar." He spoke down the cabin stairs. "Guess you're mistook in your judgments fer once, Disko. What in Rome made ye tell us all here the kid was crazy?"

"He wuz," Disko replied. "Crazy ez a loon when he come aboard; but I'll say he's sobered up consid'ble sense. I cured him."

"He yarns good," said Tom Platt. "T'other night he told us abaout a kid of his own size steerin' a cunnin' little rig an' four ponies up an' down Toledo, Ohio, I think 'twas, an' givin' suppers to a crowd o' sim'lar kids. Cur'us kind o' fairy-tale, but blame interestin'. He knows scores of 'em."

"Guess he strikes 'em outen his own head," Disko called from the cabin, where he was busy with the log-book. "Stands to reason that sort is all made up. It don't take in no one but Dan, an' he laughs at it. I've heard him, behind my back."

"Y'ever hear what Sim'on Peter Ca'houn said when they whacked up a match 'twix' his sister Hitty an' Lorin' Jerauld, an' the boys put up that joke on him daown to George's?" drawled Uncle Salters, who was dripping peaceably under the lee of the starboard dory-nest.

Tom Platt puffed at his pipe in scornful silence: he was a Cape Cod man, and had not known that tale more than twenty years. Uncle Salters went on with a rasping chuckle.

"Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he said, an' he was jest right, abaout Lorin', 'Ha'af on the taoun,' he said, 'an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' they told me she's married a 'ich man.' Sim'on Peter Ca'houn he hadn't no roof to his mouth, an' talked that way."

"He didn't talk any Pennsylvania Dutch," Tom Platt replied. "You'd better leave a Cape man to tell that tale. The Ca'houns was gypsies frum way back."

"Wal, I don't profess to be any elocutionist," Salters said. "I'm comin' to the moral o' things. That's jest abaout what aour Harve be! Ha'af on the town, an' t'other ha'af blame fool; an' there's some 'll believe he's a rich man. Yah!"

"Did ye ever think how sweet 'twould be to sail wid a full crew o' Salterses?" sai Long Jack. "Ha'af in the furrer an' othe ha'af in the muck-heap, as Ca'houn did n say, an' makes out he's a fisherman!"

A little laugh went round at Salters expense

Disko held his tongue, and wrought over the log-book that he kept in a hatchet-faced, square hand: this was the kind of thing that ran on, page after soiled page:

"*July* 17. *This day thick fog and few fish. Made berth to northward. So ends this day.*

"*July* 18. *This day comes in with thick fog. Caught a few fish.*

"*July* 19. *This day comes in with light breeze from N. E. and fine weather. Made a berth to eastward. Caught plenty fish.*

"*July* 20. *This, the Sabbath, comes in with fog and light winds. So ends this day. Total fish caught this week,* 3,478."

They never worked on Sundays, but shaved, and washed themselves if it were fine, and Pennsylvania sang hymns. Once or twice he suggested that, if it was not an impertinence, he thought he could preach a little. Uncle Salters nearly jumped down his throat at the mere notion, reminded him that he was not a preacher and mustn't think of such things. "We'd hev him rememberin' Johnstown next," Salters explained, "an' what would happen then?" So they compromised on his reading aloud from a book called "Josephus." It was an old leather-bound volume, smelling of a hundred trips, very solid and very like the Bible, but enlivened with accounts of battles and sieges; and they read it nearly from cover to cover. Otherwise Penn was a silent little body. He would not utter a word for three days on end sometimes, though he played checkers, listened to the songs, and laughed at the stories. When they tried to stir him up he would answer: "I don't wish to seem unneighborly, but it is because I have nothing to say. My head feels quite empty. I've almost forgotten my name." He would turn to Uncle Salters with an expectant smile.

"Why, Pennsylvania *Pratt*," Salters would shout. "You'll fergit *me* next."

"No—never," Penn would say, shutting his lips firmly. "Pennsylvania Pratt, of course," he would repeat over and over. Sometimes it was Uncle Salters who forgot, and told him he was Haskins or Rich or

McVitty; but Penn was equally content—till next time.

He was always very tender with Harvey, whom he pitied both as a lost child and as a lunatic; and when Salters saw Penn liked the boy, he relaxed, too. Salters was not an amiable person (he esteemed it his business to keep the boys in order); and the first time Harvey, in fear and trembling, on a still day, managed to shin up to the main-truck (Dan was behind him ready to help), he esteemed it his duty to hang Salters's big sea-boots up there—a sight of shame and derision to the nearest schooner. With Disko, Harvey took no liberties; not even when the old man dropped direct orders, and treated him, like the rest of the crew, to "don't you want to do so and so?" and "guess you'd better," and so forth. There was something about the clean-shaven lips and the puckered corners of the eyes that sobered young blood.

Disko showed him the meaning of the thumbed and pricked chart, which, he said, laid over any government publication whatsoever; led him, pencil in hand, from berth to berth over the whole string of banks—Le Have, Western, Banquereau, St. Pierre, Green, and Grand—talking "cod" meantime. Taught him, too, the principle on which the "hog-yoke" was worked.

In this Harvey excelled Dan, for he had inherited a head for figures, and the notion of stealing information from a glimpse of the sullen Bank sun appealed to all his keen wits. In other sea-matters, his age handicapped him. As Disko said, he should have begun when he was ten. Dan could bait up trawl or lay his hand on any rope in the dark; and at a pinch, when Uncle Salters had a gurry-sore on his palm, could dress-down by sense of touch. He could steer in anything short of half a gale by the feel of the wind on his face, humoring the "We're Here" just when she needed it. These things he did as automatically as he skipped about the rigging, or made his dory a part of his own will and body. But he could not communicate his knowledge to Harvey.

Still there was a good deal of general information flying about the schooner on stormy days, when they lay up in the fo'c'sle or sat on the cabin lockers, where spare eye-bolts, leads, and rings rolled and rattled in the pauses of the talk. Disko spoke of whaling voyages in the fifties; of great she-whales slain beside their young; of death agonies on the black, tossing seas, and blood that spurted forty feet in the air; of boats smashed to splinters; of patent rockets that went off wrong-end-first and bombarded the trembling crews; of cutting in and boiling down, and the terrible "nip" of '71, when twelve hundred men were made homeless on the ice in three days—wonderful tales, all true. But more wonderful still were his stories of the cod, and how they argued and reasoned on their private businesses deep down below the keel. Long Jack's tastes ran more to the supernatural. He held them silent with ghastly stories of the "Yo-hoes" on Monomoy Beach, that mock and terrify lonely clam-diggers; of sand-walkers and dune-haunters who were never properly buried; of hidden treasure on Fire Island guarded by the spirits of Kidd's men; of ships that sailed in the fog slap over Truro township; of that harbor in Maine where no one but a stranger will lie at anchor twice in a certain place because of a dead crew who row alongside at midnight with the anchor in the bow of their old-fashioned boat, whistling—not calling, but whistling—for the soul of the man who broke their rest.

Harvey had a notion that the east coast of his native land, from Mount Desert south, was populated chiefly by people who took their horses there in the summer and entertained in country-houses with hardwood floors and Vantine *portières*. He laughed at the ghost tales—not as much as he would have done a month before—but ended by sitting still and shuddering.

Tom Platt dealt with his interminable trip round the Horn on the old "Ohio" in the flogging days; with a navy more extinct than the dodo—the navy that passed away in the great war. He told them how red-hot shot are dropped into a cannon, a wad of wet clay between them and the cartridge; how they sizzle and reek when they strike wood, and how the little ship's boys of the "Miss Jim Buck" hove water over them and shouted to the fort to try again. And he told tales of blockade—long weeks of swaying at anchor—varied only by the departure and return of steamers who had used up their coal (there was no change for the sailing-ships); of gales and cold—cold that kept two hundred men, night and day, pounding and chopping at the ice on cable, blocks, and rigging, when the galley was as red-hot as the fort's shot, and men drank cocoa by the bucket. Tom Platt had no use for steam. His service closed when that thing was comparatively new. He admitted that it was a specious invention in time of peace, but looked hopefully for the day when sails should come back again on ten-thousand-

ton frigates with hundred-and-ninety-foot booms.

Manuel's talk was slow and gentle—all about pretty girls in Madeira washing clothes in the dry beds of streams, by moonlight, under waving bananas; legends of saints, and tales of queer dances or fights away in the cold Newfoundland baiting-ports. Salters was mainly agricultural, for, though he read "Josephus" and expounded it, his mission in life was to prove the value of green manures, and specially of clover, against every form of phosphate whatsoever. He grew libellous about phosphates; he dragged greasy "Orange Judd" books from his bunk and intoned them, wagging his finger at Harvey, to whom it was all Greek. Little Penn was so genuinely pained when Harvey made fun of Salters's lectures that the boy gave it up and suffered in polite silence.

The cook naturally did not join in these conversations. As a rule, he only spoke when it was absolutely necessary; but at times a queer gift of speech descended on him, and he held forth, half in Gaelic, half in broken English, an hour at a time. He was specially communicative with the boys, and he never withdrew his prophecy that one day Harvey would be Dan's master and that he would see it. He told them of mail-carrying in the winter up Cape Breton way, of the dog-train that goes to Coudray, and of the steamer "Arctic," that breaks the ice between the mainland and Prince Edward Island. Then he told them stories that his mother had told him, of life far down to the southward, where water never froze; and he said that when he died his soul would go to lie down on a warm white beach of sand with palm-trees waving above. That seemed to the boys a very odd idea for a man who had never seen a palm in his life. Then, too, regularly at each meal, he would ask Harvey, and Harvey alone, whether the cooking was to his taste; and this always made the "second half" laugh. But they had a great respect for the cook's judgment, and in their hearts considered Harvey something of a mascot by consequence.

But while Harvey was taking in knowledge of new things at each pore and hard health with every gulp of the good air, the "We're Here" went her ways and did her business on the Bank, and the silvery gray kenches of well-pressed fish mounted higher and higher in the hold. No one day's work was out of the common, but the average days were many and close together.

Naturally, a man of Disko's reputation was closely watched—"scrowged upon," Dan called it—by his neighbors, but he had a very pretty knack of giving them the slip through the curdling, glidy fog-banks. Disko avoided company for two reasons. He wished to make his own experiments, in the first place; and in the second, he objected to the mixed and curious gathering of a fleet of all nations. The bulk of them were mainly Gloucester boats, with a scattering from Provincetown, Harwich, Chatham, and some of the Maine ports, but the crews drew from goodness knows where. Risk breeds recklessness, and when greed is added, there are fine chances for every kind of accident in the crowded fleet, which, like a mob of sheep, is huddled round some unrecognized leader. "Let the two Jeraulds lead 'em," said Disko. "We're baound to lay among 'em fer a spell on the Eastern Shoals; though ef luck holds, we won't hev to lay long. Where we are naow, Harve, ain't considered noways good ground."

"Ain't it?" said Harvey, who was drawing water (he had learned just how to wiggle the bucket), after an unusually long dressing-down. "Shouldn't mind striking some poor ground for a change, then."

"All the ground I want to see—don't want to strike her—is Eastern Point," said Dan. "Say, dad, it looks 's if we wouldn't hev to lay more'n two weeks on the Shoals. You'll meet all the comp'ny you want then, Harve. That's the time we begin to work. No reg'lar meals fer no one then. 'Mug-up when ye're hungry, an' sleep when ye can't keep awake. Good job you wasn't picked up a month later than you was or we'd never ha' had you dressed in shape fer the Old Virgin."

Harvey understood from the Eldridge chart that the Old Virgin and a nest of curiously named shoals were the turning-point of the cruise, and that with good luck they would wet the balance of their salt there. But seeing the size of the Virgin (it was one tiny dot), he wondered how even Disko with the hog-yoke and the lead could find her. He learned later that Disko was entirely equal to that and any other business, and could even help others. A big four-by-five blackboard hung in the cabin, and Harvey never understood the need of it till, after some blinding thick days, they heard the unmelodious tooting of a foot-power fog-horn—a machine whose note is as that of a consumptive elephant.

They were making a short berth; towing the anchor under their foot to save trouble. "Square-rigger bellowin' fer his latitude," said Long Jack. The dripping red head-

sails of a bark glided out of the fog, and the "We're Here" rang her bell thrice, using sea shorthand.

The larger boat backed her topsail with clamor and shoutings.

"Frenchman," said Uncle Salters, scornfully. "Miquelon boat from St. Malo." The farmer had a weatherly sea-eye. "I'm most outer 'baccy, too, Disko."

"Same here," said Tom Platt. "Hi! *Backez vous—backez vous! Standez away ez*, you butt-ended *mucho-bono!* Where you from—St. Malo, eh?"

"Ah, ha! *Mucho bono! Oui! oui! Clos Poulet—St. Malo! St. Pierre et Miquelon*," cried the other crowd, waving woollen caps and laughing. Then all together, "*Bord! Bord!*"

"Bring up the board, Danny. Beats me how them Frenchmen fetch anywheres, exceptin' America's fairish broadly. Forty-six forty-nine's good enough fer them; an' I guess it's abaout right, too."

Dan chalked the figures on the board, and they hung it in the main-rigging to a chorus of *Mercis* from the bark.

"Seems kinder unneighborly to let 'em swedge off like this," Salters suggested, feeling in his pockets.

"Hev ye learned French then sense last trip?" said Disko. "I don't want no more stone-ballast hove at us 'long o' your callin' Miquelon boats 'footy cochins,' same's you did off Le Have."

"Harmon Rush he said that was the way to rise 'em. Plain United States is good enough fer me. We're all dretful short on terbakker. Young feller, don't *you* speak French?"

"Oh, yes," said Harvey valiantly; and he bawled: "Hi! Say! *Arretez vous! Attendez! Nous sommes venant pour tabac.*"

"Ah, *tabac, tabac!*" they cried, and laughed again.

"That hit 'em. Let's heave a dory over, anyway," said Tom Platt. "I don't exactly hold no certificates on French, but I know another lingo that goes, I guess. Come on, Harve, an' interpret."

The raffle and confusion when he and Harvey were hauled up the bark's black side was indescribable. Her cabin was all stuck round with glaring colored prints of the Virgin—the Virgin of Newfoundland, they called her. Harvey found his French of no recognized brand, and his conversation was limited to nods and grins. But Tom Platt waved his arms and got along swimmingly. The captain gave him a drink of unspeakable gin, and the opera-comique crew, with their hairy throats, red caps, and long knives, greeted him as a brother. Then the trade began. They had tobacco, plenty of it—American, that had never paid duty to France. They wanted chocolate and crackers. Harvey rowed back to arrange with the cook and Disko, who owned the stores, and on his return the cocoa-tins and cracker-bags were counted out by the Frenchman's wheel. It looked like a piratical division of loot; but Tom Platt came out of it roped with black pigtail and stuffed with cakes of chewing and smoking tobacco. Then these jovial mariners swung off into the mist, and the last Harvey heard was a gay chorus:

"Par derrière chez ma tante,
Il y a un bois joli,
Et le rossignol y chante
Et le jour et la nuit . . .
Que donneriez vous, belle,
Qui l'amènerait ici?
Je donnerai Québec,
Sorel et Saint Denis."

"How was it my French didn't go and your sign talk did?" Harvey demanded when the barter had been distributed among the "We're Heres."

"Sign talk!" Platt guffawed. "Well, yes, 'twas sign talk, but a heap older 'n your French, Harve. Them French boats are chock full o' Freemasons, an' that's why."

"Are you a Freemason then?"

"Look's that way, don't it?" said the man-o'-war's man, stuffing his pipe; and Harvey had another mystery of the deep sea to brood upon.

(To be continued.)

THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

By Lida Rose McCabe.

AT nightfall in May, 1887, an officer of the law halted at a palatial country seat on the Pacific Slope. A knock at the door was answered by a tall man of military bearing. Traces of trouble were graven on his parchment-like face. His hair and moustache were snow-white. High cheek bones, and a receding forehead, emphasized by bushy eye-brows from which peered restless steel-gray eyes, completed a striking personality.

"I have papers from the United States Court which I wish to serve on William Kissane," said the officer.

The other turned deathly pale, and answered: "Drive round to that clump of eucalyptus and I will send him to you."

The officer did as requested, and under the eucalyptus trees was soon rejoined by the same man of military bearing, who said: "I am William Kissane."

The officer then served a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of guilt for a crime committed thirty years before. "All right, all right," said the other hurriedly; "I acknowledge service. Please excuse my not asking you into the house. We are all broken down." And feebly he retraced his steps across the lawn.

No romance surpasses in dramatic interest the adventures of this hero of the "Martha Washington" case. To recall that famous trial is to revivify a phase of American civilization now almost obliterated. It is nearly half a century since the singular crime which the trial revealed was perpetrated, and most of the persons identified with either the crime or the trial have passed away.

A steamer called "Martha Washington" left the Cincinnati docks late in the night of January 7, 1852. She was heavily freighted with a cargo consigned to New Orleans and the markets of Texas and California. In her cabin were thirty passengers. When seven days out, on the coldest night known to river men, she burned to the water's edge, off Island Sixty-five, in the Mississippi River. Despite the loss of sixteen lives, together with the cargo, the catastrophe excited no more comment at the time than many like disasters.

Towards the close of the same year, however, there appeared before P. B. Wilcox, United States Commissioner at Columbus, Ohio, one Sidney C. Burton, and charged half a score of men, several of them prominent in the business and social circles of Cincinnati, with loading the "Martha Washington" with simulated freight and then causing her to be set on fire, for the purpose of defrauding the insurance companies whose policies they held on the steamer and her cargo. At Cleveland, Ohio, where Burton carried on business, and in the mercantile world at large, he was favorably known as a prosperous dealer in wool and sheepskins. On the strength of his charges and evidence furnished by him, twelve arrests were made, and a preliminary hearing held before the Commissioner. Foremost among the accused was Captain Cummings, the owner of the "Martha Washington." He was a typical Mississippi steamboat commander of the old time, daring, handsome, and popular. His home was at Grand Cove, Louisiana. During the Mexican War, in company with one Lyman Cole, a man named Holland, and four brothers named Chapin, to whose sister he was married, the captain had plied the waters of the Rio Grande, trafficking with the army. Not the least of the ventures of the partners was a gambling den on the Rio Grande. The close of the war found them all in Cincinnati, where the Chapins, forming a partnership with a young man from the East, embarked in the manufacture of boots and shoes, under the firm name of Filley and Chapin.

They employed some 200 men in their factory, and carried on for a time the largest boot and shoe business in that city. Soon the Chapins formed a friendship with their business neighbors, Smith and Kissane, leading candle-makers and pork merchants. Kissane, young, shrewd, and clever, had been employed in the great pork house of Pugh and Johnson as bookkeeper, and in recognition of his business ability was soon given an interest in the

firm, with whom he remained until 1849, when their pork house was destroyed by fire, under suspicious circumstances. Then Kissane formed a partnership with Smith.

In his new venture Kissane had the management of all the outside transactions of the firm. The business of his life had necessitated almost constant association with river men. There was little of their traffic with which he was not familiar. In this way he learned that great profits might be made by shipping large consignments of miscellaneous merchandise to Texas and California. On the Pacific coast at that period—shortly after the discovery of gold—Hungarian boots, which were out of style in the Cincinnati market, sold for forty-eight dollars a pair. Other merchandise brought proportionate prices.

JOHN McLEAN, THE JUDGE BEFORE WHOM THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE WAS TRIED.

In time Kissane became acquainted with Captain Cummings, who, since the Mexican War, had been lounging about Filley and Chapin's store and the Cincinnati docks, without apparent occupation. In some manner he even became the captain's creditor for $2,000. In December, 1851, Cummings bought the "Martha Washington," a well-known steamboat that had seen much service. Kissane showed much interest in the purchase. In his insinuating way, which never failed to win confidence, he communicated to the Chapins his idea of the profit of shipping goods to Texas and California. The firm of Filley and Chapin had at this time failed, assigning to one of its creditors, Lyman Cole. The Chapins, themselves men of limited business sagacity, foresaw in Kissane's suggestions a profitable way of disposing of their stock, while Lyman Cole, the assignee, a daring adventurer and a man of brains and resource, detected in them even a further and deeper meaning.

Before the "Martha Washington" set out on her first voyage under the command of Captain Cummings, she took on apparently an immense cargo—rolls of leather; sheepskins; boxes of boots, shoes, and hats; candles, pork, whiskey, brandy, brooms, and barrels of oil. The shippers then took out insurance amounting in all to $300,000, while Captain Cummings insured the steamer for $4,500, taking the policy in the name of his pilot, Lewis Choate, in order to avoid trouble with old creditors.

The unusual severity of the winter had greatly interfered with river traffic. The "Martha Washington" was the first steamer to go down the river after the breaking of the ice. Contrary to the design of the conspirators, thirty persons sought passage on the ill-fated steamer, and sixteen of them perished. To Holland, the boatswain, the conspirators intrusted the burning of the boat. How well he did his hellish work, how skilfully every step was covered, was fully revealed at the trial of the conspirators.

In all probability the crime would never have been detected but for the dogged perseverance of Sidney Burton. He was a heavy creditor of Filley and Chapin. Shortly before the sailing of the "Martha Washington" he went to Cincinnati, and there learned for the first time that the firm had failed, and that Lyman Cole had possession of the stock. The preceding fall he had sold the firm 162 dozen sheepskins, and at the same time had stored in the firm's warehouse 182 dozen more which belonged to him. When he demanded the money for the skins he had sold and the return of those he had stored, the firm refused to pay him what was owing him or to return the skins he had left in store. Burton returned home smarting under the ill-treatment. Some time afterwards he met in New York City one of the Chapins, who told him he was there trying to get $10,000 insurance, due, as he claimed, on goods lost on the "Martha Washington." He said the insurance companies had treated his firm badly and were giving

it much trouble. He even offered to pay Burton his claim against the firm—$3,000—if he would help him recover the insurance. He refused, however, to let him have the policy.

Burton's suspicions were aroused. He went to the office of the insurance company, where he was shown the application. The policies, he discovered, had been taken out on the very sheepskins which he had stored with Filley and Chapin, and which he knew were in the factory at the time. Further developments convinced him that the whole cargo shipped on the lost steamer was simulated. He communicated his misgivings to the insurance companies, who had already paid $60,000 of the sum claimed; and aided by the companies and his private fortune of $50,000, he set out to run down the conspirators.

HENRY STANBERY, ATTORNEY FOR THE PROSECUTION IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

The final trial took place at Columbus, Ohio, October, 1853, before Judge John McLean. It continued a month, and developed into an immense popular sensation. The array of legal talent engaged was brilliant. The defendants were represented by Judge T. Walker and John Kebler of Cincinnati; Judge N. H. Swayne, later Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; Samuel Galloway, a close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln in the darkest days of the war; Ex-Governor Morehead of Kentucky; George E. Pugh, a distinguished member of Congress; George H. Pendleton, subsequently Minister to Germany; T. J. Gallagher; O. Brown; R. H. Stone; General Durbin Ward, long a leading orator and counsellor of the Ohio Democracy; and the elder Thomas Ewing, first Secretary of the Interior. The government was represented by United States Attorney Morton of Cleveland, Ohio, and Henry Stanbery, afterwards Attorney-General in President Johnson's Cabinet, from which he resigned to defend Johnson in the famous impeachment trial. Four hundred witnesses were summoned from towns along the Rio Grande, Mississippi, and Ohio rivers, while curious spectators came in crowds from far and near, travelling often with much discomfort. It was still the day of flatboats, saddle-bags, and stage-coaches. Railroads had barely begun to weave their serpentine network across the country.

THE TRIAL.

Enter the west door of the quaint old courtroom. Against the east wall rises the judge's bench, a high, wooden structure not unlike the pulpit of a mediæval village church. With all the solemnity of old-time court dignity sits Judge McLean—a large, imposing gentleman of the old school, his thin, long silver hair lending a patriarchal halo to a fine head. In obedience to the impulse of age and the traditions of the Ohio bench, and despite the forensic brilliancy of the attorneys and the harrowing testimony of witnesses, he indulges, at intervals, in nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep. In front of the judge's bench sits Ewing, towering like a giant among his fellows, Swayne, Walker, and Pugh, all solid, remarkable men. Conspicuous always is the short thick body and Napoleonic head of Judge Walker. Quick, shrewd, brilliant, he is a lawyer of exceptional power and a good appetite for brandy. Three times a day he empties a tumbler.

Every eye, every ear is strained when without is heard the rumbling of the old omnibus which pulls up daily at the court to deposit the prisoners. Their hands and feet are heavily ironed. A cheer of approval or rumble of dissatisfaction from the crowd at the door rends the air as they disappear within the court, followed by lawyers, jurors, and prominent witnesses, all of whom live as one family at the neighboring hotel. Attending the prisoners are their wives, mothers, sisters, or

sweethearts. Handsome, dashing women, becomingly attired, they never fail to win sympathetic admiration.

The hum of conversation ceases. The defendants take their seats. From the annals of piratical daring might have stepped Lyman Cole, a large, commanding man, with hair as black as a raven's wing, dark eyes, long moustache, and heavy beard. While the most damaging evidence is given, he coolly adjusts his gold-rimmed glasses and calmly surveys the witness. In complete contrast to Cole is Kissane,—tall, slender, graceful, with wavy blond hair, sunny blue eyes, pleasing manner, and voice of irresistible persuasiveness. He smiles often on his pretty sister and trusting mother, the latter a beautiful old Irish lady, who follows his interests with all a mother's watchful love. Farther back are seen the rugged face of Captain Cummings and the younger, but less agreeable, face of Holland, the boatswain, to whom was intrusted the burning of the steamer. On the witness-stand is the pilot, Lewis Choate. "I was at the wheel when the 'Martha Washington' burned," says he. "Captain Cummings was with me in the pilot-house. I remarked that I smelled fire. The captain looked about, and said there was no fire. He went downstairs, however, and immediately the flames broke out.

THOMAS EWING, ONE OF THE ATTORNEYS FOR THE DEFENCE IN THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE.

"I stood at the wheel until a line was made fast to a tree. There was no person alive in the cabin when the boat struck the shore. I could hear the glass rattling like hail in the burning cabin, where the flames roared like a tornado. I jumped ashore from the pilot-house—a hard spring it was; I struck partly in the water and partly on shore. All the passengers who ever got ashore did so at the instant the steamer struck the bank. Yes," he adds in a tragic voice, "if I had believed that Captain Cummings set the boat on fire, I would have taken his life that night. If you," addressing Mr. Stanbery, who stands erect and alert, the very Bayard of the bar, "had seen the misery, the suffering, that night, on board the 'Martha Washington,' you would not blame me. I am sure I would have killed the incendiary on the spot. It was the coldest night I ever saw in that country. No one could quench the flames. As well describe a hurricane as that fire, so fierce, so swift was the destruction it wrought. In less than a minute after the engineer shouted back to me that there was no fire, the flames flashed ten or twelve feet above the hurricane deck. The cabin of the boat had been painted over, God only knows how often—perhaps twenty times. It was not the coal-tar paint on the chimneys I smelled; it was a pine and turpentine smell."

The thread dropped by the pilot is now picked up by Captain Cummings, who revivifies that fatal night by telling how he strove to save two children by grasping their long hair and dragging them through the flames, until the smoke drove him back. He lost his hold, and the children, falling through the flames, disappeared in the dark, icy bosom of the Mississippi. The tears stream down his weatherbeaten face as he tells his story, while judge, counsel, jury, and the whole crowd of visitors are scarcely less moved.

Many complicated points arose. It seemed scarcely possible that a steamer should float with so large a cargo as it was claimed that the "Martha Washington" had on board. The ablest mathematician of the country testified that no steamer could possibly float with such a cargo. In direct contradiction to this testimony, old river men swore that it was impossible to overload a steamer. The prosecution introduced testimony tending to show that the boxes represented as con-

taining boots and shoes were filled with scraps of old leather, sand, and sawdust, and that the reputed barrels of oil and brandy were nothing more than so much water.

The prosecution designed to shatter the defence by presenting at the decisive moment the testimony of the father of Chapin's partner Filley. Before the conspiracy was fully detected, Filley himself had died. He was a man of delicate constitution, and the crime so weighed on his conscience as to hasten his death. He made a deathbed confession of the whole plot to his father, in the presence of witnesses. This gave the testimony of the father the highest interest, and the prosecution eagerly awaited his arrival. But at Buffalo, while on his way to the trial, Filley the father was seized by masked men, gagged, and spirited to Canada, where he was concealed in a cellar until after a verdict had been rendered.

S. S. COX, WHO REPORTED THE "MARTHA WASHINGTON" CASE FOR THE "OHIO STATESMAN;" FOR MANY YEARS A LEADING MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

In the beginning of the trial, newspaper reporters were excluded by the court, and for some time spirited war waged between the judge and the press. With characteristic persistency the reporters finally gained admittance. In the vanguard was S. S. Cox, for many years a leading member of Congress from New York, then on the staff of the "Ohio Statesman," where he won his famous *soubriquet* of "Sunset." At this trial served the first stenographer ever seen in a Western court.

The jury was chosen with difficulty. During their five weeks' service the members of it were assailed on every side by the zealous feminine sympathizers of the accused. By every art possible to youth, beauty, and wit, and the reckless abandon of lives largely spent in the companionship of adventurers, were they approached. "If you do not go into that jury-room and vote 'not guilty,' in an hour you will be a dead man," said the wife of Captain Cummings, confronting an aged juror on the staircase. Sprung from an old and respected Massachusetts family, she was a singularly beautiful, brilliant, dashing woman. As Olive Chapin she had gone in early girlhood to the West, and become enamoured of the picturesque river captain. Cummings did not see fit to marry her, and went off to Mexico and opened his gambling-house on the Rio Grande. One day as he sat dealing faro there, his affianced presented herself. Disguised in man's attire and armed with a brace of pistols, she had made her way without detection to the Rio Grande. She was a skilled shot, and could hit a dollar across a room. Levelling a pistol at the recreant lover's head, she said in a short, sharp voice, "Captain Cummings, marry me, or take this in your head." The astounded captain replied, "Why, Ollie, my dear, is that you?" The marriage ceremony was performed that day.

Tears were the weapons that Lyman Cole's equally handsome wife employed, while smiles sufficed Kissane's pretty sister and fond mother. The jury were a week in coming to a verdict. Finally, on Monday afternoon, November 14, 1853, they pronounced the defendants "not guilty." The verdict was received, on the part of the accused and their friends, with tears, smiles, laughter, sobs of relief, and cries of joy. Kissane, pale and haggard, fell into his mother's arms. But from the public came curses and grumbling, for there were few outsiders who, having followed the testimony, did not believe the prisoners guilty. With wine and song the acquitted lavishly celebrated their deliverance. The trial cost the government $50,000, while it left the defendants one and all penniless.

To recuperate their fortunes and to reek vengeance on every one who had testified against them, was now the ambition of the conspirators. Few of their opponents escaped a tragic end. The safe of Henry Stanbery was blown open and all the papers of the case removed. Nine witnesses met violent deaths. One was shot dead while seated on his horse, talking to

his wife at the door of his house, and the assassin was never discovered.

The conspirators were especially relentless in their pursuit of Sidney Burton. Once his house was blown up, and once as he was travelling in a railway train an explosion occurred and shattered the seat he had occupied, but by chance had left only a moment before. Eleven times chemical analysis revealed poison in his food. Counterfeit money was placed in his house. One day in New York he met the wife of Captain Cummings on Fulton Street. She requested an interview and wished him to accompany her to a designated place. He was suspicious, and noticing several men in communication with her, he attempted to get away. The men approached threateningly. Burton stepped into a doorway and drew a revolver. The assailants were arrested, and, when searched, were found armed with pistols and bowie knives; even Mrs. Cummings was armed.

Despite disappointment, broken health, and depleted fortune, Burton continued his efforts against the conspirators. He secured the indictment of Kissane, Cummings, and Cole at Helena, Arkansas, on a charge of arson and murder. Several of the lost passengers of the "Martha Washington" had been residents of Arkansas. The prisoners were admitted to bail, and when the trial was called, neither Kissane nor Cole responded. Captain Cummings was again acquitted.

The remarkable skill and devotion of Burton in the affair attracted the notice of Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States. Through the Secretary of the Treasury, President Pierce appointed him a special agent to ferret out abuses in the Treasury. Burton refused to accept the appointment until it was agreed that he should retain a portion of his time to continue his prosecution of the "Martha Washington" people. When the President's intention became known, the Kissane party employed lobbyists to prevent the passage through Congress of the appropriation for the service which Burton was to conduct. The appropriation failed by two votes. Then Burton's health gave way. For months he was unable to lie down, and he finally died sitting in his chair.

Kissane, the head of the conspiracy, on his acquittal was carried to Lebanon, Ohio, to answer to the charge of forgery. He had been under indictment on this charge when arrested for setting the "Martha Washington" on fire. The forgery he had committed on his early benefactors and employers, Johnson and Pugh. He was convicted, but while waiting sentence escaped. Disguised in a garb made of bed-ticking and tied about him with a rope, he was discovered near Cleveland, serving as an ox-driver. He was captured and taken back to jail, but again escaped.

THE CHEMICAL BANK FORGERY.

In July, 1854, about seven months after the "Martha Washington" trial, Kissane went to New York, and in company with one Andrew Finlay engaged in buying and selling uncurrent money. Some of their dealings were with John Thompson and Very and Gwynne, brokers, and in the course of them they came into possession of checks of Thompson's and of Very and Gwynne's. Having ascertained who made the blanks on which these checks were written, Kissane visited the maker, and, under pretence of getting a check-book for himself, requested to see samples. He gave an assumed name. While looking over the samples, he purloined several of the blank checks made for Thompson and Very and Gwynne.

Kissane and Finlay now retired from New York for a little while, and Kissane, learning that his old associate Lyman Cole had in some way got hold of $2,000, induced Cole to join him and Finlay in their enterprises. Cole accompanied him when he returned to New York. Kissane and Finlay established themselves at a hotel, where Finlay registered as "Robert Hamilton," and Kissane as "William Johnson." Cole took lodging in a private house. They passed most of their time in Finlay's room at the hotel. There they spent a large portion of several days in practising the writing of signatures, and in preparing several letters of introduction. One of these letters purported to be from Joseph C. Hughes of Kentucky to Mr. Van Brunt of the firm of Van Brunt and Watrous, New York pork brokers; another from White, Cunningham & Co. of Cincinnati to Robert H. Berdell of Robert H. Berdell & Co. of New York. They introduced "James Bishop."

On the 25th of August, 1854, Finlay called at Mr. Van Brunt's packing-house, and under the impersonation of "James Bishop" presented the letter from Joseph C. Hughes. Van Brunt was pleased to meet a friend of "old Joe Hughes." He invited Mr. "Bishop" to call on him again the next day. "Bishop" did so.

He represented himself as a large dealer in hogs, and in the course of conversation disclosed that he had considerable money with him, and questioned whether it was safe to be carrying so large a sum about in his pocket. Mr. Van Brunt suggested to his partner Watrous that he take Mr. "Bishop" to the Chemical Bank and let him deposit his money. The suggestion was immediately acted upon, and on Mr. Watrous's introduction, Mr. "James Bishop" was permitted to open an account at the Chemical Bank with an initial deposit of $2,000 in bills (the $2,000 brought into the enterprise by Cole, as subsequently appeared).

The next day "Bishop" started down town to present his letter to Mr. Berdell. On the way he stopped at the Chemical Bank and drew out $1,950 of the $2,000 he had deposited the day before. His reception by Mr. Berdell was not satisfactory. A "feeler" he threw out towards opening a bank account was met by a proposition on the part of Mr. Berdell that he leave his burden of money with Mr. Berdell's firm. At this Finlay (alias "Bishop") became alarmed. He hastened to Kissane, who decided that their last movement must be made at once. That afternoon, near three o'clock, "Bishop" called again at the bank. He pretended to be a little the worse of "old Kentucky rye." He invited the cashier to inspect a long bill of hogs he had purchased, at the same time requesting him to place to his credit a certified check for $12,000, drawn upon the American Exchange Bank by John Thompson, and another for $6,018.58, drawn on the Continental Bank by Very and Gwynne. He stated that he would have to settle for the hogs that day. But he had been "around with the boys," he felt "a little shaky," would the cashier be kind enough to fill out a check for him for $14,870, and he would sign it? Of course the cashier could not decline to oblige a gentleman so well endorsed. With the check once in hand, "Bishop" lost no time in getting to the paying-teller's desk. As he presented the check he remarked, "Mr. Teller, your city has knocked me up."

"How so?"

"Well, you see I am used to travelling on soft ground, and your hard pavements are too much for me."

It was near the closing hour; all was bustle and hurry; no need to question the check of a patron well introduced, written in the cashier's own hand. The teller swiftly counted out $870 in one-hundred, fifty, and twenty dollar bills, and the $14,000 in $500 bills. "Bishop" asked to have smaller denominations, but in his haste the teller refused, and thereby, as subsequently appeared, he probably saved the bank the loss of a considerable part of the amount of the check. While Finlay, or "Bishop," was playing his part thus triumphantly within the bank, Lyman Cole stood outside, on the opposite side of Broadway, and kept watch. Later in the day, Cole, Finlay, and Kissane met in Thirty-second Street, and divided the spoil. Kissane, it is supposed, took $6,500 as his share, and Finlay $5,300, while Cole got the balance, together with the $1,950 of his $2,000, with which the account was opened.

The forgeries were soon detected, and measures taken to secure the forgers. An old acquaintance of theirs and sufferer at their hands, learning what "Bishop" had said to the teller about the hard pavements of New York, thereby identified him with Finlay. Finlay was found concealed in a house in Baltimore. On his person, hidden under the lining of his vest, was found $4,000 in $500 notes of the Chemical Bank.

Kissane was arrested in Cincinnati. At Hornellsville, New York, while the train was moving at a rapid rate, he escaped the vigilance of the guards and leaped through the water-closet window. The train was stopped, but search failed to find him. Several days later he appeared at Buffalo at the house of John Lynch, formerly bar-keeper on the "Martha Washington." Lynch took him to the house of a man named Sparrow, a small farmer living near Buffalo. Kissane sent Lynch to Cincinnati with a letter to his brother Reuben Kissane. The brother sent back by Lynch a bottle of magnesia, from which, on opening it at Lynch's house, Kissane took $6,500 in $500 Chemical Bank notes. He carried these notes with him to Sparrow's farm. There for three months he assisted in field work. Evening leisure at the farm was devoted to altering bank notes by the cutting and pasting process. Sparrow was detected passing these notes on the storekeepers. Several were cashed before their fraudulency was discovered. He was arrested. He protested innocence, and swore that the bills had been given him on his farm by a man named Lynch, the name by which Kissane was known to the farmer. A raid was made on the farm and Kissane captured, together with a bundle

of papers he had placed in the charge of Sparrow's wife. In it was found the $6,500 of Chemical Bank notes. Locked fast to an officer with handcuffs, the key of which was in the pocket of the bank teller, Kissane was brought safely to New York. Meanwhile Cole also had been arrested.

Kissane's trial opened March 14, 1855, before Recorder James M. Smith, the prosecution being conducted by A. Oakey Hall, then District Attorney, and James R. Whiting. It was the sensation of the day. Finlay turned State's evidence. In less than ten minutes after retiring the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

When brought up for sentence, Kissane made a plea for mercy which revealed talent of a high order. He told of his early home life, his struggle to business and social eminence, and his fall among evil associates. He humbly accepted the court's decree, and avowed a resolution to lead a better life. The judge was so affected by this appeal, that he mitigated the sentence, to his regret in later years, from the highest to the lowest penalty—two years and six months' imprisonment in Sing Sing. "The whole world may forgive me," said Kissane, "but I cannot forgive myself. I had hoped to reach some distant country where those who had known me could know me no more, where I could have settled down among strangers and once more been a man among men. But Providence has decreed otherwise. Were I permitted to depart this day, and whenever it shall please the powers that be to permit me to depart, such shall be my course—I trust a wiser and a better man."

Cole was tried twice; both times the jury disagreed, and finally he was discharged.

A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

December 8, 1855, under promise to turn State's evidence against an organized band of insurance swindlers, said to be the outgrowth of the "Martha Washington" conspiracy, after nine months' imprisonment, Kissane was pardoned. Governor Myron H. Clark had been overwhelmed with petitions in the prisoner's behalf. These petitions are still in the archives of the Governor's office, and make a large volume. One of them is from Horace Greeley and Thurlow Weed.

Liberty regained, Kissane lost no time in seeking a strange land, where, if he did not become a "man among men," he failed not to commit deeds of prowess that are not without a charm even in this prosaic day.

Into the Walker Nicaragua expedition, made up for the most part of "men of strong character, tired of the humdrum of common life, and ready for a career which might bring them the sweets of adventure or the rewards of fame," Kissane now threw himself with all the abandon of his daring nature. He arrived at Nicaragua February 1, 1856. Under an assumed name he was soon appointed and commissioned assistant commanding general, with the rank of major, and ordered to take charge of the commissariat of the army. He showed such ability that Walker soon promoted him. For eight or nine months he had the entire finances of the country in his hands, and but for his careful management, the filibustering scheme, it is conceded, would have met an earlier defeat.

When General Walker marched to Rivas, he left Granada in charge of Kissane. The latter made sudden sallies on the neighboring haciendas, and capturing the wives and daughters of prominent Nicaraguans, held them as hostages to be exchanged for money or provisions. He is reputed to have made a fortune in the sale of confiscated haciendas and vouchers. Under his direction cathedrals and convents and private dwellings were pillaged of gold, silver, and jewels. The plunder, which filled six large cedar chests, was melted, packed in small bulk, and shipped to New Orleans. Robed in priestly vestments, and carrying the holy eucharist, Kissane led a triumphant procession through the streets of Granada. His audacity and bravery won him devoted followers. Few, if any, of his companions in arms suspected his early history. Nevertheless the tropics did not shield him wholly from memory of the past. Recognizing in one of the youthful followers of the army the son of a man who had testified against him in the "Martha Washington" case, Kissane had the young man arrested on some trumped-up charge, and shot down in cold blood.

At the collapse of the expedition, Kissane caused to be published in the papers accounts of the heroic death of himself under his new name. Meanwhile he escaped from the country to Panama on board the United States sloop of war St. Mary's, Captain Davis. He is next heard of as a participant in the Chinese rebel-

lion. His shrewdness soon secured him the favor of the Emperor, who raised him to the rank of general of the army. The close of the rebellion found him pursuing pleasure in the capitals of Europe, accompanied by a Japanese body-servant captured by his troops at Shanghai. Finally he drifted to California, whither his mother and brothers had preceded him and were living, also under assumed names.

On the Fraser River, British Columbia, three thousand miles from railroad or telegraphic communication, the soldier of fortune now delved into the bowels of the earth. He had the Midas touch. With bags of gold dust he soon sought Sacramento, where he invested in real estate, embarked in business, and was quickly recognized as a shrewd, spirited, and popular citizen.

Then came the Gold Hill excitement. Kissane again wooed fortune in the mines, and with his usual luck. He retired with a fortune. Then shunning large cities, where the past might confront him, he purchased a fine country seat in Sonoma County, six miles from the little town of Petaluma. This was in 1863. Thenceforth it was his object to make this seat the most beautiful in all that region.

But while Kissane was building up a new life in the land of sunshine and flowers, playing with lordly grace the *rôle* of a wealthy country gentleman, a second Nemesis had picked up the thread dropped by Sidney Burton. Among the Cincinnatians who met financial ruin at the hands of Kissane were members of the family of General Francis Darr. With a fixity of purpose as tenacious, as all-absorbing, as that which possessed Burton, General Darr followed Kissane's migrations for thirty years. A graduate of West Point, General Darr served gallantly in the war on the staffs of Generals Rosecrans, Buell, and Foster, and was in command of New York City after the draft riots. He never credited the report of Kissane's death in Nicaragua, and throughout the Rebellion he hoped to meet him. Some ten years ago he went to San Francisco as civil engineer for a railroad company. At a meeting of the board of directors he recognized in one of the directors the object of his thirty years' search. After the meeting, he encountered the director in the street and accosted him: "Hello, Bill Kissane! How are you?" The director haughtily resented such familiarity in a subordinate, but ever after carefully avoided Darr. Subsequently General Darr became interested in a wine house for which Kissane's vineyards yielded their choicest vintage. At a board meeting, Darr recognized in the firm's counsel a brother of Kissane. It was not long before General Darr was forced to relinquish his interest in the firm.

Having in these various encounters clearly established Kissane's identity, General Darr notified the Chemical Bank of New York, and the bank gave him a power of attorney to collect the balance of principal and interest still due on the old forgery claim. Through reputable lawyers the account was quietly enclosed to Kissane, who, taking the cue, sent an attorney, a man who knew his past, to New York, to satisfy the account and quietly clear his record. But the attorney somehow failed in his mission, the matter got into the courts, and the story of Kissane's career in all its romantic details was recited to the world through the press. Thus Kissane's thirty years' struggle to bury the past came to nought. Yet, never, perhaps, was the power of wealth and personal influence more strikingly exemplified than in the promptitude with which managers of railroads, telegraphs, and newspapers, secret fraternities, and legal authorities combined to shield the man. A California court decided that disguises and changes of name did not stop the running of the statute of limitations, and denied the Chemical Bank its claim. Thus Kissane was discharged of the duty of making restitution, and dismissed to resume his luxurious life in the bosom of his family, whose confidence and love had remained unshaken.

IN A BOWERY REGIMENT.

THE STORY OF MY FIRST COMMAND.

By Captain Musgrove Davis.

WHEN my appointment as second lieutenant in the 199th New York Volunteers reached me it was April, and we were in camp at a place known as Catlett's Station, not far from Washington. The next morning I bade the old 15th good-by, and started in high spirits for the Capital to take up my commission. At Manassas, on the way, we were cut off by rebel cavalry for thirty-six hours, with, I remember, nothing to eat but molasses, sweet-cakes, and sardines: a ration which effectually destroyed my liking for sweets.

Reaching Alexandria, finally, in the night, I was promptly clapped into the guard-house for being without the countersign, and languished there for quite half an hour before remembering that, as an officer, I was entitled to receive it. As soon as this fact dawned on me, I made haste to communicate with the officer of the guard, who, on sight of my commission, at once gave me the word, and off I went to the hotel.

In the morning I proceeded to Washington, where I allowed not a spear of grass to start under my feet until I had ordered my complete lieutenant's uniform, including shoulder-straps that made up in size what I lacked in rank. Thus accoutred I felt that I owned Washington. At one time I would issue from my hotel in the full splendor of sword, sash, belt, and gauntlets; at another I would sally forth in fatigue jacket and white gloves. In either array I knew myself for a paragon of martial beauty, and few store windows did I pass without stopping to feast on my reflection in the glass, under pretext of examining the goods displayed for sale.

General Wadsworth was Provost-Marshal-General, and accordingly to him I applied for the location of my regiment. I found it was Colonel Harrison's Regiment, of Benton's Brigade, Couch's Division, Sumner's Corps, McClellan's Army of the Peninsula. Provided with this direction and a pass on a government steamer, I embarked at Alexandria, and so down the Potomac.

About two o'clock of a hot afternoon we arrived at City Landing, where, on all sides, little was to be seen but huge piles of quartermaster's stores, hundreds of army wagons, and in the background corduroy roads diverging into the woods.

The army was at that time encamped before Yorktown. Putting my valise into a wagon that belonged to Benton's Brigade, and strapping on sword, haversack, and canteen, I set out on foot, in company with a number of other officers, for the front. When we had covered three or four miles, guide-boards began to appear, and soon, as my companions separated for their different divisions and brigades, I was proceeding all alone. Coming presently upon a sentry, I asked the way to Benton's Brigade, and arriving in due time at the place indicated, I inquired of another sentry for the 199th New York.

"No such regiment in the brigade," was the reply.

"What regiments are there in it?"

"The 4th Minnesota, 19th Massachusetts, 50th Ohio, and 3d New York Militia."

"You are sure this is Benton's Brigade?" I persisted.

"Yes, and Couch's Division; but there is no 199th New York in this corps, I know."

Here was a fine state of affairs. In the midst of an army of strangers and not able to even hear of my regiment! I could ask at brigade headquarters, the man suggested. I did so, but the assistant adjutant-general knew of no such regiment. "General Wadsworth must have mistaken," he added; "for I have a list of all the regiments in McClellan's Army, and there is no such New York number." He said, further, that he was sorry for me; but I was sorry for myself, for that matter. The question was, What to do?

As I turned away, I chanced to overhear the clerk say something about the "3d Militia," and immediately the officer called me back to wait while he looked at some new instructions. Then it came out that orders had that day been received from Washington giving the title of "199th New York Volunteers" to the old 3d Militia. This cleared the matter up, my camp was pointed out, and I started off again, with a suggestion from the adjutant that, as all militia regiments disliked very much to have the numbers of their organization changed, I take the figures off my cap, especially since the 199th were a rather ugly lot from the Bowery, and might otherwise make me trouble. I at once acted on the advice. But remembering that "Lieutenant Musgrove Davis, 199th N. Y. Volunteers," was painted in large letters on the end of my valise, I wondered how they would take that.

Up to this time I had had no doubts as to the importance of my rank, believing that to see my straps would be to respect me. I was soon to realize, however, that possibly such was not the case.

I arrived at my regiment, and, passing the guard-house, made directly for the commanding officer's tent, which is always known by its position. On the way thither I happened upon a feature of my new environment which was, to say the least, a little surprising. It consisted in a ring of officers and men shouting and acting in a way to convince me that a "mill" was going on in the middle. Men and officers mingling to cheer a fight, and that within the regimental lines! "What sort of a place," wondered I, "have I got into?"

It was now about four o'clock, and still very warm. The flaps of the colonel's tent were up, and as I drew near I could see inside the figure of a man lying on a camp bed in his shirt-sleeves, with a newspaper before him. I scratched on the canvas by way of knocking, and a gruff voice said:

"What d'ye want?"

I stepped just inside, took off my cap, and stood for some seconds staring at the immovable newspaper before venturing to ask: "Is this Colonel Harrison?"

Down came the paper, and up rose the man to a sitting posture, revealing a red, bloated, brutal face, with blood-shot eyes and a decidedly ill-pleased expression. With an oath he replied:

"No! He's in jail!"

This seemed a most unlikely statement, but was afterwards found to be perfectly correct. The colonel had been arrested for appropriating and selling regimental rations and forage.

"May I ask your name, sir?" I made bold to inquire.

"Oh, yes [with another oath], you may ask, fer all I care!"

"What I wish to ascertain is who might be in command?"

"I can't tell you who might be in command, but I know who is. I am."

"Then, sir, I should like to know your name and rank." I continued.

"My name and rank is none of your business, that I know of," was the answer, and with that the officer coolly resumed his reading.

By this time I was pretty thoroughly frightened, and wished myself anywhere else and my commission in the moon. Meanwhile a lot of rough-looking brutes had gathered around, attracted by the conversation; and, altogether, for a smooth-faced stripling the situation possessed few attractions. However, I managed to say that I had official orders to the commanding officer of the regiment, and therefore must insist on learning his name and rank.

"Well, I am Lieutenant-Colonel

"I FELT THAT I OWNED WASHINGTON."

Thomas, commanding. Where are your orders?" laying down the paper and thrusting out his hand, in which I placed my orders as second lieutenant of Company B.

"Just what I thought!" he continued. "You're another of those useless young fools that that ass of a Governor has been sending down here. You a second lieutenant? Why, you little runt, you ain't fit fer a gun-swab! I don't want you! Take your orders back to the Governor and tell him that I can fill my own offices, and that he had better get a new set of brains pumped into his fool head. Tell him that I don't keep no nursery. I hain't got no bottles to bring up children on. Get out of this; I hain't got no use fer ye!"

During this astonishing outburst I had stood transfixed. At its conclusion, however, a reaction set in. I seemed to see the whole situation in a flash. Colonel Thomas probably imagined that I was the son of some rich man or influential politician, who had procured my appointment through favoritism, and that I had seen no service—knew as little of soldiering, in other words, as he did of preaching. If he could only frighten me out of camp he had but to report me "absent without leave," to ensure my instant dismissal; for the hundred or more of his men who were standing about might be relied on to swear black was white if I ever succeeded in having the matter brought to trial. That was his "game." The idea was not flattering to the lieutenant-colonel and his command, but further acquaintance with them proved it correct, for if ever there was a set of blackguards outside of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves," this regiment contained them. The extent to which they would steal, and lie, and fight, and fight, and lie, and steal was almost beyond belief. I ought to add, though, that they would stand up against the enemy as stubbornly as any regiment I ever saw in action.

"'JUST WHAT I THOUGHT!' HE CONTINUED. 'YOU'RE ANOTHER OF THOSE USELESS YOUNG FOOLS THAT THAT ASS OF A GOVERNOR HAS BEEN SENDING DOWN HERE.'"

I have said that I saw Colonel Thomas's "game." I perceived, also, that to back down would be to invite disgrace, perhaps violence. Clearly, it was "sink or swim," "fish or cut bait." The knowledge that I was entirely right and he entirely wrong—that he had been guilty of "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," and was himself liable to court-martial and dismissal, nerved me. The consciousness that not only my honor but my family's was at stake fired me. The recollection of the insults and abuse that I had just listened to sent the hot blood bounding through my veins as if it would burst them. I felt that I would rather die than submit, and that I would rather fight than do either. It seemed as if I weighed a ton. I started a step forward, and my tongue was loosed. Epithets and expletives rose to my lips like water to a pump, and I poured them out as freely. I wound up by assuring him that, as he didn't seem to know to whom he was talking, it should be my early and great pleasure to let him know, through my father's friend, General Sumner, and in a way which he wouldn't soon forget; advising him to pack his little "kit" meanwhile, as he wouldn't be in command of the regiment at midnight.

This threat was a piece of sheer, consummate "cheek" on my part, for, as a matter of fact, General Sumner did not know that such a man as my father existed. But something had to be done, and I was not disappointed in the effect of my little stratagem.

I had finished and was half way through the ruffianly crowd before Thomas recovered himself sufficiently to call out: "Come back here, boy!"

I turned and asked him what he wanted.

"Come here, come here! It won't do you no good to go to General Sumner. I and all my men would swear your story was a lie."

I judged this remark to be a "feeler"; so, standing by my colors, I replied: "You

will see, sir, that in that quarter my little finger has more weight than your entire carcass or the whole of your regiment. You'll know me better next time you see me," and I turned to go.

"Come back," growled the colonel, in a tone which nevertheless showed that the shot had not been without effect, "and I'll see if the captain wants you."

Wheeling and walking up to him, I said, looking him straight in the eye:

"Colonel Thomas, I care not one straw whether you or the captain wants me. I know my rights, and I know how to get them. I'll have them, too, in spite of you and your whole crew. And although it would serve you right if I used the power I have, still, if within five minutes you assign me to duty, I shall go no farther. If you do not, I shall waste no more words with you, but as sure as there is a sun in heaven I will secure speedy justice for myself and prompt disgrace for you. Make no mistakes, sir, for I am granting you a favor. I hold you between my fingers. I ask nothing of you; on the contrary, I defy you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!"

This shot also told; the man was now evidently alarmed. "Orderly," said he, "call Captain Baker."

Off went the orderly, and in two or three minutes there appeared a tall, lean man, with a rough but not bad-looking face.

"Captain Baker," said the colonel, "here's a saucy infant the Governor has sent you to bring up. He holds a commission as second lieutenant in your company. You may take him, and be —— to him."

Thus was I introduced to my captain. However, I was satisfied that this careless tone was mere bravado, put on to impress the bystanders and cover a case of pretty thorough fright; and as I was not anxious to carry my Sumner subterfuge any farther, feeling that I had put upon it about all that it would bear, I made up my mind to let well enough alone.

The captain gave me a cold, vacant stare. I gave him one equally cold and vacant in return. Then he said, "This way," and off we started. The crowd laughed and jeered me as we went, and the only thing approaching a compliment, I caught just as I passed without the circle. It was from a bull-headed sergeant, who muttered: "Be gorry, I believe the spalpeen'll fight!"

Well, I confess I felt fuller of fight then than I ever did again; indeed, it was afterward asserted that on hearing this observation I had turned like a young tiger and snapped out something about thrashing the whole lot of them. I don't remember it; but joke or no joke, I had never felt so desperate—never. I verily believe I could have fought a stone wall.

Captain Baker sullenly took the lead, and I as sullenly followed. Not a word was spoken until we reached the company street (camps are laid out in company streets), when my guide halted, said curtly: "Here's the company," and turning on his heel, walked away.

"Where is my tent, captain?" I called after him.

"I don't furnish tents," was the leering reply.

I could not dispute that. Here I was in my company, to be sure; but alone, with a lot of brutal faces sneering at me, and with no cover for my head. I was still too angry to falter; and so, knowing that the quartermaster was the person charged with furnishing such supplies, I made my way to his tent and stated my wants, only to be met with: "I don't know you, and I can't give you a tent without the colonel's order." I asked if he could make himself acquainted with me to the extent of a pen and a bit of paper. These he gave me, and making out a requisition in proper form I returned to the colonel's tent.

Upon entering I was greeted snarlingly with: "Well, what do you want now?"

"Well, I want a tent now," I mildly replied, "and here is a requisition which I will thank you to approve."

"Approve nothing!" was the rough rejoinder; "I hain't got no tent for you."

"That being the case, you will oblige me by so writing across the face of the requisition."

"No, I will not," ejaculated the angelic colonel, with the usual oath.

"You must do one thing or the other," was my rejoinder. "It seems, sir," I went on, "that you know as little about the duties of a soldier as you do about the habits of a gentleman; and since I happen to know my rights and your rights, my duties and your duties, I shall proceed to teach them to you in a way that will prevent their slipping your memory. I ask, I demand of you to approve or disapprove that requisition, and to be quick about it, too. I'm getting you where I want you now. And speaking of rights and duties, allow me to mention to you the title of a book concerning the contents of which you seem to be in blissful ignorance, but one which you will have cause to know better, and re-

member, too, before I have done with you. I refer to the 'Army Regulations.'"

He knew that he was wrong and I right, but his hope had been in my ignorance. Seeing that I was firm, he sullenly and unwillingly took the requisition and wrote "Approved" across its face.

"To avoid the unpleasant possibility of another visit, Colonel Thomas," I continued, "I will thank you to give orders to the pioneers to put the tent up."

The colonel looked at me to see that I was in earnest, and, growling something which I didn't try to understand, gave the order.

The tent was soon erected and the trench dug about it, and that was all. Not a thing inside, and the position was as undesirable as one could conceive. I needed some bedding; but I had no right to order any one to bring boughs from the wood, so off I trudged for an armful myself, and arranged it into a bed.

Presently the drum sounded for dress parade. "Thank Heaven," I thought, "I can't be called upon to do duty for twenty-four hours." Vain delusion! Almost the next minute I heard the captain call, outside: "Lieutenant Davis, get ready for dress parade."

At first I was inclined to refuse, and stand upon my right to twenty-four hours' freedom; but on reflection I could not feel entirely certain whether it was a right or only a custom. So, deeming it better to do too much than too little, I obeyed the order.

A TYPICAL MEMBER OF COMPANY B.

As I took position in rear of the second platoon, I noticed that the sleeves of the man in the first lieutenant's place bore unmistakable traces of chevrons, showing that he had but lately risen from first sergeant.

"This," said I to myself, "is the chap whose nose I have broken, whom the colonel had intended for my place. But of course he has no commission, and if not, I rank him and must at once assert my rights; for if I yield these fellows an inch they will take an ell." Without a second's delay, therefore, I stepped to the front of the company, where the captain was standing, and said:

"Captain Baker, is that gentleman now acting as first lieutenant a commissioned officer?"

"What's that to you, sir?" was the reply. "You are a second lieutenant, and all I want of you is to take your position and obey orders; I'll attend to the rest. Your own rank is enough for you to know."

The men began to titter, and the late sergeant grinned, the captain meanwhile swelling with the consciousness of having, as he thought, effectually settled me. Again my blood rose to fever heat. I saw that to yield now was to lose what little I had gained; so, looking the latter full in the eye, I said:

"Captain Baker, you perhaps know something of the scene I have had with Colonel Thomas. It is plain that he hopes by persecution to drive me from this regiment, and it is equally plain that you intend to help him. Now, sir, let me say that you won't succeed. I am commissioned, I am here, and if I live, by Heaven, I'll stay in spite of the whole pack of you. You can't frighten me, you can't bluff me, and it's useless for you to try. If you know anything about your duty, or the 'Army Regulations,' which I doubt, you must be aware that you have not the right to put me on duty for twenty-four hours after joining your company, or to place me under a subordinate officer. The first I will submit to, the second I will not. Let that be distinctly understood. I have been obliged to teach the colonel his duty; and now that my hand is in, I don't mind giving you a lesson as well. It is evident from what I have seen that I can teach your whole regiment more of soldiering than you ever knew. Now, sir, I ask you once for all, is that gentleman a commissioned officer? If he is not, I will take his place, and you may do what you like with him."

The captain did not dare gainsay me, nor

did he wish to stultify himself; so he hesitated.

"I refuse duty, captain, unless you comply. That will bring the matter to a point, and then we shall see who wants a court-martial. If it comes to that, one of us will be dismissed, and it won't be I."

This "settled" him. Stepping to the rear of the company, he gave the order: "Mr. Allen, take the rear of the second platoon." Allen accordingly skulked thither, while I, inwardly exulting, took the place of first lieutenant.

The blow was a stunning one to the captain, and not without effect upon the men. Moreover, we moved out so late to parade that the captain came in for a reproof from the adjutant, though little did that officer know the cause of the delay. In due time parade was dismissed, and I walked solitary and alone to my tent, amid the jeers and taunts of officers and men. Meanwhile the quartermaster's wagons had arrived at brigade headquarters, bringing my valise, which I carried to the tent; and, spreading a blanket over the boughs and stretching myself thereon, I drew a little needed strength and comfort from a certain flask which the new arrival contained.

It was growing dusk, and the din of supper-getting filled the air as the men gathered around their fires. As for me, I had no means of preparing a meal, and no one offered me a word or a morsel. I did feel desolate and alone. "Keep a stiff upper lip, Musgrove; you haven't time to get blue," said I to myself; and out I sallied in search of the sutler's tent.

I had to go into the next camp before I found such an institution, for the 199th had, by its peculiar attentions, so impoverished its own sutler that he had finally departed, and nobody seemed desirous of taking his place.

I made my purchases, consisting of herring, crackers, coffee, sugar, and a tin cup, and, regaining my tent, prepared a lonely but tolerable supper. The meal despatched, I lay wearily down upon my blanket and gave myself up to gloomy thoughts. As darkness came on I stepped tentatively outside my quarters, in order to get the fresh air and to obtain a better idea of my surroundings. I was almost instantly seized, and, in the fear, perhaps, that I had not been made to feel sufficiently at home, certain unconventional amenities were offered me—even forced upon me. My rank was not allowed to interfere with the convivial hospitality; in short, I was incontinently tossed in a blanket by the privates of my own company. I went skyward until the men were tired, nor did a single officer appear to interrupt the harmony of the occasion. When I was near swooning they let me go, and I returned giddy and faint to my tent; simply remarking, "You are having your fun now; my turn may come later on."

Presently tattoo sounded, and I had just about concluded that I would try to sleep, when there came a scratch on my tent. I said, "Come in." Immediately the flaps parted, and a head was thrust in with the inquiry: "Is this Lieutenant Davis?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Officer of the guard to-morrow," was the reply.

There it was again! Another violation of the "Regulations," and another act of persecution.

"Are you the adjutant?" I asked.

"I am."

"Whose order is this?"

"The colonel's, sir."

A thousand angry thoughts flashed through my mind, but, resolved that my persecutors should not have the least pretext on which to accuse me of shirking duty, I said: "Very well, sir," and the adjutant departed.

Now guard-mounting is about as difficult and particular a duty as an officer has to perform. Positions are reduced to paces, and paces almost to inches, and salutes and orders must come at exactly certain times; so that a person not well posted in the manual is almost certain to blunder. All this the colonel had no doubt thought of, and he was probably chuckling at that very moment in anticipation of my failure and consequent disgrace on the morrow; for if I did fail he would be sure to have me tried for incompetency.

"No, you won't," thought I, and making another trip to the sutler's, I soon returned with half a dozen candles and a box of matches. Out came next the "Regulations" and a copy of the tactics, and to work I went. I broke the matches into men, platoons, and officers, and put them repeatedly through the entire manœuvre, until when daylight came it found me innocent of a wink of sleep, but with the whole order of guard-mounting and guard duty at my finger's ends. This acquisition was made easier by the fact that, on the Christmas during my connection with the 15th, the colonel had for that day turned over the regiment

to officers elected from among the privates and "non-coms," and I had been chosen officer of the guard.

I got my breakfast (what little I ate) as I had got my supper, and nervously awaited the guard-mounting call due at half-past eight. When the time came I was belted, gloved, and on the ground, where also the entire regiment, from the colonel down, were gathered "to see the little upstart bilge," as they expressed it.

Desperation had made me perfectly calm to all outward appearances, and I went through the various evolutions, and marched my men off to the guard-house without a blunder. There further formalities were to be gone through between the old and the new guard, and thither, accordingly, the crowd now pressed.

I marched my new guard past the old, and dressed them up on a line with the latter. As I did so I heard a murmur go round, followed by laughter and jeers; and immediately the crowd began to disperse with expressions of satisfaction which seemed to say, "We've got him now." This threw me into a cold perspiration. I could not see the mistake, and I dared not hesitate. With my heart in my boots I aligned the men, and went forward to meet and salute the old officer of the guard and receive from him the standing orders. These he repeated to me as he had received them, and ended by taking from his belt and handing over three or four pairs of handcuffs. Feigning astonishment, I asked what the things were for, and was told that I would find out fast enough before the day was over. With that the old guard marched past, received its proper salute, and departed.

"Here," thought I, "is a chance to score a point. These men have evidently been treated more like beasts than human beings, and if I can awaken a spark of manhood in them, if they have any pride left, I can now turn it to my account." So, with the bracelets still in hand, I stepped to the front of the guard and addressed them as follows:

"Men, for a year I have been, like yourselves, a private. I have carried a gun and knapsack; I have gone through with my duties in camp and on the march; but never did I need one of these things upon my wrists. They are for felons, not for honest soldiers; and I see no one here who looks as if he deserved anything of the kind." (A compliment which involved a severe strain of the truth.) "You can, and I am sure you will, discharge your duty without them, and I shall take great pleasure in doing what I can to lighten that duty. I make no threat as to what will happen if you fail, for I am sure you will not. We are all here, not from choice, but to serve our country, and we have equal rights and interests. It is, of course, necessary for every organization to have its officers. The government, feeling that I deserve a commission, has given me one, and I shall do all in my power to honor it. The mere fact of my having shoulder-straps is not proof that I am better than you, but, in this case, evidence of longer service; and I trust you will not follow the example of some of your superiors and condemn me before trial, but rather wait and judge for yourselves. If ever I ask you to go where I will not lead, then censure me. I am sure that when this tour of duty is over we shall be better friends.

"It has been the custom, where I have served, to allow each relief to rest in their tents for the two hours just previous to standing guard, in order that they may be fresh for duty; the other relief not on duty remaining at the guard-house to turn out for general officers. I shall follow that course here until I see good reason to change it. It is needless for me to ask that the instant the call is sounded you come promptly to the guard-house, as that will be necessary not only to a good understanding, but to the continuance of the privilege. Sergeant, tell off the men and send out the first relief."

The guard looked at one another, but whether they meant to say that I did not know the men I had to deal with, or whether I had found and touched a susceptible chord, I could not tell. I threw the handcuffs into the furthest corner of the guard-house, and turned to the inspection of the guard-book. The first relief went out; the old relief came in and were marched away under command of their sergeant; the second relief went to their tents, and I was left to myself with the third.

During the next two hours I managed to say a pleasant word to each of the men left at the guard-house, and to visit all those upon post, changing their beats for the better when I could. This done, I waited most anxiously for eleven o'clock. If then the men promptly responded to the call, I should be master of the situation. If they did not—

At five minutes to eleven I ordered the call to be sounded, and then turned away.

I cannot begin to describe the agony of that interval. It seemed an hour. Every few seconds I would consult my watch, half believing that it must have stopped. What if they should not come? Were not officers and men against me? Would not the colonel himself wink at disobedience? Possibly he had even given the men secret instructions to disregard me. Should I order a corporal's guard to arrest all delinquents, and if the guard refused, or the men resisted, should I shoot them? I had a right to do this, but it would be a terrible measure. My own life would not be worth a penny in that event, and would be measured by seconds.

At length the five minutes passed. Without turning I ordered the sergeant to "fall in the guard." The order was given. I heard the stir of men and the handling of muskets, and knew that some, at least, were present. In a moment the sergeant began to call the roll, while I listened breathless.

"Number One," "Two," "Three," "Four," "Five," "Six," "Seven," "Eight" (to each came the answer "Here!" and my breast began to heave), "Nine," "Ten," "Eleven," "Twelve," —all there!

My heart leaped to my throat, and tears filled my eyes. I turned, but everything swam before me. I attempted to speak, but my chin trembled and my tongue refused its office. I felt that I was fast losing control of myself; so, whirling upon my heel, I walked a few paces away. A moment sufficed to subdue my feelings, and returning I spoke a few earnest words of gratitude to the men and sent them about their duty. Nor was I the only one affected, for I saw a big corporal draw his sleeve across his face, and thus betray the presence of a heart.

I allowed the next relief to go to their tents, and again visited the sentries. When I returned to the guard-house at noon the big corporal came awkwardly toward me, and, touching his cap, said: "Lootinant, can I make ye a cup o' coffee, sur?"

Again I was ready to break down, and it was seconds before I could answer: "Thank you, Corporal, not only for the coffee, which I shall take with pleasure, but also for the first kind word I have had in this regiment."

That opened the ball. One man wanted to fetch the water, and another, putting a bit of pork on a stick, roasted it over the coals for me. In fact, it was evident that I had won the day. My spirits rose for the first time to something near a healthy level, and I began to see daylight. I talked familiarly but dignifiedly with the men, and the rest of the twenty-four hours passed without so much as a shadow of annoyance. Never were soldiers better behaved or more prompt. Not a word, not an act, that was not both cheerful and respectful. So, when we were relieved the next morning, I marched my guard to the parade-ground, and there spoke briefly my heartfelt satisfaction and gratitude, assuring them that it should not be my fault if we were not soon the best of friends; then dismissed them and turned away. I had gone but a pace or two when the big corporal sang out:

"Three cheers fer the new lootinant!"

And cheer they did, with such a will as to bring the whole camp, officers and men, out of their tents. I raised my cap in acknowledgment, and walked on to my tent, feeling as proud as a lord, and saying to myself, "I've got the men on my side, and the officers may go to—the hospital for all I care."

Tired, nervous, and trembling, I unfastened my belt, loosened my clothes, and, without thought of food, sank upon my blankets. Forty-eight hours had I been without sleep, the greater portion of the time under intense excitement, my nerves strained to the utmost. Now the reaction came, and losing all self-control, prone, with arms outstretched, with the tears streaming down my burning cheeks, and with a heart almost bursting, I wailed: "Mother! Mother! hast thou forgotten thy only son? If there is a God, if there is a heaven, if it is given to those who have passed beyond to guard and guide their loved ones, come to me! Come to me, my mother! I am sore tired. Hold up my hands in this my hour of need;" and there did come to my heart a warm, soothing pressure. Arms—whether of recollection and imagination I care not—but arms encircled me; I seemed to hear a voice of bygone years saying, "Sleep, my poor boy, sleep! The morrow will bring you courage." My eyes closed. My head sank slowly back upon the breast of breasts. I felt the beat of the heart of hearts. I saw the little cot of my childhood and *her* sitting beside it. I smiled, and—and—that is all I recall.

How long I may have slept I do not know, but some time in the afternoon I was roused by a scratch at my tent. Wondering what new form of persecution might be at hand, I said, "Come in." To

my surprise it was the captain who parted the flaps, and in a seemingly friendly tone asked me how I felt. I answered that I felt quite well, and again bade him come in. Mumbling something about not wanting to disturb me, he finally did step inside. As I turned my valise on end to make him a comfortable seat, I noticed that the name and number had been completely cut out. He observed it the same instant, and our eyes met. For a moment nothing was said. Then, doubling up his fist, he broke silence with:

"If I knew the scoundrel who done that I'd tie him up by the thumbs"—a favorite mode of punishment in the regiment, as I afterwards found.

The incident was a godsend to the man, for it afforded a cloak to his embarrassment, and opened the way for what it was soon evident he had come to say.

"Fact is, Lootinant," said he, "I'm a rough man, but I mean to be square, and I come to tell ye that I made a great fool of myself day before yesterday, and I ax your pardon. I was mad when ye come here, fer I had calc'lated on your place fer the first sergeant, and allowed ye was the son of some rich man who had got ye in by influence. I didn't suppose that ye had been in the army or knowed anything about soldiering; but I see yesterday at guard-mounting that ye wasn't no slouch, and that ye knowed more'n we did. D'ye remember when somebody laughed?"

"I do, Captain. Tell me, what was the mistake I made?"

"That's the joke of it. You didn't make no mistake; it was us! We always dressed the new guard two paces in the rear of the old guard, and when you dressed 'em on a line, I says to myself, 'He's done all the rest right, and maybe he's right in this.' So I went and looked at the tactics, and I'll be dashed if you wasn't right. Then says I to the other officers, 'I guess we better study our "Regulations" instead of laughing at this 'ere young feller, for he's got us where the hair is short.' I watched ye all day, and I see'd ye knowed yer biz; and when the men come back this morning and said ye had been in the army longer'n we had, I wuz ashamed of myself, and I couldn't wait no longer till I come to ax ye to take my hand, and tell ye that I was proud to have such a lootinant."

He extended a long, bony hand, and the tears filled my eyes as I grasped it with both mine.

"Excuse me, Captain," I said, "but I am so unstrung that I cannot control myself."

"WE WALKED BACK TO CAMP ARM IN ARM, AND GREAT WAS THE ASTONISHMENT OF THE REGIMENT AT SIGHT OF US."

"Don't say a word, Lootinant, for if ye ain't made of iron to stand what ye have, I'll swallow my blanket. The game was to make it too hot fer ye; but if any one troubles ye now, they've got me to deal with. I don't think ye'll have no more trouble, though. And I'm doggone sorry about that valise, but the men hate the volunteer number—they want to keep the old '3d Militia,' and that's the reason they cut the number out. Don't think too much of that; but if I knowed the blackguard who done it, I'd buck and gag him, I would."

We talked long and freely after that, the captain and I; he telling of his service and I of mine. Finally, at my request, Sergeant Allen, "the man whose nose I had broken," was sent for. When he presented himself I told him that although my commission interfered with his advancement, I did not see how I could do otherwise than hold it; that I was very sorry, but felt sure that in like circumstances he would do as I had done; and concluded by promising him my best efforts to make his position pleasant and secure for him a speedy commission. He left in excellent humor, and there was no more friction between us. In a short time, through my recommendation and others, he was deservedly promoted.

From that day all went smoothly in the

regiment, and, with the exception of a few officers who were ashamed to admit that they had been in the wrong, the greatest cordiality existed among us. The men had not been paid off for months, and I won the hearts of my own company by providing them with tobacco.

I could govern them all pretty well, either drunk or sober, excepting my first and staunchest friend, the tall corporal—who, by the way, when he got drunk, which I am sorry to say was often the case, would always reiterate his favorite threat of killing me. He was the only man in the army whom I ever had to order into irons; but, in every instance, after sobering up, he would thank me for having punished him, and abuse himself for having offended.

My reconciliation with the colonel was a matter of more time. He tried repeatedly to engage me in friendly conversation, but beyond official matters I would not go. He even showed me preferment in duty, but I was so thoroughly disgusted with him, so indignant at the way in which he had treated me, that I always avoided him. He often came into tents where I was, simply, as I believed, to make friends with me, and as often I made some excuse to go out. Through the captain and other officers he tried to win me over with compliments, but my wrongs had burned so into my heart that he made no headway.

On the evening of the battle of West Point, a lieutenant of the regiment was mortally wounded, and later the colonel and I met beside his cot in the hospital, while I was taking down the young fellow's last messages and requests. At such a time I could not but speak civilly to the man. He departed shortly, but I stayed with the dying lieutenant until the end.

As I came out of the hospital tent I perceived the colonel standing under a tree. I touched my cap and would have hurried past, but he stopped me with: "Davis, I want to speak to you."

"What are your orders, colonel?" I said.

"No, no, I have no orders; I want to talk to you."

"I wish to hold nothing but official communication with you, sir," I replied, and started on.

"For God's sake, stop, Davis, and hear me," pleaded the colonel, this time with a plaintive earnestness that arrested me at once. So, turning and looking him full in the face, I said:

"Colonel Thomas, more than a month ago I received from you the most brutal, insulting, cowardly treatment it has ever been my misfortune to experience or even hear of. You have never been man enough to apologize for it, and, until you do, I shall decline to have anything but official intercourse with you; and when I tell you that I loathe and despise you, you will probably wish, as I do, that we may have as little to do with each other as possible. So long as I am unfortunate enough to have you as a commanding officer I shall obey your orders; nothing more. You have done your worst, and I defy you. Do we understand each other now, sir?"

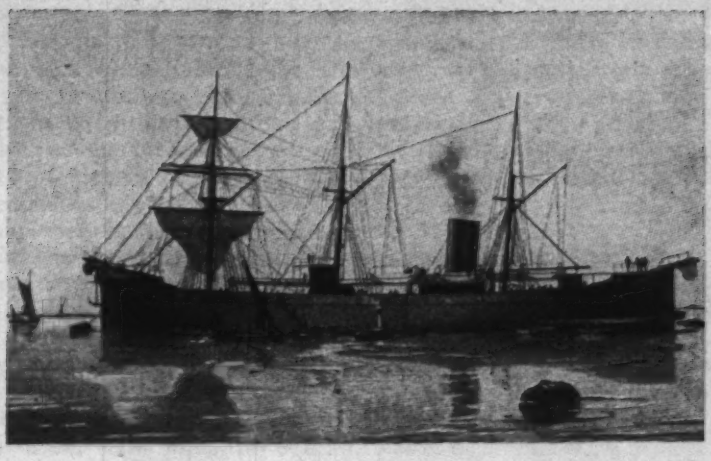
"Davis," persisted the man, "I know I did you a great wrong. I wanted to apologize long ago, but you never give me a chance. I can't talk as some men can, but my heart is in the right place, and you haven't got a better friend in the army. I want your friendship; I want to apologize a hundred times over. Tell me what to say, and I'll say anything." And he held out his hands imploringly.

The pain depicted on the poor fellow's countenance touched me, and what he said carried with it the conviction of sincerity. He was a brave man, I knew, for I had seen him that day where cowards would not have ventured. Besides, we had met upon sacred ground at the death-bed of our friend. And had we not faced destruction together that very afternoon, and were we not likely to do so again on the morrow? All this came over me at once, and softened me completely.

"Colonel Thomas," I said, "my hand. You are a brave man, and as such you cannot intend to be unjust. I accept your apology, though I regret that it was not offered long ago. Say not another word."

We walked back to camp arm in arm, and great indeed was the astonishment of the regiment at sight of us.

From that day the colonel and I were fast friends. He recommended me to the vacant first lieutenancy, and offered to make me adjutant. His concern when I was wounded at Seven Oaks was such that he went himself to General McClellan's headquarters to hurry my leave of absence. Afterward, upon my return to the regiment, I found that he had meanwhile recommended me to General Benton for staff duty, which I accepted and remained in until I left the army.



THE CABLE SHIP "FARADAY."

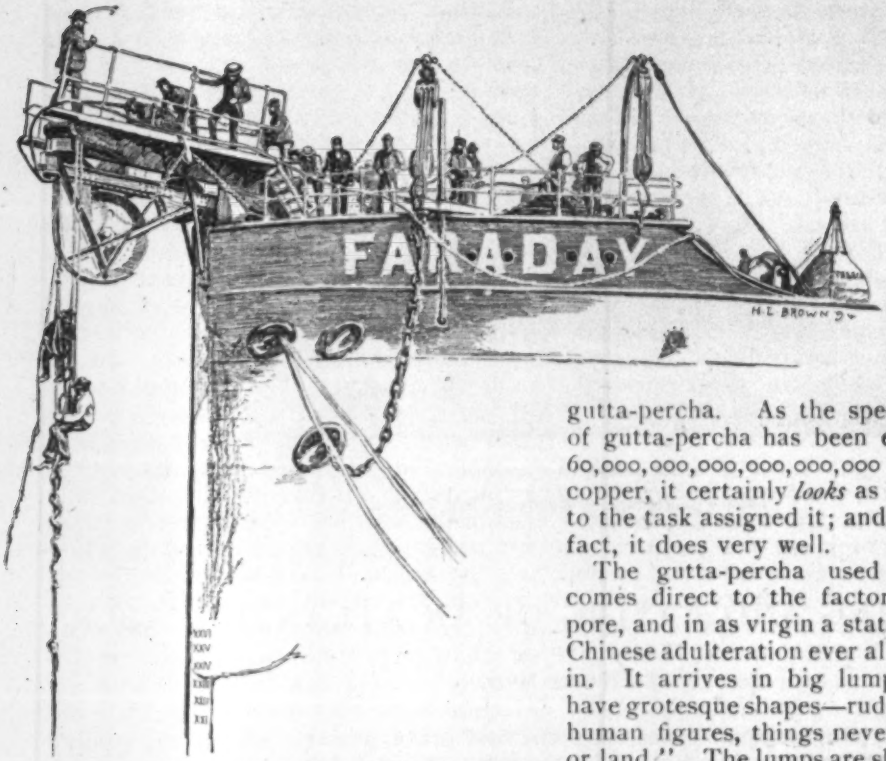
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

THE MAKING AND LAYING OF AN ATLANTIC CABLE.

By Henry Muir.

MY first visual acquaintance with an Atlantic cable began at Woolwich, London, England, in the central street of the Siemens factory, or electrical village, as it might be called, since it is made up of several buildings, has a dock of its own, runs its own little hotel for officers and guests, and has a population of over two thousand. In this street, before the entrance to one of the workshops, were piled great coils of copper wire. This wire, I was informed, was to be the "conductor" in a new cable which was then in process of construction, copper, in marine lines as in land lines, having been found to carry the electric current better than any other available material. But it must be *good* copper; for only in proportion to its purity is it favorable to the passage of the current. Each hank of this copper wire, which lies ready to trip up the feet of the unwary in the factory street, is carefully tested for resistance before it is set aside to go into the cable; that is, a sample of it is compared with a standard which has been selected. A bit which shows less than ninety-eight per cent. of the standard is thrown out. But this happens rarely.

Even if it shows the required conductivity, however, it must not be supposed that it is ready to go at once under seas. In the first place, a single wire is too easily broken. To make it stronger it is spun into rope. Each hank of accepted wire is first wound on a spool. Twelve of these are then taken (the copper conductor may have more or less than twelve strands, but twelve was the number used in the cable I am describing), and mounted on a spinning machine. The threading of this machine is peculiar. One spool is placed in the centre, and the strand carried horizontally to a guide, and then on straight to an iron "nose," through which it passes. The eleven remaining spools are placed in iron frames, and mounted in a circle around the central spool. The result is a wheel of spools, one forming the hub, and the other eleven the tire. The wires from the eleven exterior spools are carried through eyes on to the guide, through which the central strand passes, and then to the "nose," where they meet the central wire. The machine is now threaded. When started, the central strand is fed horizontally into the "nose"; but as the wheel of outer spools rotates, the spools themselves keep always a horizontal position, just as do the baskets in the Ferris wheel. The result is that the eleven wires, in entering the "nose," are twisted by the revolution of the wheel around the central one, and that, as the whole passes from the "nose," we have a rope of copper wire. It is the conductor. If by



THE STERN OF THE "FARADAY," SHOWING THE STERN-BAULKS —THE APPARATUS FOR LOWERING THE CABLE INTO THE SEA CLEAR OF THE PROPELLER.

chance one strand of it is broken, the usefulness of the whole is not injured. Indeed, ten of them may be broken in one place, and all of them at different places, and the conductivity still not be destroyed.

When the "thread is out" there should be about one nautical mile of copper rope, which, if nothing has happened to the wire in its passage through the machine, will be found, when tested, to be an admirable conductor. Admirable as it is, however, it would be utterly useless under water, for while electricity will travel so fast in copper, it will not stay there if it can help itself. "Electricity a good workman!" I heard an irritated London telegraph manager exclaim. "Why, it takes a battery of seventy cells to work the land line between Land's End and this town, just because the current is always watching for a chance to waltz down the pole and go home again." And in water, matters are worse.

To keep the electricity in the copper rope, then, the cable-maker *insulates* it; that is, he packs round it a substance which offers a great resistance to the passage of the current. The substance chosen is gutta-percha. As the specific resistance of gutta-percha has been estimated to be 60,000,000,000,000,000,000 times that of copper, it certainly *looks* as if it were equal to the task assigned it; and, as a matter of fact, it does very well.

The gutta-percha used at Woolwich comes direct to the factory from Singapore, and in as virgin a state as Malay and Chinese adulteration ever allow it to depart in. It arrives in big lumps which often have grotesque shapes—rude animals, droll human figures, things never seen "on sea or land." The lumps are sliced into small pieces, softened by hot water and steam, and torn to pieces in a "develling" machine to get rid of the sago-flour, sawdust, clay, and stones put in by enterprising Orientals. When cleansed, it is passed into a series of troughs, where it is steamed, crushed, pummelled, and twisted into a reddish-brown substance of an extraordinary rebellious look, quite capable, one would think, of resisting any amount of electricity. More rolling and beating reduce this mass to a pliable condition, and when it comes from the final rollers it is in sheets of varying thicknesses, which are soft and supple, and adapted to all sorts of uses. It is the thicker sheets which are used to insulate the copper rope. They are packed around it so firmly and smoothly that not an air-bubble can remain between conductor and insulator.

When the insulated strand, or the "core" of the cable, as it is henceforth called, passes from this operation, it must go to the testing-room, to determine if the insulation is really perfect, or if a little electricity still can escape from the copper. It would be useless to make this test in the air, since even without an insulator the current does not pass readily into air. It must be tested under water, in the medium in which it is to be employed. Shallow tanks filled with water receive each

section; and after a section has lain twenty-four hours in the water in order to come to the same temperature as the water, the test is applied. If the effect which ought to be produced on his galvanometer by passing into the core a certain quantity of electricity, does not result, the electrician knows that there is a flaw, and that the insulation is imperfect —that is, that the electricity is escaping.

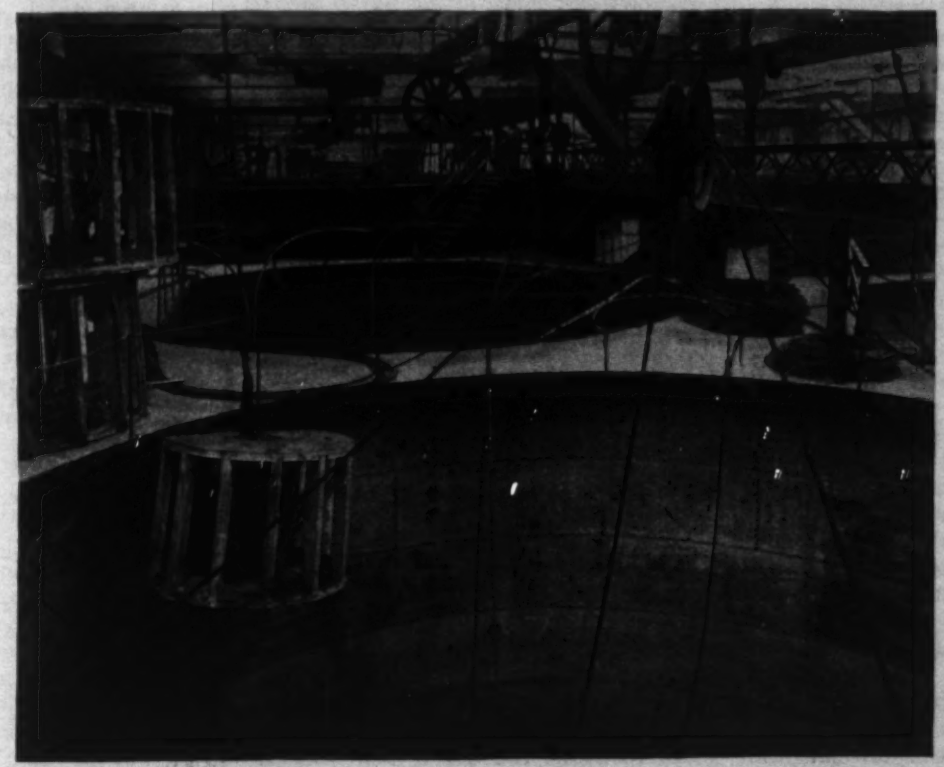
There is nothing that can be measured with more accuracy than electricity. The laws which govern its flow in a body are perfectly understood. The electrician knows how much he pours in. He can draw it out, measure it, treat it, in short, as if it were water in a pipe. A leak in an electric wire is dealt with almost as a leak in a water-pipe is, and can be located quite as exactly. When once located it is easily repaired.

Each section of core is, as said above, about one nautical mile in length. As the cable line in question was to cover 2,201 nautical miles, it would comprise 2,201 sections. The sections, as fast as they had passed the testing-room, were stored in tanks under water until the time came to joint them.

Jointing is one of the most difficult and delicate operations in cable-making. It must be so done that every one of the twelve copper wires in the conductor is perfectly joined and also perfectly insulated. The least imperfection at the joint may cause a future expense of tens of thousands of dollars, and untold inconvenience to business and loss of credit to the makers.

To see a joint made I climbed, on one of my visits to Woolwich, up into a swallow-nest of a cabin, fastened in some mysterious way to the side of a wall of the "core" tank-room. In the centre of the little room sat an imposing individual, whose characteristics seemed to be rotundity, profuse sweating, and absolute cleanliness. An assistant shared the narrow space with him; a few simple iron tools and several big gas-jets served as his equipment.

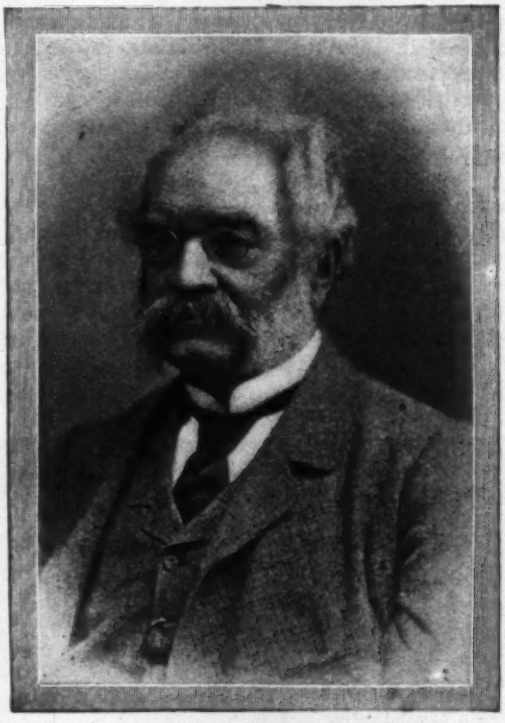
By the time I had succeeded in perching on the edge of this aerial workshop in such a way as not to fall into the gas-jet burning at my elbow, or into the cable-tank gaping below, two lithe, shiny, black cable-cores were passed up to the assistant. With them came a tag bearing the



THE CABLE TANKS IN THE SIEMENS FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

number of the joint to be made, for every joint in all this two thousand miles of cable is numbered and recorded, and its history, from the day it is made up here in the jointer's nest until it falls into the sea, can be traced. First the assistant cut off a few inches from the two ends; pared down the gutta-percha in such a way as to leave two or three inches of copper conductor uncovered; bevelled each end with a file, laid them together, soldered them, and then wrapped the joint tightly for the distance of half an inch with fine copper wire. This wrapping insures a connection in case the soldering should some time break.

The other man so far had done nothing. It was explained that in the work of jointing the copper he was not allowed to share lest it should "spoil his hands." His duty was to joint the gutta-percha, an operation in which much depends on delicacy of touch. When the copper joint was done, the core was passed on to him, and he proceeded to pare down the gutta-percha until he had perhaps a foot in all to work on; he then heated the gum on each side with a spirit-lamp, and with his fingers worked it down until the copper was all evenly covered. His next step was to build up the insulator. One after another, strips of gutta-percha, which had been heated at the end, were applied, wound around the core, and carefully worked and moulded the length of the wound. Should a bit of dust, an air-bubble, a speck of moisture, be left in the insulator, it would give trouble later. Hence this heating and kneading and caution against dirt. Experience has shown, too, that no machine will pack the gutta-percha at this critical point so perfectly as the human fingers. They alone can *feel* when the work is progressing properly and is finished satisfactorily; hence the care to keep them always sensitive, to prevent their becoming callous by rougher work.



DR. WERNER VON SIEMENS, ELECTRICAL INVENTOR AND HEAD OF THE CABLE FACTORY AT WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.

The joints of each day are tested at night by the electrician, first for their size with a gauge, and then for the insulation. This latter test is simple and interesting. One end of the length of core is applied to a battery, and the other insulated in the air. The joint is then laid in a dish of water, placed on an insulated table, and a copper wire is run from the water to a galvanometer. The current being turned on, any electricity escaping from the joint must pass into the water, be taken up by the copper wire, and marked by the galvanometer needle. If none escapes, or not more than the amount allowed—for no absolute insulation is possible—the joint is marked "passed."

The "core" is now finished. But as it now stands it is in no wise fitted to meet the shocks that await it at the bottom of the sea. It must be protected against the chafing of sands and rocks and the possible wrenches of anchors. This protection lies in a sheath of steel wires, separated from the soft gutta-percha of the core by a packing of jute. The jute is spun about the core exactly as the eleven copper wires of the conductor are spun about a central wire; and about all, finally, is spun the steel sheathing in the same fashion.

As one goes about among the spinning machines, he notices that the sections of steel sheathing vary much in thickness. Here is one woven of twenty-four wires, one of thirteen, and one of twelve. And the wires also vary; so that the section of fewest wires is the largest in diameter. Here is a section made, not of single wires at all, but of strands of three wires. In fact, one sees seven different varieties.

The occasion for such diversity is this: In the middle of the Atlantic a cable is dropped to a depth of two or three statute miles, and as it is payed out to such a depth it must have a great burden to sustain in its own weight. To make the weight as little as possible, consistent with needful quality and strength, becomes therefore important. The deeper a cable is laid the less its liability to disturbance, and the deep-water sections therefore may be made much lighter than the shallow-water sections. As the cable draws nearer the shore, where the dangers grow greater, a heavier and heavier sheathing is adopted, until, in what is known as the "shore end," comes the heaviest of all.

As the finished cable comes from the sheathing machine it is given three or four coatings of tar. From these tar baths it is run out of the strange weaving-room over pulleys into the tank-house, wherein it is stored under water until the time comes to take it to sea. It is an interesting operation. As the cable comes over the pulleys into the tank, the men at the bottom guide it evenly round and round in great coils from the rim to the cone which fills the centre. It is not so simple a matter, and every coil must be watched to keep it from kinking or from overlapping the last. While one man runs round and round, guiding the cable into place, others at equal intervals hold the coils in position. Of the lengths of cable thus stowed away, the ends are always left accessible; so that connections can be made with the testing apparatus, for the testing still continues at frequent intervals even on the finished cable.

As soon as a fair portion of a flake is laid, a curious operation begins—giving the cable its whitewash bath. This is done to keep the freshly tarred coils from sticking. At the end of each day's work the water is turned on, and the cable is left to soak in its element. Indeed, it is never left long enough without water to become dry.

When enough cable has been finished and stored in the tanks, it is conveyed aboard the cable-ship "Faraday," to be carried to sea and laid. The "Faraday" lies moored in the Thames, and the cable is paid rapidly into her hold from the top of the tank-house, passing, in its way, over scaffolding rigged up on a couple of barges to support it, and leaving on pulleys and ways, as it passes, great streaks and blotches of whitewash.

There are three iron tanks on the "Faraday" built into the frame of the ship, and holding altogether 1,700 miles of deep-sea cable. The two larger of these tanks are each forty-five feet in diameter and thirty feet deep. The cable is coiled into them just as it is in the tank-house ashore, but with much more bustle. The tanks are larger; the workmen are more numerous. There is always a circle of spectators hanging silently over the rim, half-hypnotized by the huge swaying, writhing cable, by the steady running of the men, by the crooning songs into which they break when all goes smoothly. It is hard to get away from the tanks, though it is a mistake to stay there too long. There are too many other things to see.

First of all, there is the testing-room, for now, as always, the end of each length of cable is within the reach of the electrician, and receives its daily test. The testing-room lies nearly amidships, forward of the engines, where it feels as little as possible the vibration of the twin screws and the pitch in heavy seas. It is supplied with all the appliances for electrical testing: batteries by the score fitted against the walls, condensers, testing-boxes, telegraphic apparatus for signalling to and from the shore when the cable is paying out, and, on a large table in the centre, the most essential of instruments, the marine galvanometer.

In laying a cable it is of the first importance to have the cable always under control. Control is secured first by passing the cable under and over a series of grooved iron wheels, running aft down the centre of the ship's deck. The hold thus obtained is considerable, but it is the greater if the cable comes slightly bent from the tank. From the series of wheels the cable runs over a pulley, and passes three times around a drum some eight feet in diameter. Connected with this drum is a brake which is used to restrain the cable from paying out too fast. A cable pays out too fast when it goes to the bottom slack instead of taut; and, in spite of the fact that the ship is always steaming ahead, and the further fact that the water in its resistance supplies something of a check, yet as the cable weighs some two and a half tons to the mile, its own weight would pull it over much too rapidly, were it not stopped by the brake.

Aft of the brake there is an instrument called a dynamometer, which shows exactly the strain to which a cable paying out is subjected. This strain is signalled to the man at the brake by an arm which rises

and falls, and he, knowing just what strain is allowed, manipulates his brake accordingly.

From the drum the cable runs to the stern-baulks—a projection carried out from the stern to keep the cable clear of the propeller—and drops into the sea.

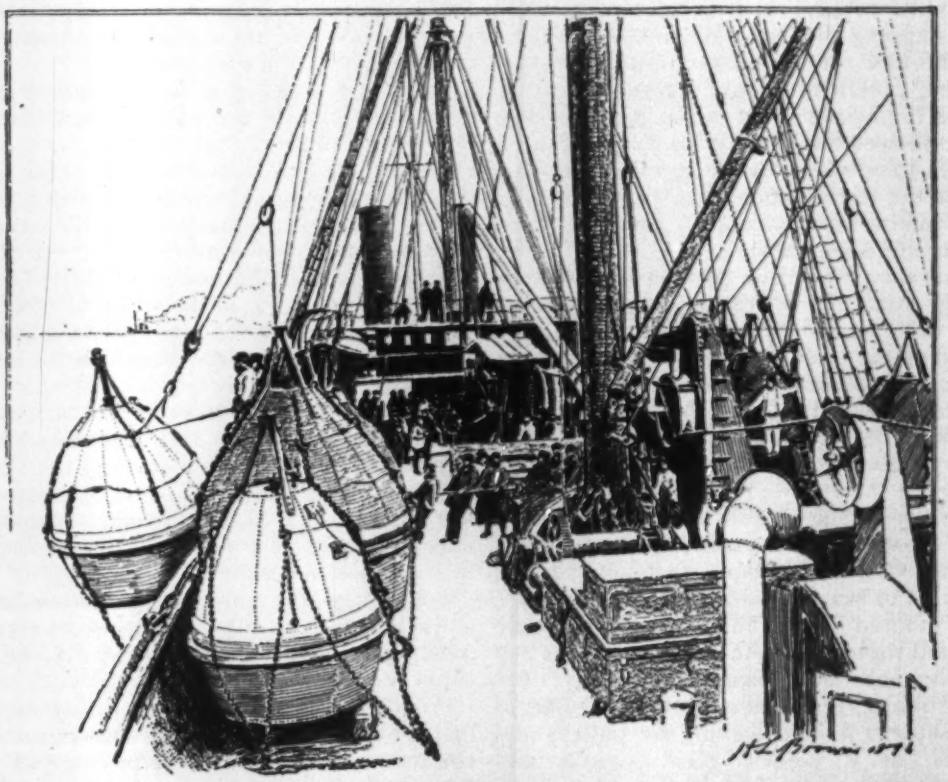
When the "Faraday" moors off the starting point, the end of the cable passed over the stern-baulks is carried ashore, run into a testing-house, and communication with the ship is at once established. As soon as the end is safe ashore, and it has been proved that there has been no disturbance of conductivity in landing, the paying out begins in earnest.

The scene on board a cable-ship is novel in the extreme during the regular work. The ship exists for the cable, and during the paying out it is the cable's staff which gives the orders for the manœuvres. The signals are placed at the bow and stern, in order that the orders to the engine-room can be given according to the demands of the picking-up and paying-out gear.

The cable crew is really threefold: that in the tank, presided over by a cable foreman, which sees that the cable goes out of the tank to the machinery all right; that at the stern, presided over by the cable engineer, which sees that the cable passes properly into the sea; and that in the testing-room, which is responsible for the electrical condition of the cable.

The captain is supposed merely to put the ship where the navigating officer wants her; that is, to follow the cable's path at the speed necessary for the work. This path, in the case of an Atlantic cable, is well known. The hills and valleys of the Atlantic bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland are as clearly marked on the chart as the hills and valleys on a map of England.

In spite of the whitewash, the coils sometimes stick together, and two or three come up together, fouling in the most baffling way. The eye of the cable foreman is always on his charge, however, and at the first indication of kink or foul he can signal to the engine-room to stop. It is in the testing-room that the watch is probably closest. The "spot-chaser," as the electrician is called in cable-ship *argot*, perched on a stool, keeps his eye fixed on the spot of light by which the motions of the magnetic needle are marked on the scale, and if for an instant it quivers and



VIEW OF THE DECK OF THE "FARADAY" LOOKING TOWARD THE STERN.

hesitates, or if, surest sign of all, it suddenly gasps and disappears, he knows that there is something wrong, and instantly signals to stop the paying out. Then a search begins for the fault or break. Sometimes this means the hauling in of long lengths of cable already paid out, though usually the flaw is in a part still in the ship or only just passed over. The chances of an accident to the cable after it is well clear of the ship are, of course, small.

Science and experience, however, have now reduced the chances of accident to the minimum. In the early days of cable-laying, when the whole business was more or less of an adventure, even so skilful a cable engineer as Fleeming Jenkin might well say "that life, when working with cables, was tame without difficulties." But the modern engineer encounters his most serious obstacles in the draughting-room, the testing-room, and the factory; and the laying is in the main a gratifying demonstration of complete accord between results and calculations, and so an occasion less of trial than of triumph.

When the "Faraday" has laid the shore end and some lengths of an Atlantic cable on the European side, she drops the end. There is no risk whatever in this. The end is properly insulated, to begin with; and then the cable is bent firmly around a mushroom anchor, which has been fastened to one end of a chain. The other end of the chain is attached to one of the huge iron buoys which decorate the "Faraday's" deck, and with a rattle and clamor from men and iron, the whole goes sliding into the sea. As the waves catch the great iron bladder and toss it merrily up and down, the crews give a hearty cheer and a gay "till we meet again." And away steams the "Faraday" for Nova Scotia.

The same operation which we have been tracing from the European shore is repeated from the shore end on the American side. When the "Faraday" has laid some seven hundred miles of cable and her tanks are empty, she steams back to Woolwich to take on a new store.

This time she takes aboard the deep-water cable—a different variety from the cable she has just laid. In a month she is again en route, bound for the end left buoyed on the European side some six weeks before. A landsman has difficulty in realizing that a sea-captain can find his way directly to a particular spot in an apparently shoreless sea. Latitude and longitude seem to him to lose their meaning when there are neither hills nor valleys to fix them to. But not so to the captain; he will turn his ship's head to the buoy without veering. And if the buoy is gone, which may happen from accident or malice? Well, the cable itself is below, out of the reach of storm and meddling; and the first thing to do is to pick it up.

To pick up a cable two miles or more under water does not seem simple. Indeed, so impossible did it seem thirty years ago that many people contended that laying deep-sea cables was nothing more than gambling, since the probability was that they would be lost in the operation and it would be impossible to recover them. And, indeed, there was trouble enough recovering lost cables in the earlier days. But thirty years' experience and study have overcome all difficulties, and it is now possible to pick up a cable even when lost as deep as three miles. The picking up is managed in the following way: Over the cutwater off the bow there runs a narrow projection, similar to the stern-baulks, and called the bow-sheave. On the bow is a large guide-wheel, and farther aft a big machine called the picking-up gear. It is similar to the paying-out gear at the other end of the deck, though heavier, having, like it, a drum, a brake, and an indicator.

Suppose that the end of the cable which the "Faraday" wants is lying a mile down. A manilla rope, strengthened with steel, something over a mile in length, is attached at one end to the drum of the picking-up gear. To the other end is fastened a grapnel. This instrument is simply a huge fishing-hook of six barbs, which vary from short and stubby to long and thin, as the bottom on which the grapnel is to be used is rocky or sandy. When all is ready the grapnel is thrown overboard, and the ship wheeled around at right angles to the course of the cable. By steaming slowly ahead, the ship drags the grapnel across the path of the cable. If nothing is hooked, the ship turns and recrosses. She thus plays back and forth over the path of the cable until something finally is hooked.

The moment that the grapnel catches there is a strain on the rope, which is at once shown on the indicator. If the grapnel continues to hold as the ship pulls continuously at it, the ship is stopped, the picking-up gear put in motion, and an attempt made to wind in the rope. If it is the cable which is hooked, the rope will continue to rise, and the strain on the dynamometer will increase as more and more

FLOATING THE CABLE ASHORE.

of the cable rises. When this happens the cable engineer is certain he has the end sought, for no other object could be hooked which would produce this result. If the grapnel is caught in a rock, which happens frequently, the rope will not pull in, and the barb caught will either be pulled loose or will be broken off. The essential points in picking up are that the ship be easy to direct—the "Faraday" will turn in her own length—that the rope and grapnel be strong enough to support immense strains, and the gearing so heavy that the tug of the cable and the jerks that must come upon it in winding in a great weight in an unstable element like the Atlantic, will not loosen the grip. The loose end recovered, the next step is to make a joint with the cable on board. With the core this is done exactly as we saw it done in the factory. In the jute packing and the steel-wire sheathing the joints are made at different points over a distance of several feet so as to distribute the weakness.

As soon as the joint is made the ship is of course again in communication with the shore. She now begins reeling out the deep-sea cable. The work is done in about ten days, and the ship has reached the loose end left from the first paying out on the American side. It is a short task to pick up the end, connect it with the end on board, and test the work. This done, the cable is done; Europe and America exchange congratulations, and the ship is free to go back to Woolwich.

The cable is finished, but it is not certain that the "Faraday" has seen the last of it. Cables have their adversities even on the bottom of the Atlantic. Icebergs passing over sometimes cut them in two. Volcanic eruptions sometimes injure them. A few years ago three Atlantic cables went down at the same time and in about the same spot. No other explanation has been found but volcanic disturbance. Near shore the risks multiply. One of the commonest is the anchors of fishing smacks, a whole fleet sometimes riding on a cable at once. The rocks and breakers near the coast are also dangerous.

An Atlantic cable has, fortunately, few animal enemies, though in the English Channel, the Irish Sea, and the North Sea the *teredo*, the special cable pest of the Mediterranean, does some mischief. This "miserable little mollusk," as the cable men call it, first made itself a reputation by eating up wooden ship hulks, until builders took to plating them with iron, and by burrowing into the dikes in Holland until the whole country was threatened with inundation. When the cable came, it took to it at once. It wriggles its way in between the steel wires of the most tightly wrapped core, and eats away jute and gutta-percha until there is nothing but a wire skeleton left. Happily, however as already indicated, our own particular cable has little to fear from the *teredo;* and the best wish we can give it, as it lies at the bottom of the Atlantic, is that it may never have a history, and that the time may be long before the "Faraday" sees it again.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF GREAT AMERICANS

EDITED BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN:

Born, Boston, Mass., January 17, 1706. Died, Philadelphia, Penn., April 17, 1790.

THE series of historical portraits begun in this number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE with the portraits of Franklin will include only authentic original portraits from life, of persons in American history whose lives and works have given them an established fame. The aim will be to present such portraits as shall give best an idea of the living man at different periods of his life; and photographs direct from the original pictures will alone be used for reproduction, with a few notable exceptions, in the case of eminently characteristic and typical portraits where the originals are lost. In such instances the most reliable contemporary engravings from the originals will be reproduced. In the case of busts use will be made solely of those modelled from life.

The periods of Franklin's portraits, like those of many other men, have gotten into supreme confusion by failure to keep in mind a record of his habitation. Franklin first walked the streets of Philadelphia, with his memorable roll, in October, 1723. The next year he went to England, where he was detained for nearly two years before he could accumulate sufficient money to carry him back to the land of his birth; arriving in the city of his adoption just three years after he had first entered it. Here he remained thirty-one years—until he was sent to England in 1757. He visited Edinburgh in 1759, Holland in 1761, and returned to Philadelphia November 1, 1762. Two years later he was sent back to England, and made his first visit to France in 1767 and his second in 1769. He remained in England, "watching affairs," until after the commencement of hostilities, returning to Philadelphia in May, 1775. It was at this period that he abandoned his cumbersome bag wig for his thin gray hair. Toward the close of 1776 he went to France, where he remained until the fall of 1785, when he made his final voyage across the ocean, in the company of Houdon, the statuary.

Portraits of Franklin are here repoduced by Matthew Pratt, circa 1756; Mason Chamberlin, between 1760 and 1762; David Martin, 1767; Patience Wright, between 1772 and 1775; Cochin, Nini, and Greuze in 1777; Duplessis in 1778 and 1783; Houdon and Filleul, in 1778; Carmontelle, circa 1780; Ceracchi, circa 1784; Renaud, circa 1785, and Charles Willson Peale, 1787. Thus two Philadelphia artists open and close the pictorial cycle of thirty-one years, furnishing the earliest and latest portraits.

These fifteen portraits, with the addition of that by Wilson, are the only satisfactorily authenticated ones that are known; and while this series will not assume to settle finally controverted questions, yet as the result of long and careful investigation with the sole object of ascertaining which are authentic and original, it is felt that the conclusions may be relied upon. It must be borne in mind that portraits painted of the same subject by different artists at nearly the same time must necessarily, if each is like the sitter, be somewhat like each other; but when we find closely similar portraits by well-known and unknown names, we are forced to the deduction that the unknown names are assumptions by mere copyists. Likewise pictures are frequently assigned to noted names when the work itself, either

technically or from impossibility of time and place, belies the assignment.

With Franklin these conditions fit exactly the case of Benjamin West. There is no authenticated portrait of the great philosopher known painted by the Pennsylvanian President of the Royal Academy. Yet Franklin and West were familiar friends and correspondents. That West did paint Franklin seems assured from the postscript to a letter from Thomas Pownall to Franklin, February 28, 1783: "I am this day made happy by having received and hung up an excellent portrait of you, my old friend, copied from that which West did for you." Edward Duffield, one of Franklin's executors, had a portrait that was "supposed to have been done by West," but clearly could not have been unless he copied it. It now belongs to one of Franklin's descendants, Dr. Thomas Hewson Bache, of Philadelphia, and from its rigidity and hardness would seem without doubt to be a not very faithful copy of the portrait painted by Benjamin Wilson, which is now known only through McArdell's mezzotinto, published in 1761, and not reproduced here, because so similar to the Pratt portrait of about the same era.

Wilson's picture is doubtless the one Franklin refers to in writing to his wife from London, June, 1758: "I fancy I see more likeness in her [their daughter's] picture than I did at first. Yours is at the painter's, who is to copy and do me of the same size." This match portrait of Franklin was carried off from his house, in Philadelphia, when the British occupied the city, and Major André, who lived in Franklin's house, has the odium of the pillage. Relative to this circumstance, Franklin writes from Philadelphia, October 23, 1788, to Madame Lavoisier, an accomplished amateur, the wife of the great chemist, and afterwards of the American, Count Rumford: "I have a long time been disabled from writing to my dear friend by a severe fit of the gout, or I should sooner have returned my thanks for her very kind present of the portrait which she has done me the honor to make of me. It is allowed by those who have seen it to have great merit as a picture in every respect; but what particularly endears it to me is the hand that drew it. Our English enemies, when they were in possession of this city and my house, made a prisoner of my portrait and carried it off with them, leaving that of its companion, my wife, by itself, a kind of widow. You have replaced the husband, and the lady seems to smile, as well pleased." If this portrait was from life, as it would appear to have been from the comment upon it in Franklin's letter, it was of course painted several years before the acknowledgment. However this may be, it, as well as the stolen one it replaced, is not known to be in existence.

The Louvre possesses a miniature of Franklin by Jaques Thouron or Thourond, which, if painted from life, as is claimed, embodies to such a degree the artist's idealization as to be valueless as a portrait.

One George Rutter, a sign and ornamental painter of more than ordinary ability in his line, painted a portrait of Franklin as a sign for Brook's tavern, near Douglassville, Pennsylvania, which would seem to have been from life, by the entry in John Penn's diary, April 7, 1788: "Left the tavern at half past seven o'clock, after admiring a strong likeness of Dr. Franklin, drawn by one Rutter, a limner I employ in Philadelphia." It is not unlikely it was from this sign a portrait owned by the Library Company of Philadelphia, founded by Franklin, was copied.

In conclusion, three not unfamiliar portraits require noting to be condemned.

It seems the height of absurdity to look upon the so-called "Sumner portrait of Franklin at twenty," belonging to Harvard University, as an authentic portrait. Where did Franklin, who was grubbing for funds to carry him home at the time this picture is supposed to have been painted, get the money for the "purple and fine linen" in which he is arrayed, let alone to pay the artist for his work? Aside from Franklin's circumstances being against its authenticity, his Autobiography is silent upon so important a subject as this portrait, and its history is purely mythical.

Another picture that has no better claim to be considered a likeness of Benjamin Franklin, hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and was painted by Stephen Elmer, an English still-life painter. There is nothing to show that it was given the name of Franklin until 1824, when a plate engraved by Ryder and published in 1782, as "The Politician," was relettered and issued with the name of Franklin.

The last picture to be mentioned in this expurgatorial list is of the first importance as a work of art. It was painted by Thomas Gainsborough, and is in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdowne; but it is clearly *not* Benjamin Franklin. It is, in my opinion, the portrait of Governor William Franklin.

THE EARLIEST AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

From the original picture in the possession of the writer. Canvas, 24 by 29 inches. Matthew Pratt was born in Philadelphia, September 23, 1734, and died there January 9, 1805. His father was an intimate friend of Franklin, which afforded the artist the opportunity to give us this portrait. It is the earliest authentic portrait of Franklin, and was painted before his second visit to England, and by an American who had received no training out of his native land. It remained in the possession of the artist and his descendants from the time it was painted until now, and is extremely well done, full of mobility and animation.

EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN, PAINTED BY MATTHEW PRATT, ABOUT 1756.

FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, BETWEEN 1760 AND 1762.

From the original portrait, in the possession of Mr. Victor Van der Weyer, London, England. Mason Chamberlin was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and died in London January 26, 1787. He painted Franklin for Colonel Philip Ludwell of Virginia, who went to England in 1760 and died there. Franklin ordered a replica painted for his son, Governor William Franklin, and Edward Fisher made a fine mezzotinto of it about 1763. Ten years later it was engraved in Paris, for an edition of Franklin's Philosophical Papers, concerning which he wrote to his wife September 1, 1773: "To the French edition they have prefixed a print of your old husband, which, though a copy of that by Chamberlain, has got so French a countenance that you would take him for one of that lively nation." The present owner inherited the picture from his grandfather, Joshua Bates of Boston, who presented a copy by G. D. Leslie to Harvard University.

FRANKLIN AS PAINTED BY CHAMBERLIN, ABOUT 1760.

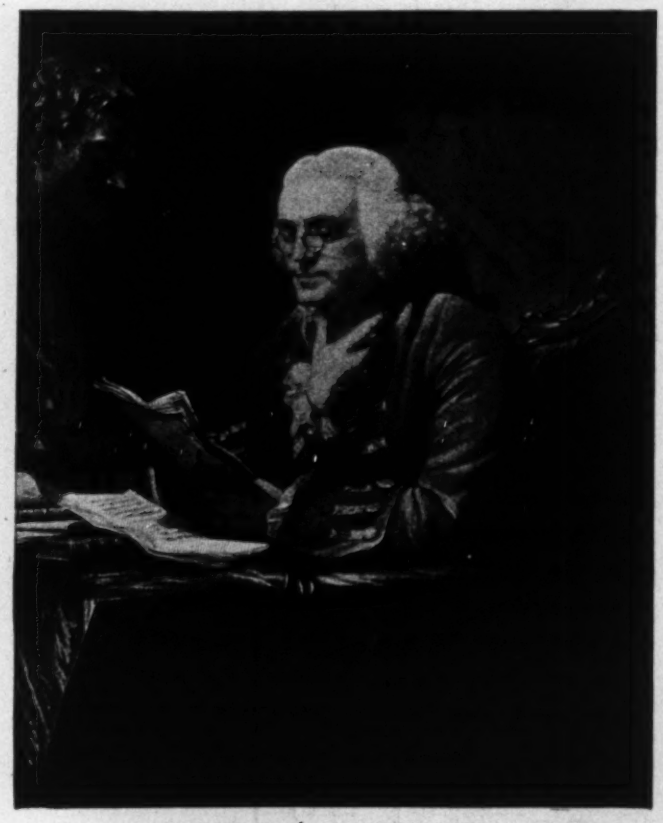
FRANKLIN ABOUT 1772. WAX MODEL BY PATIENCE WRIGHT; NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

FRANKLIN AS MODELLED BY PATIENCE WRIGHT BETWEEN 1772 AND 1775. NOW FIRST REPRODUCED.

After a copyright photograph by C. S. Bradford of West Chester, Pennsylvania, made expressly for McClure's Magazine from the original wax in his possession; now made public for the first time. Patience Lovell was born in Bordentown, New Jersey, of Quaker parentage, in 1725, and died in London March 23, 1786. When twenty-three she married Joseph Wright, who left her a widow with three children in 1769. She early showed her aptitude for modelling, using dough, putty, or any material that came in her way, and being left by her husband unprovided for, she made herself known by her small portraits in wax. In 1772 she sought a wider field for her abilities by removing to London, where for many years she was the rage, not only for her plastic work, but for her extraordinary conversational powers, which drew to her all the political and social leaders of the day. By this means she was kept fully advised as to the momentous events transpiring relative to the colonies, and being on terms of familiar intercourse with Doctor Franklin, she communicated her information regularly to him, as shown by her numerous letters in his manuscript correspondence. She visited Franklin in France in 1781, and writes him from London, July 30, 1782: "I am very happy to hear by Mr. Whitefoord and others that my son is painting your portrait." The identity of this portrait, if not the portrait itself, is lost. Mrs. Wright had a piercing eye, which seems to have penetrated to the very soul of her sitters and enabled her to read their inner selves and fix their characters in their features. Thus the wax profile here first published is the strongest characterization of Franklin to be found in any of his early portraits, and its discovery and reproduction mark an important epoch. This truly great "find" was given by Franklin to Mary Hewson, the daughter of Mrs. Stevenson of Craven Street, where Franklin made his home in London. From Mrs. Hewson it descended to her great-grandson, the present owner.

FRANKLIN IN 1767. PAINTED BY MARTIN.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mr. Henry Williams Biddle, Philadelphia. Canvas, 50 by 60 inches. David Martin was born at Anstruther, Fife, in 1736, and died in Edinburgh in 1798. He was a pupil of Allan Ramsay, went with him to Rome, and on his return settled in London and became a member of the Incorporated Society of Artists. He was a mezzotinto engraver as well as portrait painter, but never attained very high rank in either branch of art. This picture, familiarly known as the "Thumb portrait," was painted to the order of Robert Alexander of Edinburgh, to commemorate Franklin's service to him by the advice given after the perusal of certain papers. A niece of Alexander having married Franklin's grand-nephew, Jonathan Williams, the portrait was given to them, "to descend to the eldest male heir in perpetuity as the joint representative of both parties." Franklin has himself given the guinea stamp to the picture as a correct likeness. He had Martin paint him a replica, which he retained during his life, and by his will bequeathed to the State of Pennsylvania. It is now in the possession of Mr. Thomas McKean of Philadelphia. Edward Savage made a large mezzotinto plate of this portrait, and not Martin himself, as has frequently been stated.



FRANKLIN IN 1767. PAINTED BY MARTIN.

FRANKLIN ABOUT 1785. MEDALLION BY RENAUD.

From the terra cotta in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Size, 5 by 5 inches. Jean Martin Renaud was born in Sarreguemines, Bas Rhin, and was living in 1817. He was a modeller in wax and clay, a sculptor in marble, and an engraver of medals. He exhibited at the Salon de la Correspondance, in 1787, and subsequently at the Salons and elsewhere. This medallion was unknown until recently found in Paris and is of considerable interest; not the least being its superlative inscription. It was quite the fashion in Paris to affix simply the word VIR to portraits of Franklin, in honor of his elevated genius. But Renaud had to emphasize his admiration by a contraction of VIR SPECTABILIS. From the contour of the features, the date of Renaud's first public exhibition, and the fact that in May, 1785, Franklin sent his medallion to his friend George Whatley, in London, I assign this terra cotta to the last year of Franklin's sojourn in France.

FRANKLIN IN 1777. MEDALLION BY NINI.

From the terra cotta in the cabinet of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia. Size, 4¼ by 4¼ inches. Jean Baptist Nini was an Italian modeller who was engaged at Chaumont, on the Loire, to manufacture fictile products from the native clay. He made medallions of many prominent persons, including Franklin with the famous fur cap, to which Franklin refers in writing to his daughter, June, 1779: "The clay medallion of me you say you gave to Mr. Hopkinson was the first of the kind made in France. A variety of others of different sizes have been made since, some to be set in the lids of snuff boxes, and some so small as to be worn in rings, and the number sold are incredible. These, with the pictures, busts, and prints, of which copies upon copies are spread everywhere, have made your father's face as well known as that of the moon." Nini is said to have modelled another medallion of Franklin, without the cap, in 1779.

FRANKLIN IN 1778. MODELLED BY HOUDON.

From the plaster cast in the Boston Athenæum. Jean Antoine Houdon was born at Versailles, March 20, 1741, and died at Paris, in the Palace of the Institute, July 16, 1828. The creator of the great statue of Voltaire, in the Odeon, Paris, needs no comment. His bust of Franklin was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and again in 1791, which would leave the inference that he had made two different busts of Franklin, and would tend to sustain the tradition that he modelled one in Philadelphia, in 1785. As great a sculptor as Houdon was, his bust of Franklin lacks the fine character of the one by Ceracchi. The cast reproduced was presented by Houdon to Thomas Jefferson.

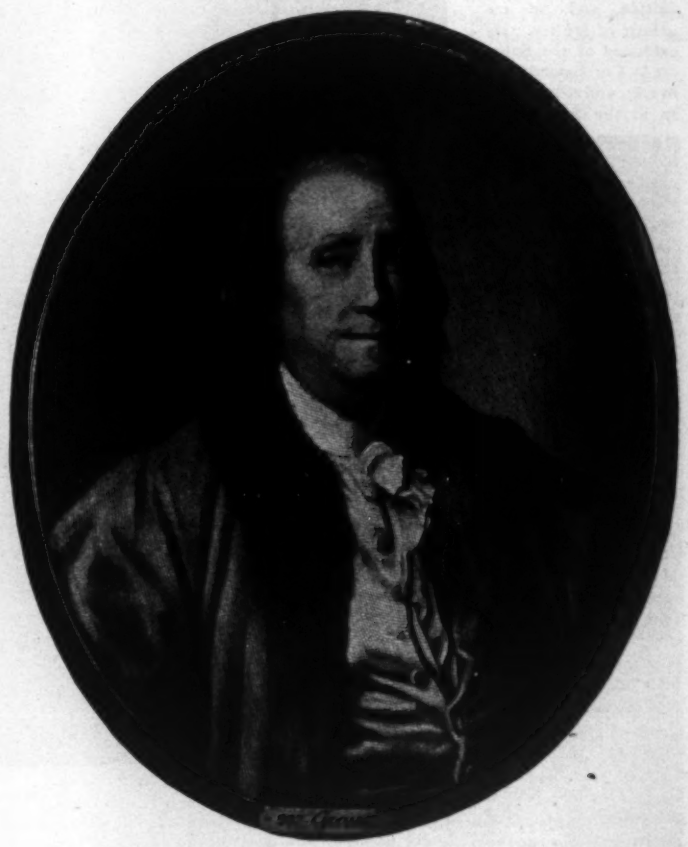
FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

FRANKLIN IN 1777. DRAWN BY COCHIN.

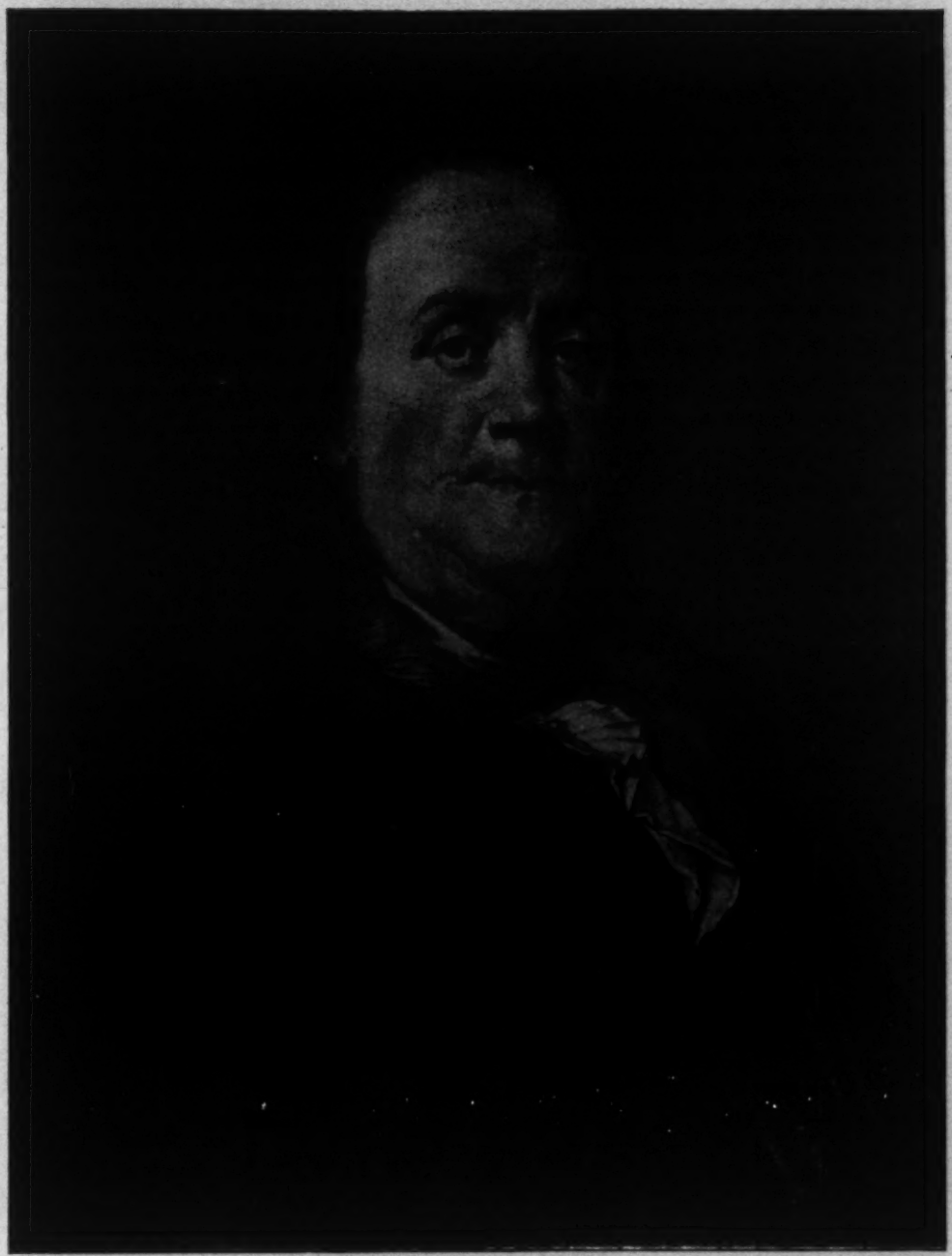
From a contemporary engraving by Augustin de Saint Aubin, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Charles Nicholas Cochin, the younger, was born in Paris, February 22, 1715, and died there, in the Louvre, April 29, 1790. Eminent as a designer, he was admitted a member of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1751, and the following year became Keeper of the King's Cabinet of Drawings and was ennobled. His original drawing of the celebrated "fur-cap portrait" of Franklin has not survived; but the print reproduced was engraved for and published by him, which is a guaranty of its correctness. It is dated 1777, and on January 12th, a few weeks after Franklin's arrival in Paris, he writes to Mrs. Hewson: "Figure to yourself an old man with gray hair, appearing under a martin fur cap, among the powdered heads of Paris. It is this odd figure that salutes you with handfuls of blessings on you and your little ones." Three days later the French police enter this description on their record: "Dr. Franklin lately arrived in this country. This Quaker wears the full costume of his sect. He has an agreeable physiognomy, spectacles always on his eyes, but little hair; a fur cap is always on his head. He wears no powder; tidy in his dress; very white linen. His only defence is a walking-stick."

FRANKLIN IN 1777. PASTEL BY GREUZE.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Thomas Lindall Winthrop, Boston, Massachusetts. Size, 12 by 25 inches. John Baptiste Greuze was born at Tournus in Burgundy, August 21, 1725, and died in Paris, at the Louvre, March 21, 1805. His career and justly high position as a painter are so well known that repetition would be idle. This picture belonged to Prince Demidoff, and was purchased by the present owner at the famous San Donato sale in March, 1870. It is the only portrait of Franklin attributed to Greuze that shows the unmistakable qualities of his art. Its early history is gleaned from "Mémoires secrets pour servir à l'histoire de la République de lettres en France." Under date of June 30, 1777, we find: "M. Greuze, an excellent painter of character heads, has secured that of Franklin, of which the rough draft has been shown. It exhibits much resemblance as well as character." July 25th, it is stated that "M. Greuze has finished a portrait of Franklin, which is to be engraved;" and September 30th we read, "M. Greuze, who has not for a long time shown anything at the Salon, has opened an exhibition at home to which the public are admitted. The portrait of Franklin is especially noticeable. It would be difficult to find a head with a more characteristic expression. We there see kindliness happily allied to high spirit; an equal love of humanity and hatred of tyranny."

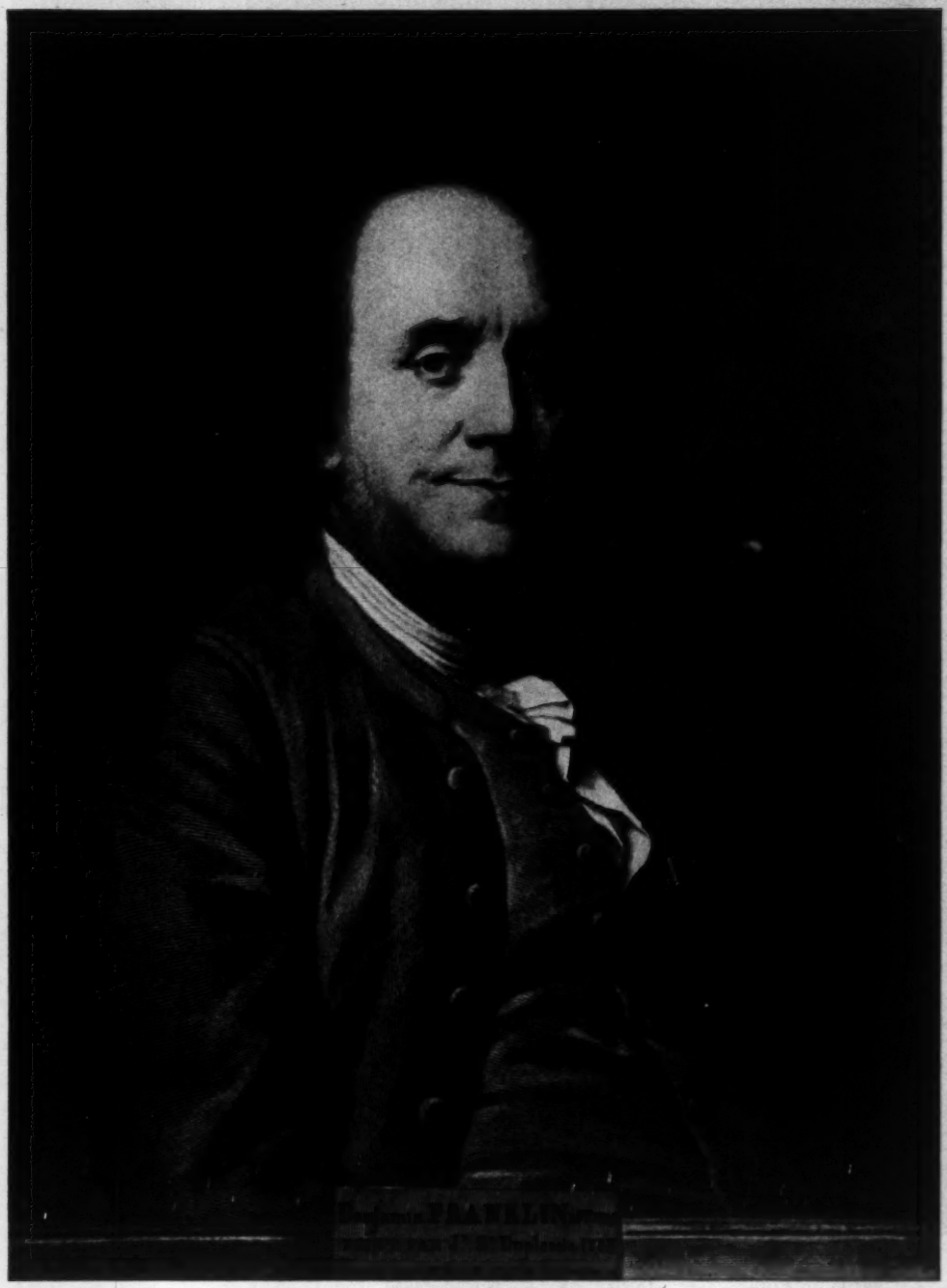


FRANKLIN IN 1777. PASTEL BY GREUZE.



FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY DUPLESSIS.

From the picture in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, owned by Dr. Clifford F. Snyder, Berlin, Germany. Canvas, 24 by 28 inches. Joseph Siffrein, Sifrede, or Silfrede Duplessis was born in Carpentras, Vaucluse, September 22, 1725, and died at Versailles, where he was conservator of the Museum, April 1, 1802. He attained a high rank as a portrait painter and was received into the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1774. His original portrait of Franklin was painted in 1778, for M. Donatien le Ray de Chaumont, whose "petite Maison," at Passy, Franklin occupied during his residence in France. It was exhibited in the Salon of 1779, and was sold in 1791 upon the bankruptcy of M. de Chaumont. It is one of the most familiar types of Franklin's portraits, from having been frequently engraved, and is known as the "fur-collar portrait." The picture reproduced has all the intrinsic evidence of originality. Replicas are in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, and the Green Tree Insurance Company of Philadelphia. Many copies of this portrait attributed to Duplessis are by other hands. A miniature belonging to a descendant of Franklin, if original, shows no characteristics distinct from this portrait.

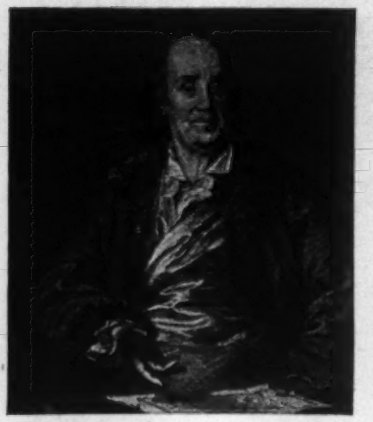


FRANKLIN IN 1783. PASTEL BY DUPLESSIS.

In the Lenox Library, New York; owned by the Hon. John Bigelow. Size, 23 by 28 inches. This exceedingly fine and interesting portrait of Franklin was generally unknown until its acquisition by Mr. Bigelow in 1867, when American Minister to France. It was presented by Franklin to his friend and neighbor at Passy, M. Louis de Veillard, to whom he also presented the manuscript of his notable Autobiography. No replica of this picture is known, although it seems to have served a legion of copyists whose pictures have come down as the works of Duplessis, Greuze, West, and others.

FRANKLIN IN 1784. MODELLED BY CERACCHI.

From the original marble in the gallery of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Photographed by Charles Truscott. Giuseppe Ceracchi was born in Rome, July 4, 1751, and died in Paris by the guillotine, January 31, 1801. From Vienna Dr. Ingenhouse writes to Franklin in Paris, April 29, 1783: "A few days since the greatest favorite of the Emperor, Count Laly, maréchal of our armies, requested a favor of me, viz.: to ask you whether you should think it would answer the purpose of the famous statuary, Mr. Ceraqui of Rome, who has worked in London and has now finished an excellent bust of the Emperor, of Maréchal Laly, and others, should go over to America in expectation of being employed in making a public monument commemorative of the revolution." Franklin threw cold water on the project, which failed, however, to dampen Ceracchi's ardor. He went to Paris the next year, made two busts of Franklin, one of which was sent to William Carmichael at Madrid, and then entered a protest against the employment of Houdon to make the statue of Washington, when his application had been refused. With the fire of republicanism burning in his breast, he came to America in 1791, but returned to Europe the following year. He was subsequently detected in a conspiracy to assassinate Napoleon, and went to the guillotine on a Roman triumphal car of his own design. Ceracchi's bust of Franklin is truly the head of a philosopher.



FRANKLIN IN 1778. PAINTED BY MADAME FILLEUL.

From a contemporary engraving by Louis Jacques Cathelin, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Madame Filleul's name is to be found in print only on the plate reproduced, which was exhibited at the Salon in 1779. For a long time it was suspected to be a *nom de guise*, until among the Franklin manuscripts, in the American Philosophical Society, two brief conventional notes were found from her, but without date, and not referring to the picture. It is known as "the open shirt portrait." It is a distinct type of Franklin's physiognomy, and has frequently been engraved. Search in France, as well as in this country, has failed to discover the original, which may have fallen a victim to the ravages of the French revolution.

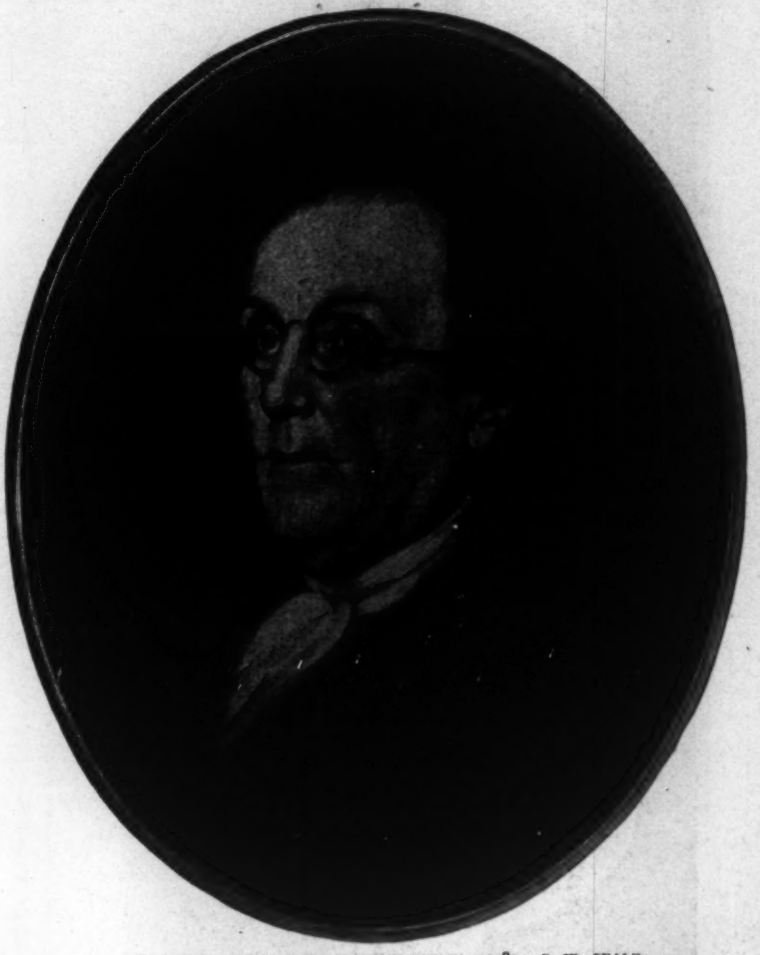
FRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY CARMONTELLE.

From a contemporary engraving by François Denis Née, in the collection of Mr. C. S. Bement, Philadelphia. Louis Carrogis, called Carmontelle, was born in Paris, August 25, 1717, and died there December 26, 1806. He was artist and author, his "Proverbes Dramatiques" having gone through several editions. He drew a considerable number of portraits of eminent persons of his day, which were mostly in profile and highly characteristic. Like that of Cochin, the drawing of Franklin by Carmontelle has not come down to us; but the engraved portrait is full of charming qualities, and its simple dignity could not well be surpassed in the original. The print reproduced is the only one that has come under our notice with the engraver's name.

FRANKLIN ABOUT 1780. DRAWN BY CARMONTELLE.

THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

From the original portrait in the possession of Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Philadelphia. Canvas, 19 by 23 inches. Charles Willson Peale was born in Chestertown, Maryland, April 16, 1741, and died in Philadelphia February 22, 1827. He began life as a saddler, pursued portrait painting without regular instruction until 1768, when he went to England and resided for two years in the household of Benjamin West. He painted most of the celebrated characters of the Revolutionary epoch, and has given us the latest portrait of Franklin from life. It was done during the sittings of the convention to frame the constitution of the United States. This portrait seems to express the individuality of the man as shown in his life more satisfactorily than any other of Franklin's portraits. Peale engraved it, contemporaneously, extremely well in mezzotinto. Some copies of the engraving reached France, where it was transformed into a thoroughly Frenchified physiognomy, and as such has become known as "the Vanloo portrait."



THE LATEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF FRANKLIN. 1787. C. W. PEALE.

THE MAKERS OF THE UNION

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

By W. P. Trent.

THERE are, I conceive, two chief reasons why the name of Franklin is so constantly on our lips and his memory so impressed upon our hearts—why, in other words, he really lives for us instead of being a mere fossil in the strata of history. One is that as an embodiment of practical learning, shrewd mother wit, honesty, and patriotism he is a typical and in many respects unapproachable product of true Americanism. The other is that he is the most complete representative of his century that any nation can point to. With regard to the typical character of his Americanism few cavils will be raised, but with regard to the claim that he best represents the eighteenth century there will probably be not a little dissension. Washington, Dr. Johnson, Frederick the Great, and Voltaire might each and all be put in competition with the sage who snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants, and would have many supporters. But in none of these does the age of prose and reason seem to find such adequate and complete expression as in Franklin. Washington is beyond his own or any century; Dr. Johnson does not sufficiently represent the age on its rational side; Frederick is too extreme a combination of daring and sublime seriousness of purpose and petty affectation; while Voltaire is at once too intense and not radical enough, and is, after all, too entirely a man of letters. Franklin, on the other hand, thoroughly represents his age in its practicality, in its devotion to science, in its intellectual curiosity, in its humanitarianism, in its lack of spirituality, in its calm self-content—in short, in its exaltation of prose and reason over poetry and faith. To convince ourselves, however, of the truth of this proposition, we must briefly review the main events of his well-known but always interesting career.

Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. His family had been an humble one in England, a fact of which its most famous representative was always too great to be ashamed. His father, Josiah, after being blessed with one wife and seven children, took another wife in the person of a daughter of Peter Folger, one of New England's preposterous poets, and had by her ten other children, of whom the youngest son was appropriately christened Benjamin. What this late comer inherited from his progenitors is hard to determine, but perhaps the almost complete absence of poetical elements in his composition may be traced to the visitation upon his head of the metrical sins of his maternal grandfather. Be this as it may, he naturally got little schooling from a tallow-chandler who had sixteen other children to provide for; so that the rather ludicrous project of educating him for the ministry had to be dropped, and he was set to making candles. On his threatening to run away from this drudgery he was apprenticed to his brother James as a printer, no one foreseeing that the handy youth who spent much of his time over Defoe and Bunyan and Locke was destined to become the most illustrious representative of his craft since Caxton. But he not only read authors as far apart as Bunyan and Shaftesbury; he wrote Addisonian essays and contributed them anonymously to his brother's newspaper. That periodical getting into political troubles, and an elder brother being always a difficult master to serve, the young author, already suspected of being a deistical philosopher,

sold his books and ran away. He first tried his fortunes in New York, but failing there, made his way to Philadelphia, where he arrived one Sunday morning in October, 1723, in a manner which is inimitably described in his "Autobiography." Whittington and his cat entering London are no more picturesque or poetical than Franklin with his three rolls, one under either arm and the third in his mouth, walking up Market Street, and passing before the eyes of the young girl destined to become his wife.

For the next thirty-four years, with the exception of a brief interval, Franklin's life is practically the history of Philadelphia, in fact of Pennsylvania itself. Other great men have loved and represented a city, but none so completely, it would seem, as Franklin loved and represented the sober little town which, even as a huge city, he still appears to preside over, a tutelary and beneficent genius. He speedily obtained employment as a printer, and won the favor of Sir William Keith, the governor, who encouraged him to go over to London, that he might buy the equipment necessary for an office. Even the shrewd Franklin could be sometimes taken in, for Keith's promised letter of credit never came to hand, and the would-be proprietor of a shop was glad to get employment as a journeyman. His first idea was to save money, in the hope of a speedy return both to America and to Miss Deborah Read, who had overcome her recollection of his ludicrous appearance with his three rolls of bread and had promised to be his wife. But the youth who was two years later to compose a series of prayers which almost tempt one to believe that a spark of spirituality did lurk somewhere in his composition, was as yet far from having attained a moral equilibrium, and he was false both to his betrothed and to his better self. That he gained a knowledge of life and that he did not play the hypocrite about his shortcomings are the only two things to be set down to Franklin's credit at a juncture in his life that meant everything to him; for that he did not drink and that he did not fall lower could only be used fairly as palliatives to the conduct of a man less admirably endowed by nature. He pulled himself together, however, seized an opportunity to return to America, made what amends he could by marrying Miss Read, who had herself made a bad match and was in an equivocal position, and started bravely and unremittingly upon his life's work.

Of the early portion of his career, during which he was accumulating a modest fortune and developing his character, only a few leading facts that will serve as landmarks need be given. In 1729, three years after his return from England, he became editor and proprietor of the "Pennsylvania Gazette," a position which gave him an impetus as a writer. Three years later he showed his commercial shrewdness and widened his influence by publishing the first almanac in which the immortal Richard Saunders made his bow to an extravagant world and began to preach the blessedness of thrift and contentment. The creator of Poor Richard and Father Abraham was already a great man of letters, though neither he nor the thousands of humble people who took his frugal maxims to heart had much or any suspicion of the fact. For pointed application of homely wisdom, whether his own or others' makes little difference, Franklin has had no superior; but it was an evil day for him when he undertook to revise the Lord's Prayer. This last unspeakable performance was, however, at bottom, only an unfortunate illustration of that humanitarianism which was to be his most salient characteristic. The Lord's Prayer must be modified, he contended, to suit the needs of latter-day men and women. Just so a library must be established for the good people of Philadelphia, a debating society or "junto" must be organized for the choicer spirits, a fire company must be started, an academy in which English branches should be stressed must be founded, schemes of defence must be carried through in spite of the Quakers, the streets must be paved and cleaned and lighted—in short, every citizen must be made happy and even moral; for the inventor of a new street lamp was also the conceiver of "the bold and arduous project of arriving at *moral perfection*" and the projector of a "society for extending the influence of virtue." Verily here was an eighteenth-century Carlyle preaching a gospel of work and a philosophy of humanitarianism which the nineteenth century Titan might easily have reviled in a dyspeptic mood, but which thousands, nay millions, of Americans have taken to heart. It is not the highest gospel or the most attractive philosophy, but the pages of the "Autobiography" that set it forth are nothing short of fascinating; and the utilitarian sage and preacher himself is, if not fascinating, at least inimitable.

But the successful business man who devoted his leisure to the improvement of himself and his fellow-citizens was not likely to be suffered long to remain in a

private sphere. In 1736 he became clerk of the Provincial Assembly, the next year postmaster of Philadelphia, and sixteen years later Deputy Postmaster-General for the Colonies. In the still higher sphere of scientific discovery his fame was also growing. He invented the open stove that bears his name, in 1742; and ten years afterward, by his famous experiments with the kite, showed the electrical origin of lightning. The letters to Peter Collinson and other correspondents, in which his discoveries were announced with the modesty of the true savant, brought him European celebrity, and, in 1753, the Copley medal. A year later he stood forth as the foremost native American statesman, since he was sagacious enough to seize the Albany Congress on Indian Affairs as a fit occasion for presenting the first consistent scheme yet devised for a federal union of the colonies. That this scheme was rejected by the governments it would have most served, and that it would hardly have answered long, cannot take away from Franklin the merit of having begun that mighty work of consolidation which was completed only by the success of Grant at Appomattox.

But the maker of constitutions could also engage in wrangles with the royal governors over that perennial subject of colonial disputes—taxation; and he could even be pressed into military service, where he shone, it must be confessed, chiefly in the quartermaster's department. It is not often that a man like Braddock can command the services of two such men as Franklin and Washington, and it was an augury of what they would accomplish in conjunction when it appeared clear to all men that the only things to be proud of in connection with the expedition to the Ohio were the sagacity of Franklin and the prowess of Washington. But the time was not come for this auspicious conjunction; so Washington returned to Virginia, while Franklin was sent to England in 1757 to plead the cause of Pennsylvania against the proprietors, who naturally objected to the taxation of their own estates. This second visit to England lasted five years, and was productive both of honor to Franklin and good to America. It was the first time that the Old World had been brought face to face with an American whom it was bound to admire and to treat with all the respect due to a wise benefactor of mankind. Franklin's character and achievements gave a dignity to every colony in the eyes of the mother country and of the world —a dignity which England, at least, speedily undertook to insult. The philosophic statesman himself had his patriotism made firmer and more consistent by the treatment accorded his native land, and his character was ennobled by his resistance of all attempts to make him swerve in his duty to his fellow-citizens by offers of place and by the subtle flatteries of social homage. Franklin was as honest and proud as he was shrewd and imperturbable. He accepted with composure the honors paid him as a sage, the degrees of Oxford and Edinburgh, the appointments on scientific commissions, the memberships in various learned societies, the collection and translation of his works; he formed fast friendships with cultivated and representative men like Lord Kames, Sir John Pringle, Dr. Priestley, Burke, and Bishop Shipley; but he never forgot that he was plain Ben Franklin of Philadelphia, whose primary purpose for being in England was to watch over the interests of the Province of Pennsylvania.

These interests seemed protected by his defeat of the proprietors; so he returned home in 1762, apparently to renew a life of domesticity which he had dutifully yet not too keenly regretted. But he was not allowed to remain quiet long, for in 1764, on Grenville's notice of the Stamp Act, he was sent back again, this time for a period of ten years, which he and his wife, who could not be tempted to cross the ocean, managed to pass apart without any appreciable diminution of affection or great access of passion. Franklin could not prevent the passage of the Stamp Act, and when it was an accomplished fact, he counselled submission, his prudence getting somewhat the better of his prescience. But the indignation of the colonies soon awoke nobler impulses in him, and in his testimony before the House of Commons he represented his countrymen in a way that left nothing to be desired. Luther before the Diet of Worms is a subject for pen or brush but little more engaging than this self-contained philosopher before the Commons of Great Britain. The Stamp Act was repealed, but the headstrong determination to humble America remained; so that Franklin's post was one of increasing difficulty and danger. Other colonies made him their agent—Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Georgia—and his services to the first-named led him into the most trying and probably least creditable experience of his public career, the affair of the "Hutchinson Letters."

The details of this celebrated imbroglio are sufficiently familiar. High officials in Massachusetts had in private letters to the

secretary of George Grenville discussed in bitter terms the liberal movement in the colony, and had recommended coercive measures on the part of the home government. These letters, in some unexplained way, fell into Franklin's hands; and he felt in duty bound to send them to Boston for inspection by the popular leaders. As might have been expected, they caused a great furore both in Massachusetts and in England, and in the latter country a dispute between two gentlemen as to how they had been obtained led to a nearly fatal duel. Franklin now intervened, stated that he had forwarded the letters, but refused to say how he came by them, and faced the storm of popular disfavor as calmly as only a philosopher could. He was examined before the Privy Council, insulted in a scurrilous and shameless manner by the Solicitor-General, Wedderburn, and the Councillors themselves, dismissed from his postmastership, and deprived of much of the public respect that had been previously shown him, but not of the self-respect that marked his behavior throughout the entire affair. His conduct has since been defended and reprobated, and must always, in one particular, be hard to characterize. Our final verdict must plainly depend on a knowledge of how he got the letters; but this is just what he never would reveal. We are therefore left to infer from Franklin's character whether he would have taken them in an improper way. He himself certainly believed that he had done nothing wrong, but it remains to be determined whether he was an absolutely fair judge of what a gentleman should have done under the circumstances. From a purely political point of view he stands abundantly justified; nine-tenths of the English and American statesmen of the time would have taken the letters gladly and asked no inconvenient questions as to how they were obtained; but would Burke or Washington have done so? The answer cannot be doubtful. Neither Burke nor Washington would have touched the papers without being first convinced that the person offering them came by them honestly, and being provided with proper safeguards for his own personal honor.

In 1774 the "Boston tea-party" found Franklin still desirous of avoiding a war, but a year later he gave up his struggles and even his desire for peace, and started home, where, in the meanwhile, his wife Deborah had died. He was, indeed, a much-enduring, far-travelled, and prudent Ulysses, under the especial protection of Athene; and if he found no faithful Penelope awaiting him, he at least found faithful constituents, who had elected him a member of the approaching Continental Congress. He entered upon his duties with alacrity, in spite of his age; supported the war vigorously both at home and in his letters to friends abroad; and the next year was one of the committee appointed to frame the Declaration of Independence. He signed this great document with a witticism on his lips; but in all the list of signatures there is no more patriotic name than his, and only one greater.

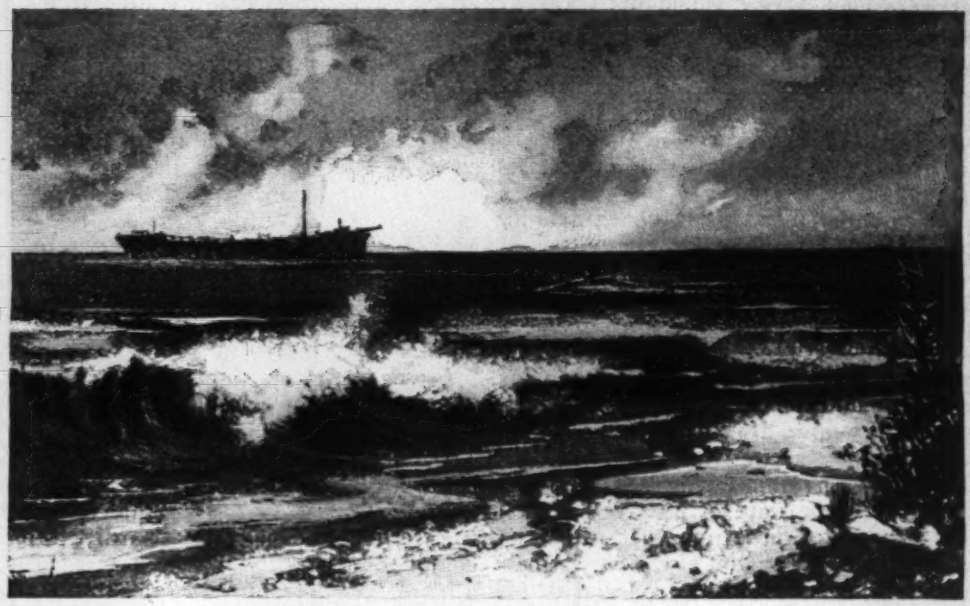
Legislative work, however, could be well done by others, and Franklin was just the man to inaugurate our diplomatic service. He was accordingly sent to France in the autumn of 1776, and remained there until 1785. His achievements for his country are too familiar to be dwelt upon. Venerated by every man and woman in France, he was able to secure arms and loans, to effect a treaty of alliance, and to keep French interest in America from flagging during the prosecution of the war. How he managed to wring as much money as he did out of an exhausted treasury will always be matter for astonishment and gratitude; but he did not ask more than he showed himself willing to perform, for he loaned his country all the money he could raise—nearly £4,000. Nor was he any less mindful of the interests of humanity than of those of America, for he granted a passport to Captain Cook, and he inserted an article against privateering in the treaty with Prussia. Toward the last of his stay he was more or less disabled by the gout and other infirmities, and was somewhat complained of for tardiness in matters of business; but his own government did him far more injustice with regard to his accounts than he ever did anyone in his whole long career. This career seemed gloriously ended when in 1783 he signed the Treaty of Paris along with Jay and Adams, but he had more yet to do. He had even to stay in France a little longer, and he had the delicate task of explaining how the treaty came to be signed without due consultation with Vergennes. This he succeeded in doing, though English historians are still wondering how the three clever Yankees managed to make their infant country come out of such a complex diplomatic situation with all the honors and most of the profits.

When Franklin quitted France he was treated to an almost royal progress, and, what was better, he left behind him friends any man might be proud of and a reputation that is still undiminished. He found in America, however, a gratitude and love

that were even better calculated to cheer his declining years, and his fellow-citizens understood him too well to let him remain in idleness. He was elected President of Pennsylvania a month after his return, and was reëlected for two successive terms. In 1787 he sat in the Constitutional Convention, and though he left most of the hard work to the younger men, his presence and influence made strongly for the cause of union. His last service, as befitted a true philanthropist, was exerted in the cause of human liberty. On February 12, 1790, a petition signed by him was presented to Congress, praying for the abolition of the slave trade and the emancipation of slaves. Two months later, after an illness of some years' standing, during which he bore his sufferings with philosophic fortitude, he passed away, the date of his death (April 17th) being not quite one year after the inauguration as President of the only American citizen who could be considered his superior.

And now what in conclusion can we say of this great man, save to repeat that he is the most typical American of us all, and the most complete representative of his time? As we gaze into his kindly face, or try to visualize him, with his stout, middle-sized figure; his trim, sober clothes; his fresh complexion; as we recall the anecdotes about him, some of them not too savory, that show him to have been a man of like passions with ourselves; as we tell over his innumerable deeds of kindness and philanthropy; as we read his easy, familiar letters, and the witty trifles that flowed constantly from his pen; as we follow day by day his life spread out before us, with no hint of concealment, we are brought to believe that we know this man as a friend, and have that sort of property in him that Americans have time out of mind claimed to possess in their President. We treat Franklin very much as thousands of Americans are preparing to treat President McKinley—we grip his hand and then proceed to explore his premises. There can be no better proof of the fact that we regard him as a typical American. We are proud of him, but with a different pride from that which we have in Washington, who is so far above us. We trust his democracy in the concrete more than we do that of Jefferson, who was as much an idealist as Franklin was the reverse. We couple him with Lincoln, and like to repeat homely anecdotes about them both. We relish the wit of "We must all hang together, if we would not all hang separately"; we are delighted with the quip, "You are now my enemy and I am—yours—B. Franklin," of the letter to Strahan; for this is true American humor, which we can all understand as well as we can Franklin's interest in silkworms and rice-culture and blankets of a new and pretty pattern,—in short, in everything that pertains to man's comfort here below. And above all, we feel like crying "Bravo" when we find him gravely presenting the wife of the Bishop of St. Asaph's with a package of dried apples from Pennsylvania. For this one act we can forgive him his paraphrase of Job and can even forget to smile at the idea of his being intimate with a bishop. "In small things as well as great," we exclaim, "this man was a genuine American!"

But he is also the most truly legitimate child of his age. There was not in France a more typical *philosophe* than Franklin. Chesterfield himself was hardly a more complete man of the world, Howard hardly a more complete philanthropist. Priestley had no keener interest in science, and even Goldsmith, though he wrote more charmingly, did not write more easily. Burke was a better political philosopher, and Hume and Adam Smith were better economists; but Franklin could have left all three behind in the important matter of putting their theories into practice. He was a conversationalist worthy to be mentioned along with Johnson and Horne Tooke, and a diplomatist whom Talleyrand would not have despised. He had the public spirit of a Turgot and the tolerance of a Voltaire. In fine, as a wit, a moralist, a scientist, a man of letters, a leader in private and public affairs, a cool, unsentimental, self-reliant son of this work-a-day world, Franklin was the epitome and representative of his age. There are greater humorists, though few who would reduce the size of a prayer-book for an aging wife by cutting out "the christenings, matrimonies, and everything else that she might not have immediate and constant occasion for"; there are greater scientists, but few more universal in their range of inquiry; there are greater men of letters, although it should be remembered that his style is limpidity itself and that his "Autobiography" is a genuine classic; there are greater statesmen, but few, at least in his age, who so fully comprehended the importance of the western wilderness; there are finer moralists, yet none more practically beneficent; there are greater men, but few or none who have so thoroughly succeeded along so many lines of activity; and, when all is said, there is assuredly only one Ben Franklin.



"THERE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ABOARD; HER SPARS WERE GONE, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE FOREMAST, BROKEN AT THE HOUNDS."

THE DERELICT "NEPTUNE."

By Morgan Robertson.

ACROSS the Atlantic Ocean from the Gulf of Guinea to Cape St. Roque moves a great body of water—the Main Equatorial Current—which can be considered the motive power, or mainspring, of the whole Atlantic current system, as it obtains its motion directly from the ever-acting push of the trade-winds. At Cape St. Roque this broad current splits into two parts, one turning north, the other south. The northern part contracts, increases its speed, and, passing up the northern coast of South America as the Guiana Current, enters through the Caribbean Sea into the Gulf of Mexico, where it circles around to the northward; then, colored a deep blue from the fine river silt of the Mississippi, and heated from its long surface exposure under a tropical sun to an average temperature of eighty degrees, it emerges into the Florida Channel as the Gulf Stream.

From here it travels northeast, following the trend of the coast line, until, off Cape Hatteras, it splits into three divisions, one of which, the westernmost, keeps on to lose its warmth and life in Baffin's Bay. Another impinges on the Hebrides, and is no more recognizable as a current; and the third, the eastern and largest part of the divided stream, makes a wide sweep to the east and south, enclosing the Azores and the dead-water called the Sargasso Sea, then, as the African Current, runs down the coast until, just below the Canary Isles, it merges into the Lesser Equatorial Current, which, parallel to the parent stream, and separated from it by a narrow band of back-water, travels west and filters through the West Indies, making puzzling combinations with the tides, and finally bearing so heavily on the young Gulf Stream as to give to it the sharp turn to the northward through the Florida Channel.

In the South Atlantic, the portion of the Main Equatorial Current split off by Cape St. Roque and directed south leaves the coast at Cape Frio, and at the latitude of the River Plate assumes a due easterly direction, and crosses the ocean as the Southern Connecting Current. At the Cape of Good Hope it meets the cold, northeasterly Cape Horn Current, and with it passes up the coast of Africa to join the Equatorial Current at the starting-point in

the Gulf of Guinea, the whole constituting a circulatory system of ocean rivers, of speed value varying from eighteen to ninety miles a day.

On a bright morning in November, 1894, a curious-looking craft floated into the branch current which, skirting Cuba, flows westward through the Bahama Channel. A man standing on the highest of two points enclosing a small bay near Cape Maisi, after a critical examination through a telescope, disappeared from the rocks, and in a few moments a light boat, of the model used by whalers, emerged from the mouth of the bay, containing this man and another. In the boat besides was a coil of rope.

The one who had inspected the craft from the rocks was a tall young fellow, dressed in flannel shirt and trousers, the latter held in place by a cartridge-belt, such as is used by the American cowboy. To this was hung a heavy revolver. On his head was a broad-brimmed cork helmet, much soiled, and resembling in shape the Mexican sombrero. Beneath this headgear was a mass of brown hair, which showed a non-acquaintance with barbers for, perhaps, months, and under this hair a sun-tanned face, lighted by serious gray eyes. The most noticeable feature of this face was the extreme arching of the eyebrows—a never-failing index of the highest form of moral courage. It was a face that would please. The face of the other was equally pleasing in its way. It was red, round, and jolly, with twinkling eyes, the whole borrowing a certain dignity from closely-cut white hair and moustaches. The man was about fifty, dressed and armed like the other.

"What do you want of pistols, Boston?" he said to the younger man. "One might think this an old-fashioned, piratical cutting out."

"Oh, I don't know, Doc. It's best to have them. That hulk may be full of Spaniards, and the whole thing nothing but a trick to draw us out. But she looks like a derelict. I don't see how she got into this channel, unless she drifted up past Cape Maisi from the southward, having come in with the Guiana Current. It's all rocks and shoals to the eastward."

The boat, under the impulse of their oars, soon passed the fringing reef and came in sight of the strange craft, which lay about a mile east and half a mile off shore. "You see," resumed the younger man, called Boston, "there's a back-water inside Point Mulas, and if she gets into it she may come ashore right here."

"Where we can loot her. Nice business for a respectable practitioner like me to be engaged in! Doctor Bryce, of Havana, consorting with Fenians from Canada, exiled German socialists, Cuban horse thieves who would be hung in a week if they went to Texas, and a long-legged sailor man who calls himself a retired naval officer, but who looks like a pirate; and all shouting for *Cuba Libre. Cuba Libre!* It's plunder you want."

"But none of us ever manufactured dynamite," answered Boston, with a grin. "How long did they have you in Moro Castle, Doc?"

"Eight months," snapped the doctor, his face clouding. "Eight months in that rat-hole, with the loss of my property and practice—all for devotion to science. I was on the brink of the most important and beneficent discovery in explosives the world ever dreamt of. Yes, sir, 'twould have made me famous and stopped all warfare."

"The captain told me this morning that he'd heard from Marti," said Boston, after an interval. "Good news, he said, but that's all I learned. May be it's from Gomez. If he'll only take hold again we can chase the Spanish off the island now. Then we'll put some of your stuff under Moro and lift it off the earth."

In a short time, details of the craft ahead, hitherto hidden by distance, began to show. There was no sign of life aboard; her spars were gone, with the exception of the foremast, broken at the hounds, and she seemed to be of about a thousand tons burden; colored a mixed brown and dingy gray, which, as they drew near, was shown as the action of iron rust on black and lead-colored paint. Here and there were outlines of painted ports. Under the stump of a shattered bowsprit projected from between bluff bows a weather-worn figure-head, representing the god of the sea. Above on the bows were wooden-stocked anchors stowed inboard, and aft on the quarters were iron davits with blocks intact—but no falls. In a few of the dead-eyes in the channels could be seen frayed rope-yarns, rotten with age, and, with the stump of the foremast, the wooden stocks of the anchors, and the teak-wood rail, of a bleached gray color. On the round stern, as they pulled under it, they spelled, in raised letters, flecked here and there with discolored gilt, the name "Neptune, of London." Unkempt and forsaken, she had come in from the mysterious sea to tell her story.

They climbed the channels, fastened the painter, and peered over the rail. There was no one in sight, and they sprang down, finding themselves on a deck that was soft and spongy with time and weather.

"She's an old tub," said Boston, scanning the gray fabric fore and aft; "one of the first iron ships built, I should think. They housed the crew under the t'gallant forecastle. See the doors forward, there? And she has a full-decked cabin—that's old style. Hatches are all battened down, but I doubt if this tarpaulin holds water." He stepped on the main hatch, brought his weight on the ball of one foot, and turned around. The canvas crumbled to threads, showing the wood beneath. "Let's go below. If there were any Spaniards here they'd have shown themselves before this." The cabin doors were latched but not locked, and they opened them.

"Hold on," said the doctor; "this cabin may have been closed for years, and generated poisonous gases. Open that upper door, Boston."

Boston ran up the shaky poop ladder and opened the companion-way above, which let a stream of the fresh morning air and sunshine into the cabin; then, after a moment or two, descended and joined the other, who entered from the main deck. They were in an ordinary ship's cabin, surrounded by staterooms, and with the usual swinging lamp and tray; but the table, chairs, and floor were covered with fine dust.

"Where the deuce do you get so much dust at sea?" coughed the doctor.

"Nobody knows, Doc. Let's hunt for the manifest and the articles. This must have been the skipper's room." They entered the largest stateroom, and Boston opened an old-fashioned desk. Among the discolored documents it contained, he took out one and handed it to the doctor. "Articles," he said; "look at it." Soon he took out another. "I've got it. Now we'll find what she has in her hold, and if it's worth bothering about."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed the doctor; "this paper is dated 1844, fifty years ago." Boston looked over his shoulder.

"That's so; she signed her crew at Boston, too. Where has she been all this time? Let's see this one."

The manifest was short, and stated that her cargo was 3,000 barrels of lime, 8,000 kids of tallow, and 2,500 carboys of acid, 1,700 of which were sulphuric, the rest of nitric acid. "That cargo won't be much good to us, Doc. I'd hoped to find something we could use. Let's find the log-book, and see what happened to her." Boston rummaged what seemed to be the first mate's room. "Plenty of duds here," he said; "but they're ready to fall to pieces. Here's the log."

He returned with the book, and, seated at the dusty table, they turned the yellow leaves. "First departure, Highland Light, March 10th, 1844," read Boston. "We'll look in the remarks column."

Nothing but the ordinary incidents of a voyage were found until they reached the date June 1st, when entry was made of the ship being "caught aback" and dismasted off the Cape of Good Hope in a sudden gale. Then followed daily "remarks" of the southeasterly drift of the ship, the extreme cold (which, with the continuance of the bad weather, prevented them from saving the wreck for jury-masts), and the fact that no sails were sighted.

June 6th told of her being locked in soft, slushy ice, and still being pressed southward by the never-ending gale; June 10th said that the ice was hard, and on June 15th was the terrible entry: "Fire in the hold."

On June 16th was entered this: "Kept hatches battened down and stopped all air-holes, but the deck is too hot to stand on, and getting hotter. Crew insist on lowering the boats and pulling them northward over the ice to open water in hopes of being picked up. Good-by." In the position columns of this date the latitude was given as 62–44 S. and the longitude as 30–50 E. There were no more entries.

"What tragedy does this tell of?" said the doctor. "They left this ship in the ice fifty years ago. Who can tell if they were saved?"

"Who indeed?" said Boston. "The mate hadn't much hope. He said 'Good-by.' But one thing is certain: we are the first to board her since. I take it she stayed down there in the ice until she drifted around the Pole, and thawed out where she could catch the Cape Horn Current, which took her up to the Hope. Then she came up with the South African Current till she got into the Equatorial drift; then west, and up with the Guiana Current into the Caribbean Sea to the southward of us, and this morning the flood tide brought her through. It isn't a question of winds; they're too variable. It's currents, though it may have taken her years to get here. But the surprising part of it is that she hasn't been boarded. Let's look in the hold and see what the fire has done."

"SOON THE SQUALL, COMING WITH A SHOCK LIKE A SOLID BLOW, STRUCK THE HULK BROADSIDE TO AND CAREENED HER."

When they boarded the hulk, the sky, with the exception of a filmy haze overhanging the eastern end of the island, was clear. Now, as they emerged from the cabin, this haze had solidified and was coming—one of the black and vicious squalls of the West India seas.

"No man can tell what wind there is in them," remarked Boston, as he viewed it. "But it's pretty close to the water, and dropping rain. Hold on, there, Doc. Stay aboard. We couldn't pull ashore in the teeth of it." The doctor had made a spasmodic leap to the rail. "If the anchor chains were shackled on, we might drop one of the hooks and hold her, but it's two hours' work for a full crew."

"But we're likely to be blown away, aren't we?" asked the doctor.

"Not far. I don't think it'll last long. We'll make the boat fast astern and get out of the wet." They did so, and entered the cabin. Soon the squall, coming with a shock like a solid blow, struck the hulk broadside to and careened her. From the cabin door they watched the nearly horizontal rain as it swished across the deck, and listened to the screaming of the wind, which prevented all conversation. Silently they waited—one hour—two hours—then Boston said: "This is getting serious. It's no squall. If it wasn't so late in the season I'd call it a hurricane. I'm going on deck."

He climbed the companion-way stairs to the poop, and shut the scuttle behind him, for the rain was flooding the cabin; then looked around. The shore and horizon were hidden by a dense wall of gray, which seemed not a hundred feet away. From to windward this wall was detaching great waves or sheets of almost solid water, which bombarded the ship in successive blows, to be then lost in the gray whirl to leeward. Overhead was the same dismal hue, marked by hurrying masses of darker cloud, and below was a sea of froth, white and flat; for no waves could raise their heads in that wind. Drenched to the skin, he tried the wheel and found it free in its movements. In front of it was a substantial binnacle, and within a compass, which, though sluggish, as from a well-worn pivot, was practically in good condition. "Blowing us about nor'west by west," he muttered, as he looked at it, "straight up the coast. It's better than the beach in this weather, but may land us in Havana." He examined the boat. It was full of water, and tailing to windward, held by its painter. Making sure that this was fast, he went down.

"Doc," he said, as he squeezed the water from his limp cork helmet and flattened it on the table, "have you any objections to being rescued by some craft going into Havana?"

"I have—decided objections."

"So have I; but this wind is blowing us there—sideways. Now, such a blow as this, at this time of year, will last three days at least, and I've an idea that it'll haul gradually to the south toward the end of it. Where'll we be then? Either piled up on one of the Bahama cays or interviewed by the Spaniards. Now I've been thinking of a scheme on deck. We can't get back to camp for a while—that's settled. This iron hull is worth something, and if we can take her into an American port we can claim salvage. Key West is the nearest, but Fernandina is the surest. We've got a stump of a foremast and a rudder and a compass. If we can get some kind of sail up forward and bring her 'fore the wind, we can steer any course within thirty degrees of the wind line."

"But I can't steer. And how long will this voyage take? What will we eat?"

"Yes, you can steer; good enough. And, of course, it depends on food, and water, too. We'd better catch some of this that's going to waste."

In what had been the steward's storeroom they found a harness-cask with bones and a dry dust in the bottom. "It's salt meat, I suppose," said the doctor, "reduced to its elements." With the handles of their pistols they carefully hammered down the rusty hoops over the shrunken staves, which were well preserved by the brine they had once held, and taking it out on deck, cleaned it thoroughly under the scuppers—or drain holes—of the poop, and let it stand under the stream of water to swell and sweeten itself.

"If we find more casks we'll catch some more," said Boston; "but that will last us two weeks. Now we'll hunt for her stores. I've eaten salt horse twenty years old, but I can't vouch for what we may find here." They examined all the rooms adjacent to the cabin, but found nothing.

"Where's the lazarette in this kind of a ship?" asked Boston. "The cabin runs right aft to the stern. It must be below us." He found that the carpet was not tacked to the floor, and, raising the after end, discovered a hatch, or trap-door, which he lifted. Below, when their eyes were accustomed to the darkness, they saw boxes and barrels—all covered with the same fine dust which filled the cabin.

"Don't go down there, yet, Boston," said the doctor. "It may be full of carbonic acid gas. She's been afire, you know. Wait." He tore a strip from some bedding in one of the rooms, and, lighting one end by means of a flint and steel which he carried, lowered the smouldering rag until it rested on the pile below. It did not go out.

"Safe enough, Boston," he remarked. "But you go down; you're younger."

Boston smiled and sprang down on the pile, from which he passed up a box. "Looks like tinned stuff, Doc. Open it, and I'll look over here."

The doctor smashed the box with his foot, and found, as the other had thought, that it contained cylindrical cans; but the labels were faded with age. Opening one with his jack-knife, he tasted the contents. It was a mixture of meat and a fluid, called by sailors "soup and bully," and as fresh and sweet as though canned the day before.

"We're all right, Boston," he called down the hatch. "Here's as good a dish as I've tasted for months. Ready cooked, too."

Boston soon appeared. "There's some beef or pork barrels over in the wing," he said, "and plenty of this canned stuff. I don't know what good the salt meat is. The barrels seem tight, but we won't need to broach one for a while. There's a bag of coffee—gone to dust, and some hard bread that isn't fit to eat; but this'll do." He picked up the open can.

"Boston," said the doctor, "if those barrels contain meat, we'll find it cooked—boiled in its own brine, like this."

"Isn't it strange," said Boston, as he tasted the contents of the can, "that this stuff should keep so long?"

"Not at all. It was cooked thoroughly by the heat, and then frozen. If your barrels haven't burst from the expansion of the brine under the heat or cold, you'll find the meat just as good."

"But rather salty, if I'm a judge of salt horse. Now, where's the sail-locker? We want a sail on that foremast. It must be forward."

In the forecastle they found sailor's chests and clothing in all stages of ruin, but none of the spare sails that ships carry. In the boatswain's locker, in one corner of the forecastle, however, they found some iron-strapped blocks in fairly good condition, which Boston noted.

Then they opened the main hatch, and discovered a mixed pile of boxes, some showing protruding necks of large bottles, or carboys, others nothing but the circular opening. Here and there in the tangled heap were sections of canvas sails—rolled and unrolled, but all yellow and worthless. They closed the hatch, and returned to the cabin.

"They stowed their spare canvas in the 'tween-deck on top of the cargo," said Boston; "and the carboys—"

"And the carboys burst from the heat and ruined the sails," broke in the doctor. "But another question is, what became of that acid?"

"If it's not in the 'tween-deck yet, it must be in the hold—leaked through the hatches."

"I hope it hasn't reached the iron in the hull, Boston, my boy. It takes a long time for cold acids to act on iron after the first oxidation, but in fifty years mixed nitric and sulphuric will do lots of work."

"No fear, Doc; it had done its work when you were in your cradle. What'll we do for canvas? We must get this craft before the wind. How'll the carpet do?" Boston sprang to the edge, and tried the fabric in his fingers. "It'll go," he said; "we'll double it. I'll hunt for a palm and needle and some twine." These articles he found in the mate's room. "The twine's no better than yarn," said he, "but we'll use four parts."

Together they doubled the carpet diagonally, and with long stitches joined the edges. Then Boston sewed into each corner a thimble—an iron ring—and they had a triangular sail of about twelve feet hoist. "It hasn't been exposed to the action of the air like the ropes in the locker forward," said Boston, as he arose and took off the palm; "and perhaps it'll last till she pays off. Then we can steer. You get the big pulley blocks from the locker, Doc, and I'll get the rope from the boat—it's lucky I thought to bring it; I expected to lift things out of the hold with it."

At the risk of his life Boston obtained the coil from the boat, while the doctor brought the blocks. Then, together, they rove off a tackle. With the handles of their pistols, they knocked bunk-boards to pieces and saved the nails; then Boston climbed the foremast, as a painter climbs a steeple—by nailing successive billets of wood above his head for steps. Next he hauled up and secured the tackle to the forward side of the mast, with which they pulled up the upper corner of their sail, after lashing the lower corners to the windlass and fife-rail.

It stood the pressure, and the hulk paid slowly off and gathered headway. Boston took the wheel and steadied her at northwest by west—dead before the wind, while the doctor, at his request, brought the open can of soup and lubricated the wheel-screw with the only substitute for oil at their command; for the screw worked hard with the rust of fifty years.

Their improvised sail, pressed steadily on but one side, had held together, but now, with the first flap as the gale caught it from another direction, appeared a rent; with the next flap the rag went to pieces.

"Let her go," sang out Boston, gleefully; "we can steer now. Come here, Doc, and learn to steer."

The doctor came; and when he left that wheel, three days later, he had learned. For the wind had blown a continuous gale the whole of this time, which, with the ugly sea raised as the ship left the lee of the land, necessitated the presence of both men at the helm. Only occasionally was there a lull during which one of them could rush below and return with a can of the soup. During one of these lulls, Boston had examined the boat, towing half out of water, and concluding that a short painter was best with a waterlogged boat, had reinforced it with a few turns of his rope from forward. In the three days they had sighted no craft except such as their own—helpless, hove-to, or scudding.

Boston had judged rightly in regard to the wind. It had hauled slowly to the southward, allowing him to make the course he wished—through the Bahama and up the Florida Channel with the wind over the stern. During the day he could guide himself by landmarks, but at night, with a darkened binnacle, he could only steer blindly on with the wind on his back. The storm centre, at first to the south of Cuba, had made a wide circle, concentric with the curving course of the ship, and when the latter had reached the upper end of the Florida Channel, had spurted ahead and whirled out to sea across her bows. It was then that the undiminished gale, blowing nearly west, had caused Boston, in despair, to throw the wheel down and bring the ship into the trough of the sea—to drift. The two wet, exhausted, hollow-eyed men slept the sleep that none but sailors and soldiers know; and when they wakened, twelve hours later, stiff and sore, it was to look out on a calm, starlit evening, with an eastern moon silvering the

surface of the long, north-bound rollers, and showing in sharp relief a dark horizon, on which there was no sign of land or sail.

They satisfied their hunger; then Boston, with a rusty iron pot from the galley, to which he fastened the end of his rope, dipped up some of the water from over the side. It was warm to the touch, and, aware that they were in the Gulf Stream, they crawled under the musty bedding in the cabin berths and slept through the night. In the morning there was no promise of the easterly wind that Boston hoped would come to blow them to port, and they secured their boat—reeving off davit tackles, and with the plug out, pulling it up, one end at a time, while the water drained out through the hole in the bottom.

"Now, Boston," said the doctor, "here we are, as you say, on the outer edge of the Gulf Stream, drifting out into the broad Atlantic at the rate of four miles an hour. We've got to make the best of it until something comes along; so you hunt through that storeroom and see what else there is to eat, and I'll examine the cargo. I want to know where that acid went."

They opened all the hatches, and while Boston descended to the lazarette, the doctor, with his trousers rolled up, climbed down the notched steps in a stanchion. In a short time he came up with a yellow substance in his hand, which he washed thoroughly with fresh water in Boston's improvised draw-bucket, and placed in the sun to dry. Then he returned to the 'tween-deck. After a while, Boston, rummaging the lazarette, heard him calling through the bulkhead, and joined him.

"Look here, Boston," said the doctor; "I've cleared away the muck over this hatch. It's caulked, as you sailormen call it. Help me get it up."

They dug the compacted oakum from the seams with their knives, and by iron rings in each corner, now eaten with rust to the thinness of wire, they lifted the hatch. Below was a filthy-looking layer of whitish substance, protruding from which were charred, half-burned staves. First they repeated the experiment with the smouldering rag, and finding that it burned, as before, they descended. The whitish substance was hard enough to bear their weight, and they looked around. Overhead, hung to the under side of the deck and extending the length of the hold, were wooden tanks, charred, and in some places burned through.

"She must have been built for a passenger or troop ship," said Boston. "Those tanks would water a regiment."

"Boston," answered the doctor, irrelevantly, "will you climb up and bring down an oar from the boat? Carry it down—don't throw it, my boy." Boston obliged him, and the doctor, picking his way forward, then aft, struck each tank with the oar. "Empty—all of them," he said.

He dug out with his knife a piece of the whitish substance under foot, and examined it closely in the light of the hatch.

"Boston," he said, impressively, "this ship was loaded with lime, tallow, and acids—acids above, lime and tallow down here. This stuff is neither; it is lime soap. And, moreover, it has not been touched by acids." The doctor's ruddy face was ashen.

"Well?" asked Boston.

"Lime soap is formed by the causticizing action of lime on tallow in the presence of water and heat. It is easy to understand this fire. One of those tanks leaked and dribbled down on the cargo, attacking the lime, which was stowed underneath, as all these staves we see on top are from tallow-kids. The heat generated by the slacking lime set fire to the barrels in contact, which in turn set fire to others, and they burned until the air was exhausted, and then went out. See, they are but partly consumed. There was intense heat in this hold, and expansion of the water in all the tanks. Are tanks at sea filled to the top?"

"Chock full, and a cap screwed down on the upper end of the pipes."

"As I thought. The expanding water burst every tank in the hold, and the cargo was deluged with water, which attacked every lime barrel in the bottom layer, at least. Result—the bursting of those barrels from the ebullition of slacking lime, the melting of the tallow—which could not burn long in the closed-up space—and the mixing of it in the interstices of the lime barrels with water and lime—a boiling hot mess. What happens under such conditions?"

"Give it up," said Boston, laconically.

"Lime soap is formed, which rises, and the water beneath is in time all taken up by the lime."

"But what of it?" interrupted the other.

"Wait. I see that this hold and the 'tween-deck are lined with wood. Is that customary in iron ships?"

"Not now. It used to be a notion that

"POISED ON END IN MID-AIR, WITH DECK AND SPONSONS STILL INTACT, A BOWLESS, BOTTOMLESS REMNANT OF THE CRUISER."

an iron skin damaged the cargo; so the first iron ships were ceiled with wood."

"Are there any drains in the 'tween-deck to let water out, in case it gets into that deck from above—a sea, for instance?"

"Yes, always; three or four scupper-holes each side amidships. They lead the water into the bilges, where the pumps can reach it."

"I found up there," continued the doctor, "a large piece of wood, badly charred by acid for half its length, charred to a lesser degree for the rest. It was oval in cross section, and the largest end was charred most."

"Scupper plug. I suppose they plugged the 'tween-deck scuppers to keep any water they might ship out of the bilges and away from the lime."

"Yes, and those plugs remained in place for days, if not weeks or months, after the carboys burst, as indicated by the greater charring of the larger end of the plug. I burrowed under the debris, and found the hole which that plug fitted. It was worked loose, or knocked out of the hole by some internal movement of the broken carboys, perhaps. At any rate, it came out, after remaining in place long enough for the acids to become thoroughly mixed and for the hull to cool down. She was in the ice, remember. Boston, the mixed acid went down that hole, or others like it. Where is it now?"

"I suppose," said Boston, thoughtfully, "that it soaked up into the hold, through the skin."

"Exactly. The skin is caulked with oakum, is it not?" Boston nodded.

"That oakum would contract with the charring action, as did the oakum in the hatch, and every drop of that acid—ten thousand gallons, as I have figured—has filtered up into the hold, with the exception of what remained between the frames under the skin. Have you ever studied chemistry?"

"Slightly."

"Then you can follow me. When tallow is saponified there is formed, from the palmitin, stearin, and olein contained, with the causticizing agent—in this case, lime—a soap. But there are two ends to every equation, and at the bottom of this immense soap vat, held in solution by the water, which would afterwards be taken up by the surplus lime, was the other end of this equation; and as the yield from tallow of this other product is about thirty per cent., and as we start with eight thousand fifty-pound kids—four hundred thousand pounds—all of which has disappeared, we can be sure that, sticking to the skin and sides of the barrels down here, is—or was once—one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, or sixty tons, of the other end of the equation—glycerine!"

"Do you mean, Doc," asked Boston, with a startled look, "that—"

"I mean," said the doctor, emphatically, "that the first thing the acids—mixed in the 'tween-deck to the right proportions, mind you—would attack, on oozing through the skin, would be this glycerine; and the certain product of this union under intense cold—this hull was frozen in the ice, remember—would be nitro-glycerine; and, as the yield of the explosive mixture is two hundred and twenty per cent. of the glycerine, we can be morally sure that in the bottom of this hold, held firmly in a hard matrix of sulphate or nitrate of calcium—which would be formed next when the acids met the hydrates and carbonates of lime—is over one hundred and thirty tons of nitro-glycerine, all the more explosive from not being washed of free acids. Come up on deck. I'll show you something else."

Limp and nerveless, Boston followed the doctor. This question was beyond his seamanship.

The doctor brought the yellow substance—now well dried. "I found plenty of this in the 'tween-deck," he said; "and I should judge they used it to pack between the carboy boxes. It was once cotton-batting. It is now, since I have washed it, a very good sample of gun-cotton. Get me a hammer—crowbar—something hard."

Boston brought a marline-spike from the locker, and the doctor, tearing off a small piece of the substance and placing it on the iron barrel of a gipsy-winch, gave it a hard blow with the marline-spike, which was nearly torn from his hand by the explosion that followed.

"We have in the 'tween-deck," said the doctor, as he turned, "about twice as many pounds of this stuff as they used to pack the carboys with; and, like the nitro-glycerine, it is the more easily exploded from the impurities and free acids. I washed this for safe handling. Boston, we are adrift on a floating bomb that would pulverize the Rock of Gibraltar!"

"But, Doctor," asked Boston, as he leaned against the rail for support, "wouldn't there be evolution of heat from the action of the acids on the lime—

enough to explode the nitro-glycerine just formed?"

"The best proof that it did not explode is the fact that this hull still floats. The action was too slow, and it was very cold down there. But I can't yet account for the acids left in the bilges. What have they been doing all these fifty years?"

Boston found a sounding-rod in the locker, which he scraped bright with his knife; then, unlaying a strand of the rope for a line, sounded the pump-well. The rod came up dry, but with a slight discoloration on the lower end, which Boston showed to the doctor.

"The acids have expended themselves on the iron frames and plates. How thick are they?"

"Plates, about five-eighths of an inch; frames, like railroad iron."

"This hull is a shell! We won't get much salvage. Get up some kind of distress signal, Boston." Somehow the doctor was now the master spirit.

A flag was nailed to the mast, union down, to be blown to pieces with the first breeze; then another, and another, until the flag locker was exhausted. Then they hung out, piece after piece, all they could spare of the rotten bedding, until that too was exhausted. Then they found, in a locker of their boat, a flag of Free Cuba, which they decided not to waste, but to hang out only when a sail appeared.

But no sail appeared, and the craft, buffeted by gales and seas, drifted eastward, while the days became weeks, and the weeks became months. Twice she entered the Sargasso Sea—the graveyard of derelicts—to be blown out by friendly gales and resume her travels. Occasional rains replenished the stock of fresh water, but the food they found at first, with the exception of some cans of fruit, was all that came to light. The salt meat was leathery, and crumbled to a salty dust on exposure to the air. After a while their stomachs revolted at the diet of cold soup, and they ate only when hunger compelled them.

At first they had stood watch-and-watch, but the lonely horror of the long night vigils in the constant apprehension of instant death had affected them alike, and they gave it up, sleeping and watching together. They had taken care of their boat and provisioned it, ready to lower and pull into the track of any craft that might approach. But it was four months from the beginning of this strange voyage when the two men, gaunt and hungry —with ruined digestions and shattered nerves—saw, with joy which may be imagined, the first land and the first sail that gladdened their eyes after the gale in the Florida Channel.

A fierce gale from the southwest had been driving them, broadside on, in the trough of the sea, for the whole of the preceding day and night; and the land they now saw appeared to them a dark, ragged line of blue, early in the morning. Boston could only surmise that it was the coast of Portugal or Spain. The sail which lay between them and the land, about three miles to leeward, proved to be the try-sail of a white craft, hove-to, with bows nearly toward them.

Boston climbed the foremast with their only flag and secured it; then, from the high poop-deck, they watched the other craft, plunging and wallowing in the immense Atlantic combers, often raising her forefoot into plain view, again descending with a dive that hid the whole forward half of the craft in a white cloud of spume.

"If she was a steamer I'd call her a cruiser," said Boston; "one of Uncle Sam's white ones, with a storm sail on her military mainmast. She has a ram bow, and—yes, sponsons and guns. That's what she is, with her funnels and bridge carried away."

"Isn't she right in our track, Boston?" asked the doctor, excitedly. "Hadn't she better get out of our way?"

"She's got steam up—a full head: see the escape-jet. She isn't helpless. If she don't launch a boat, we'll take to ours and board her."

The distance lessened rapidly—the cruiser plunging up and down in the same spot, the derelict heaving to leeward in great, swinging leaps, as the successive seas caught her, each one leaving her half a length further on. Soon they could make out the figures of men.

"Take us off," screamed the doctor, waving his arms, "and get out of our way!"

"We'll clear her," said Boston; "see, she's started her engine."

As they drifted down on the weather side of the cruiser they shouted repeatedly words of supplication and warning. They were answered by a solid shot from a secondary gun, which flew over their heads. At the same time, the ensign of Spain was run up to the masthead.

"They're Spanish, Boston. They're firing on us. Into that boat with you! If

a shot hits our cargo, we won't know what struck us."

They sprang into the boat, which luckily hung on the lee side, and cleared the falls —fastened and coiled in the bow and stern. Often during their long voyage they had rehearsed the launching of the boat in a seaway—an operation requiring quick and concerted action.

"Ready, Doc?" sang out Boston. "One, two, three—let go!" The falls overhauled with a whir, and the falling boat, striking an uprising sea with a smack, sank with it. When it raised they unhooked the tackle blocks, and pushed off with the oars just as a second shot hummed over their heads.

"Pull, Boston; pull hard—straight to windward!" cried the doctor.

The tight whaleboat shipped no water, and though they were pulling in the teeth of a furious gale, the hulk was drifting away from them, and in a short time they were separated from their late home by a full quarter-mile of angry sea. The cruiser had forged ahead in plain view, and, as they looked, took in the try-sail.

"She's going to wear," said Boston. "See, she's paying off."

"I don't know what 'wearing' means, Boston," panted the doctor, "but I know the Spanish nature. She's going to ram that hundred and thirty tons of nitro. Don't stop. Pull away. Hold on, there; hold on, you fools!" he shouted. "That's a torpedo; keep away from her!"

Forgetting his own injunction to pull away, the doctor stood up, waving his oar frantically, and Boston assisted. But if their shouts and gestures were understood aboard the cruiser, they were ignored. She slowly turned in a wide curve and headed straight for the "Neptune," which had drifted to leeward of her.

What was in the minds of the officers on that cruiser's deck will never be known. Cruisers of all nations hold roving commissions in regard to derelicts, and it is fitting and proper for one of them to gently prod a "vagrant of the sea" with the steel prow and send her below to trouble no more. But it may be that the sight of the Cuban flag, floating defiantly in the gale, had something to do with the speed at which the cruiser approached. When but half a length separated the two crafts, a heavy sea lifted the bow of the cruiser high in air; then it sank, and the sharp steel ram came down like a butcher's cleaver on the side of the derelict.

A great semi-circular wall of red shut out the gray of the sea and sky to leeward, and for an instant the horrified men in the boat saw—as people see by a lightning flash—dark lines radiating from the centre of this red wall, and near this centre, poised on end in mid-air, with deck and sponsons still intact, a bowless, bottomless remnant of the cruiser. Then the spectacle went out in the darkness of unconsciousness; for a report, as of concentrated thunder, struck them down. A great wave left the hollow vortex in the sea, which threw the boat on end, and with the inward rush of surrounding water arose a mighty gray cone, which subsided to a hollow, while another wave followed the first. Again and again this gray pillar rose and fell, each subsidence marked by the sending forth of a wave. And long before these concentric waves had lost themselves in the battle with the storm-driven combers from the ocean, the half-filled boat, with her unconscious passengers, had drifted over the spot where lay the shattered remnant, which, with the splintered fragments of wood and iron strewn on the surface and bottom of the sea for a mile around, and the lessening cloud of dust in the air, was all that was left of the derelict "Neptune" and one of the finest cruisers in the Spanish navy.

A few days later, two exhausted, half-starved men pulled a whaleboat up to the steps of the wharf at Cadiz, where they told some lies and sold their boat. Six months later, these two men, sitting at a camp-fire of the Cuban army, read from a discolored newspaper, brought ashore with the last supplies, the following:

"By cable to the 'Herald.'

"CADIZ, March 13, 1895.—Anxiety for the safety of the 'Reina Regente' has grown rapidly to-day, and this evening it is feared, generally, that she went down with her four hundred and twenty souls in the storm which swept the southern coast on Sunday night and Monday morning. Despatches from Gibraltar say that pieces of a boat and several semaphore flags belonging to the cruiser came ashore at Ceuta and Tarifa this afternoon."

A CORRECTION.—We regret the appearance, in a recent issue of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, of an article on Mr. Whistler which, we learn, has caused annoyance to our distinguished countryman, and we take this opportunity of tendering him our apologies. In justification of ourselves, it should be said that the article was written by a man who represented himself as enjoying Mr. Whistler's confidence. Upon examination, it was judged unsuited for the magazine and so put aside. Through some mistake the manuscript was put into type and the proofs filed with those of other articles that had been accepted as available. During the editor's absence last summer, the necessity arose for a short article to fill a place in the September number left vacant by delay in receipt of a certain contribution. This article was hastily made up in pages, and, in the belief that it had been passed for publication, unwittingly included in the contents of that number.

WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS.